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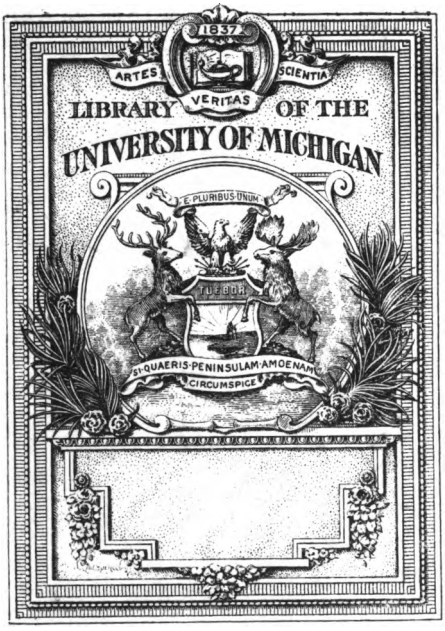
The Dickensian

Bertram Waldrom Matz,
Dickens Fellowship (London, England)



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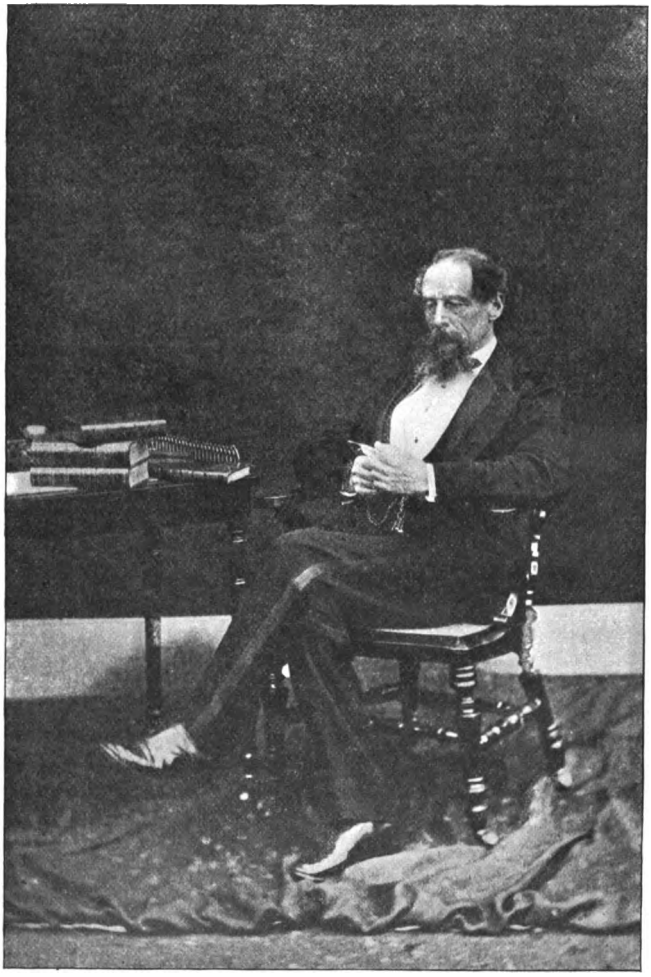

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1866

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1905. No. 1.

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FOREWORD

THE Dickens Fellowship is now well into the third year of its existence. Started by a score or so of enthusiastic admirers of Dickens in October, 1902, it has, up to the present time, enrolled 6,500 members scattered the wide world over, and has established thirty branches, a list of which will be found on page 23 of this the first issue of its own official magazine. Almost from the inception of the Society it has been the expressed desire of its members that a magazine devoted to Dickens, his life, work, and influence, should be published. But it was felt by the responsible officers that the Fellowship should have time to establish itself firmly throughout the world before embarking upon such an undertaking, and their time and thought have been fully occupied in bringing about this consummation. It had been suggested by some that difficulty would be experienced in filling thirty-two pages each month for any length of time. There need be no misgiving on this point, however, if the scheme of the magazine is carried out upon the lines which we now set before ourselves.

Although the doings of the Fellowship throughout the world will be dealt with month by month in its pages, it is intended that the magazine shall be, as a whole, devoted to the vast subject of Dickens generally. In addition to original articles on the multifarious phases of Dickens's life and works, reproduction of pictures of places, portraits, and other illustrations, reprints will be given of contemporary reviews of his works, of articles bibliographical, biographical, topographical, by well-known writers of his time, from sources hitherto unavailable to the public, poetical tributes to the novelist—indeed, anything and everything likely to interest the student and lover of England's great novelist. Thus it will be seen that in course of time subscribers to *The Dickensian* will gather together a library of Dickensiana on a scale practically impossible to acquire in the ordinary way by the isolated collector. This class of enthusiastic student will find, too, *The Dickensian* of great value, for it is proposed to give in each issue, bibliographic details of all articles and references to the subject appearing during the previous month.

The features of the present number will appeal readily to readers. But attention is drawn to the cover, where is reproduced the design which appeared on the green wrappers of *The Pickwick Papers* as it was issued in the original shilling parts. It is intended, on the eleven subsequent parts, to reproduce the design from the wrappers of the other works, in the order they were issued, the design of *Oliver Twist* to occupy the cover of the February issue.

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WHEN FOUND——

THREE new books which will be of great interest to Dickensians are on the eve of publication. The first is to be called *Synopses of Dickens's Novels*, and will be ready some time this month. It is by J. Walker McSpadden, who has already treated Shakespeare's plays in a similar manner. The second volume is by the late F. G. Kitton, and will form one of Messrs. A. and C. Black's Pilgrimage Series. *The Dickens Country*, as it is to be called, will not deal so much with the topography of the works as with Dickens's own personal associations with places and scenes. This is a new feature which will be appreciated by students of Dickens's life and character. Mr. Arthur Waugh, Vice-President of the Fellowship, and friend of Kitton, has written an appreciation of him which will form an introduction to the volume. It will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, a member of the council of the Fellowship. The third volume is devoted to Dickens's life, and will appear in Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers. It is written by W. Teignmouth Shore, the editor of the *Academy*, and is fully illustrated.

* * *

Next month will see the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Dickens, which will be celebrated by the various branches of the Fellowship scattered throughout the world. In some instances it will take place on the 7th of the month, the actual birthday, and in others, to synchronise with the arrangements of the parent society in London, on the 8th. Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., the President, will deliver his presidential address at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and other speeches will be made on the occasion by many of the Vice-Presidents. Last year, in addition to the speeches, Mr. Dickens recited from one of his father's works, Mr. Bransby Williams gave a selection from his impersonations from the novelist's works, and Mr. Frank Speaight and others gave recitals. It is hoped that a similar programme will be arranged this year.

* * *

Last year a proposition was made by the Rochester Branch of the Fellowship to plant a row of trees along the road from Strood to Gadshill as a commemoration to Dickens's memory. The scheme, which had the approval of the President, is about to be partly carried into effect. The Estates Committee of the Corporation of Rochester has accepted the offer of the Fellowship, and the first trees will be planted opposite St. Nicholas Church, Strood. The Secretary of the Rochester Branch will be glad to receive contributions to the fund at once, so that a large number of trees may be included in the first section of the work.

* * *

When the question of purchasing the house in which Dickens was born was being considered by the Corporation of Portsmouth, there were some who prophesied its failure to interest the public sufficiently

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to warrant its preservation as one of England's literary landmarks. To those persons the figures which have recently been published showing the number of visitors to the Museum since the house was opened as such will come as a surprise. In July there were 1,500, in August 5,800, in September 4,370, in October 2,050, in November 1,085, and in December 870, making a grand total up to the end of December of 15,675. The record day was August 15th, when 380 visitors entered the Museum.

* * *

The Dickens Ball which is to take place at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on the 30th inst., is yet another instance, if it were required, of the remarkable reality of the characters in the works of the novelist. No other novelist could be named in connection with whose books such an undertaking could be possible. The ball has been arranged, under the guidance of Lady Maud Wilbraham, in aid of a poor hospital at West Ham. It is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian and her daughter; H.S.H. the Duchess of Teck; the Duchesses of Beaufort, Roxburghe, Marlborough, and many other notabilities. The different sets of Lancers will be amongst the most attractive features, the dancers in each set being represented by characters from the same book. During the evening a Roger de Coverley will be danced by the grandchildren of Charles Dickens.

* * *

It has been said that Dickens and Christmas are synonymous terms. Evidence of the truth of this was apparent everywhere during the last week or two of the old year, as a glance at the list of books, magazine and newspaper articles dealing with Dickens, on page 25, which appeared during December, will prove. The works of the novelist are always in demand as presents at Christmas time, and we hear that they were even more so last month.

* * *

The portrait which forms the frontispiece to our present number will doubtless be unfamiliar to most readers. It is reproduced from a photograph, by Ernest Edwards, B.A., which appeared in a publication entitled *Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art*, in 1866.

* * *

The subject of the illustration on page 13 was designed by H. K. Browne to illustrate an incident in No. 3 of the first issue of *Pickwick* in monthly parts. Like the Buss drawing of "Mr. Pickwick at the Review," the above was probably submitted to the publishers as a specimen of "Phiz's" qualifications for the post of artist to continue the illustrations to *Pickwick* when abruptly interrupted by the death of Seymour, on the eve of the publication of Part 2. This design was too late for insertion apparently, and the artist was never commissioned to make an etching of the subject in question. It was first reproduced by photogravure with the facsimiles of the complete series of *Pickwick* drawings, given in the 1887 ("Victoria") edition, and afterwards in *Pictorial Pickwickiana*, by Joseph Grego.

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SCOTT AND DICKENS

By PERCY FITZGERALD

SCOTT and Dickens offer the spectacle of two noble, large, and commanding natures of which any country might be proud. Not only have their writings gone forth to entertain the world, but their life and character have become public property, and recreate and delight the crowd as though they were historical. Both were kindly, amiable, large-hearted men, and both were loved by their friends. It must be said, however, that Scott was more of a strictly professional writer than "Boz." He did not give the better part of himself to his fellow-creatures —pleading for them, working for them, holding up to scorn and successfully removing abuses and oppressions. Scott considered himself merely as a story-teller, and not the briefed advocate for the poor. At this moment I can only recall a single passage of Scott where he takes up this rôle—the pathetic account of the fisherman's grief in *The Antiquary*. I am not venturing to find fault with the great and immortal Sir Walter, but merely note the fact.

There were some curious points of contact between the two. How remarkable that just as the pen fell from Scott's fingers the young writer should have been at hand to pick it up! He had been already at work in a small way, but only two or three years after Scott's death he burst on the world with *Pickwick*, which had perhaps as tumultuous a reception as *Waverley*. But *Pickwick* has held its ground for nigh seventy years, is reprinted in new and varied editions every year (one firm is now offering nine or ten at the same moment); but *Waverley*, respectfully admired—at a distance—is hardly read or called for. It "hangs like a rusty mail, quite out of fashion."

"Boz" was, however, associated indirectly with Scott in that curious quarrel between Lockhart and the Ballantynes, set forth in that group of pamphlets, *The Ballantyne Humbug*, and we find that one of the firm was eager to marry Miss Hogarth, sister to a clever young solicitor, but who prudently put the matter aside. In Scott's complicated embarrassments and his general dispute with the Ballantynes, this young man was called in to advise, draw up deeds, and make himself useful. He gained the approbation of the great man who, in many of his letters, speaks of him with much approbation and as a sort of *homme de confiance*. Lockhart also approved of him, and I fancy he had a good share in drawing up Lockhart's controversial pamphlets, where highly complicated accounts were set forth. No one, in fact, was better acquainted with that tangle.

With this connection he might have looked to great success in Scottish law practice, but he chose to abandon his profession and come to London to follow literature as a profession. Here he was one of the first to befriend the youthful Dickens, putting work in his way, and finally gave him his daughter Catherine in marriage.

Here, then, is a sort of dim connection with Scott. His father-in-law was Scott's adviser and counsellor, and how many a story and anecdote could he have told his son-in-law about the great wizard, of his humour, his fame, cheerful sayings, and distresses!

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"Boz" himself had a fond feeling of admiration for, and attachment to Scott. This I have often heard him express. He loved *The Bride of Lammermoor*, but I remember once when he sent out for it, not having read it for years, he told me that he was disappointed, and that the construction was a little faulty.

No one has noticed that *Nickleby* in its plot very much reflects *Guy Mannering*. There is the lost son and heir. Ralph Nickleby recalls Gilbert Glossin; Squeers, Dirk Hatteraick; John Browdie, Dandie Dinmont.

The scene of the arrest of the smuggler in a cave recalls that of Squeers by Newman Noggs, and the interview of the former with the smuggler in the prison is like that between Squeers and Ralph in the jail. Mr. Pickwick's visit to Lowten at the Tavern is like the visit to the lawyer Pleydell at the Edinburgh "cellars." There is no "copying" here—it would be ludicrous to say so; but a sort of vision of the older story was before him.

There was a curious likeness also in their tastes. Scott's dream was to be a great territorial squire. Dickens also looked forward to setting up in a country place. Gadshill is for him what Abbotsford was for Scott. Both were exceedingly hospitable, free of their money, and hard workers. It was strange that both should have met their deaths from overstrain and that "pressure" which the public used to persist was dangerous, and which they used to laugh at.

But there is one striking difference. Scott was reared in comfortable circumstances—his boyhood was pleasant. He had not to endure grinding poverty and misery. His success came early to him. Dickens's childhood was sore and wretched; he passed through the fires. He had to bear and struggle. It is plain that these "purgatorial fires" left their mark upon his character, and supplied that charity and loving tender sympathy which somehow was lacking in the other, for the reason that he had not suffered. *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* It was in that hard school that Dickens learned sympathy and tolerance. He learned also the virtue of exact business habits—punctuality, order, despatch. I came on a letter of his lately in which he notes applications for relief from perfect strangers, and he tells his man of business to go and inquire, and if he found all correct to give one £2, the other £3, or, if necessary, £5. This put with insistence, as though he were bidding him to go and pay a bill! Wonderful man! Now, Scott not having had this Spartan training, had not gained the power of self-restraint and moderation. There was a recklessness in his later extravagance that was extraordinary in so great a man. The Abbotsford purchases were due to a sort of mania, and led to his utter ruin.

It is remarkable that three such eminent Englishmen as Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, and Dickens had all to undergo the discipline of a hard and cruel childhood, and with desperate struggle and privations even. Johnson, at Oxford, found a pair of new shoes conspicuously left at his door, which he flung away disdainfully; Thomas Carlyle had to serve as a wretchedly paid Scotch dominie, and endured sad privations; while the child Dickens had to paste labels on blacking bottles, a degradation that wrung his very soul. Sam Johnson was a truly affectionate

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son—witness his behaviour to his old mother. Carlyle was even more devoted, and included all his family in his affection; for nothing more sincere or touching than his anxious love for his mother can be conceived—and this when he was in sorest straits. Dickens was not so demonstrative, but, then, his parents were not likely to encourage such affection. Though they seem to have neglected him in his childhood, he repaid them by taking good care of them in his prosperity. Of one of his sisters Dickens was devotedly fond. Carlyle's was perhaps the noblest example of the three. It is common in his case to think of him as he appeared in his later years—the "Sage of Chelsea," the growling philosopher, grim and sarcastic. But the world knows but little of his early years of suffering. There was then quite another Carlyle. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of his endurance under the most serious trial, his constancy and hope, his adherence to high principle, his faith in the Almighty. He rigidly applied this faith to his practice. Johnson and Carlyle were both pedagogues; Dickens may have been one, for he tried many things, and has described such characters very vividly. All three won fame in a double capacity—as remarkable men, and striking unusual characters, as well as writers. Johnson and Dickens wrote novels, but Carlyle, though he once attempted one, had no talent for that sort of writing. Both Dickens and Carlyle loved Johnson—Carlyle wrote about him; while Carlyle and Dickens relished each other's writings. I have always wished that we could couple Scott and Dickens together in some way.

When he tries to account for the coldness and lack of sympathy which make the chief staple of Clennam's broodings, "Boz" seems to be thinking of his own childhood: "He was a man who had deep rooted in his nature a belief in all the gentle and good things his life had been without. Bred in meanness and hard dealing, this had rescued him to be a man of honourable mind and open hand. Bred in coldness and severity, this had rescued him to have a warm and sympathetic heart. Bred in a creed too darkly audacious to pursue, this had rescued him to judge not, and humility, to be merciful and have hope and charity."

These are almost awful words.

IMPROMPTU

WHO the *dickens* "*Boz*" could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
Till time revealed the mystery,
And "*Boz*" appeared as *Dickens*' self.

C. J. DAVIDS.

Bentley's Miscellany, No. 2.
March, 1837.

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FREDERIC GEORGE KITTON

IN MEMORIAM

By ARTHUR WAUGH

THE first number of *The Dickensian* has to bear tribute to a loss which all lovers of Dickens have been lamenting during the last few months. Frederic George Kitton died last September, at the early age of forty-eight. He was just in the prime of his intellectual vigour; the study which he had devoted to his favourite subject, the work of Charles Dickens—study which had meant days and nights of laborious

THE LATE F. G. KITTON

and loving research—was just beginning to bear its fruit. He was everywhere recognised as the first living authority on Dickens lore; opportunities were coming to him from all sides for making profitable use of his elaborate knowledge; his best work seemed still to lie before him. And then suddenly, in the midst of his cheerful activity, he was discovered to be suffering from an insidious malady: an operation was found necessary, and from that operation he never really rallied. Years of hard work had deprived him of any sound recuperative faculty; he had not the vitality to overcome physical exhaustion; he sank gradually and peacefully to rest. Cheerful to the last, and heroically unselfish,

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he left us an example of kindly, tender-hearted manhood, whose influence will remain with many of us as long as life itself.

It is impossible to say how much Dickens Literature, the Dickens Fellowship, and even the fledgling *Dickensian* itself, have lost by Kitton's death. He took the keenest interest in the idea of founding this little magazine; he was ready, with characteristic generosity, to place his knowledge and his pen freely at its disposal. Had he lived, we might have hoped that many interesting and obscure points in biography and bibliography would have been cleared up in these pages by the aid of his ready and intricate information. But all this is a very small part of a very wide loss, which extends far beyond the limits of the Fellowship. To that friendly company of enthusiasts he lent invaluable aid. He sounded no trumpet in the market-place; he never advertised his own performances upon the shoulder of Charles Dickens; his work was unobtrusive and self-effacing. But everyone felt that a Dickens Fellowship without Kitton in the forefront would have been a vain anomaly; and, when there was need for real work, he was one of the first to do it. The pains which he devoted to the Dickens Exhibition were but scantily rewarded perhaps by public recognition, but his knowledge and his resources were the mainspring of its success. He alone of the early founders of the Fellowship was the man who *knew;* on all small details of knowledge it was his memory that invariably came to the rescue.

And this memory of his, and the elaborate collection of Dickensiana upon which his memory was founded, gave him his unique position among Dickensians. He seemed to know everything that Dickens ever did, and almost everything that was done by his associates. And all this knowledge, which many another man of letters would have hoarded up and fostered into a monopoly, was ready, in the generosity of Kitton's heart, for any friend who sought enlightenment. It cannot be too often repeated, and his friends will never weary of remembering, that not one spark of professional jealousy ever tainted Kitton's kindly and open-hearted nature. It never seemed to occur to him that he might, so to speak, "establish a corner" in Dickens bibliography; if any man asked him a question, it was enough that he knew the answer for that answer to be furnished without hesitation. This generous trait was of the essence of the man. He was always giving himself to others, and asking nothing in return: nor did he ever seem to think that anyone whom he so served had any special cause for gratitude. Kitton, I dare swear, never made an enemy: it would have been impossible to misunderstand him, impossible to misjudge his simple, gentle, and sincere character. Frankness and a good heart looked out of his eyes upon a world which he had never learnt to distrust, and his world gave him back the recompense of a true man by trusting him in turn, and to the uttermost. Well indeed they might trust him, and well may they mourn now over the loss of him! A true labourer, content to do his work and not to talk about it: a generous friend, giving and forgiving: a man of the most human character, loving and beloved, he leaves behind him a memory that time will not efface, nor associations that intervene obliterate. For still—

> "the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

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DICKENS IN 1837*

A CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM OF HIS FIRST THREE BOOKS

IT is a difficult thing to distinguish between popularity and fame; and the distinction, though it may be made during the present time, must still wait the corroboration of the future. Literature undergoes greater and more frequent changes than the geological view of the earth points out in our globe: strata after strata are embedded and lost amidst the rushing of new tides, both of popularity and caprice; and we see that men who were the idols of the day are scarcely mentioned in a succeeding age, and only known to the curious. This is ever the effect of popularity without true fame: the adventitious circumstances by which a man attains popularity are no longer in action in a succeeding age; and if his popularity in the main depended on them, he is naturally forgotten.

People always like to have a *reason* for their likings or dislikings; and it becomes a fit subject of inquiry, whether Charles Dickens (Boz) has attained his astonishing and extensive popularity from the caprice of the moment, the patronage of the great, the puffing of booksellers, or from his own intrinsic merit; whether, in short, people have any reason (beyond the momentary impulse notoriety always creates) for their delight in perusing his works; and whether he has written that which catches the attention of the "fleeting hour," or that which the "world will not willingly let die." Two of the Quarterlies have taken up the subject, but not in our opinion with sufficient analytic power to settle the question, or to prevent our offering a few remarks. The *London and Westminster's* was immeasurably superior to the *Quarterly's*, (a blundering article, which made Boz's reputation to arise from his having "struck out a new vein" in the common language of the Londoners! an assertion as false as it is ridiculous,) but, as it seemed to us, very unequal in its criticism. Let us not be supposed to attempt supplying the deficiencies of these articles; all we would endeavour here is to examine some of the more prominent features in Mr. Dickens' genius.

"Boz" has perhaps a wider popularity than any man has enjoyed for many years. Not alone are his delightful works confined to the young and old, the grave and gay, the witty, the intellectual, the moralist, and the thoughtless of both sexes in the reading circles, from the peer and judge to the merchant's clerk; but even the common people, both in town and country, are equally intense in their admiration. Frequently have we seen the butcher-boy, with his tray on his shoulder, reading with the greatest avidity the last "*Pickwick;*" the footman, (whose fopperies are so inimitably laid bare,) the maid-servant, the chimney-sweep, all classes, in fact, read "*Boz.*" And how has this surprising popularity been attained? Not a puff—with the exception of an occasional extract in the newspapers, hardly a notice—no patronage heralded his fame. He chose, perhaps, the worst possible medium for making his *entrée*—the columns of a newspaper! Yet

* *National Magazine and Monthly Critic*, December, 1837.

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such was the delicacy of touch, the fineness of observation, and the original, quiet humour of these papers, that he was induced to collect and publish them in two volumes. When the "Sketches" came out, "Have you read Boz?" was the eternal question. We have traced his popularity upwards, and have, in our limited way, done not a little to make all we knew acquainted with them; but we own that we were fairly astonished at the rapidly increasing popularity of his name. Byron used to say, that he awoke one morning and found himself celebrated: Boz may say the same; for never was a more rapid, more deserved a reputation made.

The "Sketches," though distinguished by the same nicety of observation that startles us with its fidelity, and a great fund of humour and sympathy, are more evidently the first efforts of a strong genius, and stand, in comparison with the "Pickwick Papers," and "Oliver Twist," rather in the shade. In them he certainly did approach nearer to Washington Irving than any living writer; but we think he now transcends his model. In his two last and most celebrated works, we find qualities combined which no other writer ever had; to compare him to Theodore Hook, (who, with a certain talent of a certain sort, has never written any thing that will live,) is absurd. Theodore Hook is all extravagance and affectation—writing like a man who wishes to be thought a gentleman, and considers that a profound contempt for the *canaille* and Bloomsbury Square are the requisite characteristics. "Boz" should be compared to no one, since no one has ever written like him—no one has ever combined the nicety of observation, the fineness of tact, the exquisite humour, the wit, heartiness, sympathy with all things good and beautiful in human nature, the perception of character, the pathos, and accuracy of description, with the same force that he has done. His works are volumes of human nature, that have a deep and subtle philosophy in them, which those who read only to laugh may not discover; but an attentive reading (and we have read some of the numbers three or four times) will convince any one that in nothing he has written has amusement been his only aim.

Boz has been accused of not giving individuality to his characters—an accusation, we think, particularly unsound. We would beg the reader to bear in mind that a character may be hit off by a master hand in a few lines, and yet retain so perfect an individuality as never to be confounded. Again, a character may be left to develope itself in the action of the work—a method Scott always preferred; or, thirdly, it may be described at length, and with great accuracy of detail. The two first methods have been adopted by Boz; the latter (which we conceive as the worst, but which we think his reviewers have mistaken for the only one) he has not attempted. We would ask, are Jingle, Pickwick, the two Wellers, Solomon Pell, the Medical Students, Old Wardle, Job Trotter, not individuals in the truest sense of the word? That they partake of generality is admitted; and they partake of it from the very fidelity to nature with which they are drawn; for, however different individuals may be, there are always certain generalities running through every class;—*if there were not, how should we class them?*—and of these generalities alone do Boz's more prominent characters partake. The fat boy we admit to be a caricature, yet it

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gives variety to the work, and is too palpable to admit of cause to criticise; he is very laughable, and his peculiarities, however exaggerated, in many situations give great drollery to the scenes. But what we have more to notice regarding him, is that which has been entirely overlooked by the critics. On a former occasion (p. 277), we pointed out a canon, which we think must be always applied to works of imagination, *viz.*, extravagance is *inconsistent imagination;* poetry is *consistent imagination*, i.e. *consistent with itself.* Thus, when Ovid, by a beautiful prosopopœia, creates Echo, he so *sustains* the creation throughout, that, though absurd in point of nature, it is true to poetry. Let this be applied to the "fat boy." The creation of this character is not true to nature, (and it is immediately seen not to be,) but it is consistent with itself throughout. It has also been said that no man ever uttered broken sentences like Jingle; this we deny, for we ourselves knew a man, who, long before the Pickwick came out, always spoke in that way. "Glorious day, my dear sir—fished—caught plenty—dined—capital wine—good fellow," and so forth.

If asked by what peculiar talent is Boz characterised, we find ourselves at a dead fault—if we feel inclined to say, startling fidelity of observation, his wit and humour rise before us, and compel us to pause; and we are obliged to answer that we cannot fairly say what we think he is greatest in, but that it is a combination of those qualities (before enumerated) that characterises him. Look, for instance, at the trial scene, the "Swarry" at Bath, the Medical Students' supper, the scene with Editor Pott and his Wife, (with her throwing herself on the rug, and asking why she was born,) the scene in the Fleet, the Christmas Party, the Review, the Sliding and Skating, (with Tupman screaming "*Fire*" when his leader fell into the water,) the Election, Nupkins Mayor, the Temperance Meeting, the Madman's Manuscript, and the Stroller's Tale, or any of the admirable situations in this book, and then ask yourself to which quality do you give the preference? There is one thing worthy of notice, because it speaks the kindliness of his heart and the sympathy of his nature; and that is the charm which he throws over every nature, making you love it in spite of yourselves. As for Pickwick, he is the incorporation of benevolence, with a dash of the infirmities of humanity; the two Wellers gain every one's good word; so does Wardle; and even Jingle, scamp though he be, shows many of the better points of our nature, and we like him in spite of ourselves. There is also another thing which is remarkable. Although he takes us into scenes of the lowest description, (more particularly in Oliver Twist,) and although he gives us the language of vagabond, thief, footman, ostler, and gentleman, catching their several idioms with the most surprising felicity, yet there is not a single coarse word, or one allusion that could call a blush into the cheek of the most fastidious; and it is this circumstance which has not unfrequently raised our bile, to hear affected, mincing girls (who would come admirably under Swift's definition of a *nice* man, "one with *nasty* ideas,") who utter all their indelicate words in *French*, say they cannot read "Boz," he is *so low!* This disgusting affectation alarms some people from mentioning "Boz" (without exception the purest writer of the day) before them. We have said "Boz" was the purest writer

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of the day; not alone in his language, where, when one of his low characters have to utter an oath, he does not give us this expression, but adds, "with a fearful oath," or some such phrase, which does not destroy the illusion by making blackguards gentlemen, neither does it offend with the expression no lady should read, but he is the purest also in his morality, and this is the most estimable purity, for the offence of the one is that it is dirty, of the other, that it is corrupting!

"Boz's" satire is the finest that we ever read, because it is generally satire by *implication*, not personality—we do not say that it cuts so deep as Voltaire or Swift, or that it crushes like Hobbes—but it is pointed enough for its purpose, and has none of the bitter, withering tincture which forms so large a portion of satire in general; and it is done in that style that one might easily suppose an individual under the lash laughing at it himself, and feeling its deep truth at the same time—an effect very different to the satire of the great writers above-mentioned. And this satire is also more powerful, for when a man makes us writhe, we are more apt, with roused feelings, to attack him than to think of reforming ourselves, as was the case with Cobbett; he shocked the prejudices of people too abruptly—told them they were fools in too plain a manner, to make them feel so. The meeting of the "Pickwickians," and the speeches on the occasion, the Lion Hunting, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Elections, the Two Editors, and the Discussion of the Seventeen Foreign Learned Societies and the Seventeen Home Learned Societies on the stone, bearing "Bill Stumps, his mark," are playful touches of satire, yet one or two of them containing startling truths.

One of the peculiar merits of "Boz" is that of bringing before us things which we have all noticed hundreds of times, yet which we never thought of committing to paper, and they are written with such unaffected ease, that we feel convinced he has witnessed every thing of the kind, and laughed at them Then, too, his language, even on the most trivial points, has, from a peculiar collocation of the words, or some happy expression, a drollery which is spoiled by repeating or reading aloud, because this drollery arises from so fine an association of ideas that the sound of the voice destroys it. We cannot help remarking, however, in this respect, a continual straining after humorous things, and this straining gives a laboured air to the work, besides which, it gives a want of light and shade, which fatigues the mind, if reading much at a time. While we are finding fault, an ungrateful task, and one which we feel rather reluctant about, when it is with one from whom we have derived so much gratification—we would notice the incongruity (the more remarkable in one so true to nature) of which he has been guilty in the character of "Oliver Twist." To say nothing of the language which this uneducated workhouse-boy ordinarily uses, there are many phrases which amount to positive absurdities in one of his standing, among which is his reply to Mr. Bumble (when about five or six years old) that he feels as if the blood was rushing from his heart, or some such metaphor, to express his grief. These are sad blots in this otherwise surpassing work—a work pregnant with philosophy and feeling, such as a metaphysician would be proud to have developed, with the same nicety and fidelity of observation, the

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same admirable delineation of character, and the same wit and humour as the Pickwick. What characters are the artful Dodger, Grimwig, Nancy, and Mr. Bumble! We feel we must conclude, although we have not said one half of what we wished, or what we ought to have said. We have, we hope, fulfilled in some measure our purpose, *viz.*, to shew that Boz has hit fame, not popularity, or in other words, that the admiration with which he is almost universally regarded, is well founded.

MR. WINKLE'S FIRST SHOT

Facsimile of an unused drawing by Phiz

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF DICKENS*

MRS. BAILLIE SAUNDERS'S book, though it contains very little that is new to the student of Dickens, is yet a very interesting and valuable addition to Dickens literature. The author very truly says in her Preface that "you cannot, of course, praise Dickens any more than you can praise Shakespeare, or pat a sunbeam on the back"; but, as there are in England a certain class of people who extract some kind of glory from the professing to be unable to read him, she thinks that perhaps there is room for a few words pointing out "those consistent teachings, those deeper meanings, which raise this man to a great preacher." Well, there is always room for a few words of genuine appreciation of the marvellously—ay, unique—human spirit of Dickens's books, but if Mrs. Baillie Saunders hopes to convert these avowed "unbelievers," I am afraid she will be disappointed. There are two classes of these "unbelievers"—the "superior" people who will not believe, and the unfortunate people who cannot see in *A Christmas Carol* anything more than an interesting ghost story, and surely it is hopeless to attempt to convert either class. Mrs. Baillie Saunders is a true lover of Dickens. Every page of her book is ablaze with an enthusiasm which is inspiring.

What is the "sweet philosophy of Dickens"? Mrs. Baillie Saunders answers the question, and she tells us that it is the philosophy of the New Testament—Love; love for all men and for all mankind. Yes, his was "the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the highest sense of the word." Do we wonder without reason when we hear people belittling this great and good man because he was not successful in the construction and unravelling of a plot? Mrs. Baillie Saunders's book is a book that should be read by every lover of the master novelist, for it is the work of one who knows her subject, and who writes with a whole-hearted and entirely unaffected enthusiasm.

DICKENS AND MARYLEBONE†

IT is not my province to treat of this book here otherwise than in so far as it refers to Dickens's associations with Marylebone. The chapter headed "Dickens in Marylebone" is replete with interest for the Dickens lover. I am afraid there are some of us who will take exception to the author's assertion that "we as a nation now despise Dickens." We all know very well that there are a select class who do despise him, but that we as a nation do so, I cannot bring myself to believe. Mrs. Baillie Saunders seems to me to harp rather unnecessarily on the fact that the "heretics" are never met with in America. It is true, but after all the voice of the English "heretic" is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The English people are

* *The Philosophy of Dickens:* a study of his life and teaching as a social reformer. By Mrs. Baillie Saunders. London: Henry J. Glaisher, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

† *The Great Folk of Old Marylebone.* By Mrs. Baillie Saunders, with illustrations by the author and a map. London: Henry J. Glaisher, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

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not as a whole such monsters of ingratitude as Mrs. Baillie Saunders would have us believe. It is a curious fact that the house No. 1, Devonshire Terrace, has not the interest of Dickens lovers that Gadshill has, because, after all, "Boz" lived here during the happiest years of his life. Here Longfellow visited him; here many happy hours were spent with Carlyle, Landseer, Hood, Macready, and others; here he wrote the story of Little Nell, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *American Notes*, *The Battle of Life*, *The Haunted Man*, and *David Copperfield*. Mrs. Baillie Saunders identifies many of the characters in these books with people who lived in Marylebone at this time. It is somewhat difficult to follow her when she tells us that from Dickens's own letters "there are strong hints that Mrs. Nickleby is a portrait of Mrs. Dickens in later life." In the first place, it is not quite clear what this has to do with "Dickens in Marylebone"; in the second place, it seems to have been hardly necessary to make the remark in any case; and in the third place, *Nicholas Nickleby* was written quite soon after he was married, and when both he and his wife were young. One can hardly help thinking that this remark had better have been left unwritten. One could produce other instances from this chapter in which the author has not verified her information. For instance, she tells us that in these early days "Boz" owned a country house at Gadshill, and that it was often his custom to get up in the night and walk there from Devonshire Terrace. We all know that he was in the habit of indulging in long night walks, but it certainly is not a fact that he had a house at Gadshill when he was living at Devonshire Terrace. But, apart from this, the chapter is wonderfully entertaining to the Dickensian. The book as a whole is full of interest, and the illustrations are excellent.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

I

ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST"

NOT only with the author's happiest praise
Thy work shall be rewarded;—it is kin
To theirs who, steeling finest nerves to win
Great blessings for mankind, explor'd the maze
Oppression's ages harden'd; trod the ways
Where fruitful sorrow hacks and quickens Sin,
To draw forth strains of music from the din
Of passions; in the culprit soul to raise
Sweet thoughts of goodness; bid the fetters fall
And hail the slave immortal;—for within
Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where frightful needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call
An angel face with patient sadness pleads
Undying kindred to the heart of all.

Christmas Day, 1838. T. N. TALFOURD.

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DICKENS CALENDAR OF QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Jan. 1.—"May the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! May each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy."—*The Chimes.*

Jan 2.—"Be diligent . . . work for a steady independence, and be happy!"—*Dombey and Son*—Sol. Gills.

Jan. 3.—"Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Jan. 4.—"Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Doyce.

Jan. 5.—"It is dreadful to observe how long a bad example will be followed; but it is encouraging to know that a good example is never thrown away."—*A Child's History of England.*

Jan. 6.—"Ah! how seriously . . . I have thought . . . of the terrible folly of ever quarrelling with a true friend on good-for-nothing trifles!"—*Letter to John Forster.*

Jan. 7.—"Nothing ever happened in this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their full of laughter in the outset."—*A Christmas Carol.*

Jan. 8.—"The hardest head may co-exist with the softest heart."—*Speech at Manchester.*

Jan. 9.—"Perhaps it is a good thing to have an unsound hobby ridden hard; for it's the sooner ridden to death."—*David Copperfield*—David.

Jan. 10.—"There's no situation in life so bad that it can't be mended."—*Pickwick Papers*—The Buxom Cook.

Jan. 11.—"Our life is not too easy taken altogether; it will bear any little smoothing we can give it."—*The Battle of Life*—Mr. Snitchey.

Jan. 12.—"An honest man is one of the few great works that can be seen for nothing."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Jan. 13.—"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men."—*A Christmas Carol*—Marley's Ghost.

Jan. 14.—"It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed."—*Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Jan. 15.—"Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of God and the work of man, and the former . . . will gain in dignity from the comparison."—*Hard Times.*

Jan. 16.—"It's in vain to recall the past, unless it works some influence upon the present."—*David Copperfield*—Betsy Trotwood.

Jan. 17.—"I hold the opinion that there is a great deal too much patronage in England. The better the design, the less . . . should it seek such adventitious aid, and the more composedly should it rest on its own merits."—*Letter to Unnamed Correspondent.*

Jan. 18.—"May not the complaint that common people are above their stations often take its rise in the part of *un*common people being below theirs?"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Jan. 19.—"When we have done our very, very best, and that is not enough, then . . . the right time must have come for asking help of others."—*Holiday Romance*—The Princess Alicia.

Jan. 20.—"Let us examine sacredly whether there is any wrong entrusted to us to set right."—*Little Dorrit*—Arthur Clennam.

Jan. 21.—"What's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character."—*Dr. Marigold.*

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Jan. 22.—"I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails, and shaving the head of Rumour."—*Hunted Down*—Mr. Slinkton.

Jan. 23.—"The hardest and best borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record, and are suffered every day."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*—The Old Schoolmaster.

Jan. 24.—"I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen."—*Speech at Boston, U.S.A.*

Jan. 25.—"There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it."—*Little Dorrit.*

Jan. 26.—"Fortnet or misfortnet, a man can but try; there's nowt to be done wi'out tryin'—'cept laying down and dying."—*Hard Times*—Stephen Blackpool.

Jan. 27.—"There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise (or think they can) and can't be merry."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*—Dick Swiveller.

Jan. 28.—"No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else."—*Our Mutual Friend*—John Harmon.

Jan. 29.—"Amendment to us all. There's room enough, God knows."—*Dombey and Son.*

Jan. 30.—"The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study, and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention."—*Speech at Birmingham.*

Jan. 31.—"A man must take the fat with the lean; that's what he must make up his mind to in this life."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Omer.

DICKENS IN DURBAN

A COPY of the *Natal Advertiser* for December 22nd last has reached us, containing an account of the second annual dinner of the Durban Pickwick Club. The President, Mr. H. M. Whiteman, was in the chair, and among those present was Sir David Hunter, K.C.M.G. Mr. A. H. Tatlow gave, in a delightful speech, "The Memory of Dickens." The great novelist was, he said, a man whom they could never forget, whose memory would be ever green. Mr. Tatlow referred in eloquent terms to the early struggles of Dickens, and showed how, with all the horror and tragedy of those early days, they had combined to make the novelist what he was. Dickens, he added, opened a new era in the history of humanity. It was because of his humanity and his humour that his books were read in the palaces of the great as well as in the cottages of the poor.

Sir David Hunter, in proposing "Durban Pickwick Club," said that the preservation of the writings of Dickens was the main object of the club. He thought that Dickens had sometimes created characters that did not exist in the world, and he quoted Sam Weller and Mark Tapley as examples, but somehow or other the creation of these characters had made the characters real to them. They knew the characteristics, and saw them every now and then cropping up in human affairs. As long as humanity existed there would always be a moment of yearning in the people's lives like that of little Paul Dombey, as he wondered what the sea was saying all the day long—a yearning moment not in that particular sense, perhaps, but a vague outstretching of the mind towards infinity.

The chairman in reply sketched the short career of the club, and showed how, from a select coterie of Dickens lovers, it had grown so as to include a wider circle of members. He was satisfied that the club had come to stay.

In submitting "Kindred Associations" Mr. W. Osborne referred to the Dickens Fellowship, the object of whose members was to uplift their fellow-men.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

AT the monthly meeting held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, December 7th, there was a large attendance. Mr. Arthur Waugh presided, and before introducing Mr. John Harwood, made an appeal on behalf of the funds for Meals for Poor Children Fund.

Mr. Harwood, who is a vice-president of the Manchester branch, gave a charming recital of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. This book is probably, as the chairman remarked, second only to the *Carol* in point of popularity, and though, perhaps, it has not the irresistibleness of the *Carol*, it none the less is deserving of its popularity. One hears that it is sombre. Mr. Harwood showed that it was nothing of the kind, and often as he proceeded there was a hearty burst of merriment. In the more dramatic parts, too, he was exceedingly clever, and his acting of the characters of Caleb Plummer and Tackleton was really splendid. Indeed, the whole was a splendid performance, and there were no dissentients either in heart or voice when, at the conclusion, the chairman thanked Mr. Harwood for a delightful evening's entertainment.

At the Regent Street Polytechnic Hall, on December 16th, Mr. Speaight gave his recital of *A Christmas Carol* in aid of our Fund for Poor Children's Meals. Mr. Speaight, despite the small attendance, was in splendid form, and his hearers were heartily appreciative. The glorious book was splendidly recited, and at the close Mr. Speaight was recalled more than once.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

DECEMBER is always a busy month for the Guild, there are so many to think of. The "annual sale of work," for which goods arrived from all parts of the country, was held on December 2nd. It was opened by Mrs Wentworth Johnson, supported by Mrs. Henry F. Dickens and others. Mrs. Johnson read an excellent paper on "The Master," to which Mrs. Snowden Ward replied. The chair was taken by Mr. Snowden Ward, and the work of selling went on briskly throughout the evening. Many ladies and gentlemen wore Dickens character costume; the series of short musical and dramatic entertainments, by members, helped to enliven the proceedings, the whole of which were a great success financially as well as socially.

Then there were Christmas gifts to think of! Cards, scrap-books, toys, books, warm garments (and in a few special cases even a Christmas dinner) found their way to sick and needy in all parts of fog-bound London. Generous quantities of clothing had been received; the sorting out and repacking was no light task, but the parcels carried Christmas cheer and gladness to many homes—as letters of grateful thanks bear witness—and it will gladden the hearts of all Guild contributors to know that they have sent a ray of sunshine into the gloom of poverty and suffering.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON December 8th, 1904, a paper on "Pickwick" was read by Mr. David W. Gunn, acting vice-president. The mode of treatment was worthy of the subject, which was handled in a masterly manner, which was much appreciated—the paper being illuminated by the reading of choice and humorous extracts culled from the pages of the book. On December 22nd a musical and dramatic recital was held in the Goold Hall, St. Andrew Square. The hall is seated for 200, and was comfortably filled. The programme for the evening was most successful. In the course of the entertainment a collection was taken, the proceeds of which, after paying expenses, will be devoted to the cause of the poor and destitute in Edinburgh.

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PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE second meeting of the session was held on December 5th at the Albert Hall, when a capital programme, arranged by Mrs. Masters, was provided, comprising songs and instrumental music. At intervals during the items Mr. Herbert Beecroft gave three sketching recitals: "Mrs. Squeers, Mr. Squeers, Smike, and Mobbs," "Mr. Pecksniff, Tom Pinch, Sairey Gamp, and Mark Tapley," and "Tony Weller, Sam, Miss Pecksniff, and Augustus Moddle." Mr. Beecroft's clever and rapid drawings were much appreciated by the audience. On December 19th Mr. Frank Speaight, who had created such an impression by his recital in November of *The Pickwick Papers*, visited Portsmouth again to give his rendering of the *Christmas Carol* in aid of the charitable funds of the branch. On February 7th the birthday of Dickens will be celebrated by a tea to 600 children in Southsea Pier Pavilion. After the tea the children will be entertained by professional artists for two hours, and oranges, sweets, and toys will be distributed. The Blind Library in connection with this branch, under the control and care of Mrs. Maggs, is very much appreciated.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

AT the December meeting of this branch Mr. J. Cuming Walters, editor of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, read a most interesting paper entitled "Solving 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'" Mr. Walters, who has devoted many years to the study of this mystery and the various theories which have been advanced with regard to its solution, kept his audience on the *qui vive* while he unfolded a new and original theory of his own. This important contribution to Dickensian literature will probably be issued ere long in book form, and Mr. Walters, therefore, requested the audience not to divulge his solution to the public. Mr. Henry Guppy, M.A., Librarian of the John Rylands Library, who presided, described the paper as a remarkable piece of reasoning, and among others who took part in the discussion were Messrs. Gadd, Dinsmore, and Collings.

The Council of this branch is considering the question of forming a Needlework and Charitable Guild, which it is hoped will not only be of service to the poor, but also be the means of bringing the lady members into closer touch with each other.

Arrangements are also being made for joining in the Dickens Birthday Celebration in a manner worthy of the occasion.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

A SUCCESSFUL meeting of this branch took place on Thursday, December 8th, at St. Stephen's Church House, Shepherd's Bush. Miss Edith Mead gave beautiful renderings of "The Death of Jo" (*Bleak House*), and "Miggs's Watch" (*Barnaby Rudge*). Mrs. Barnard recited with spirit "As a Little Child" (by the Rev. E. Husband, a Vice-President of the Fellowship) and a poem by Dickens included in Wilkie Collins's play *The Lighthouse*. Mr. Chevob gave a reading from *Bleak House*, concerning Mr. Chadband's discourse in the family circle of his devoted admirer, Mrs. Snagsby.

Mr. C. H. Sanctuary delivered a short lecture on the "Clergymen of Dickens."

A pianoforte solo by Mrs. Meyrick Wood, and a duet by the Misses Witchell, contributed to the pleasant evening spent. Dr. Malham occupied the chair. Mr. J. H. Watson, of Acton, was elected to fill a vacancy which had occurred on the Committee.

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LEEDS BRANCH

THE branch has had very successful meetings during the first half of its session, which have been held, as in the past, in the Church Institute, a penny being charged to members and threepence to non-members. This arrangement is found to work very well, and is recommended to other branches as helping to pay rent of room, and keeping the subscription down to a minimum of one shilling, which otherwise would be insufficient. Meetings during the first half of session were as follows :—

October 15th, Readings ; October 22nd, "Pickwickian Days," by Frank Kidson ; November 5th, "Old Friends," by Miss R. Hartop ; November 12th, "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work," by F. G. Jackson ; November 26th, Dramatic Recital: "An Evening with Boz," by A. P. Snodgrass ; December 3rd, "Tom and Ruth Pinch," by the President (G. F. Furniss) ; December 17th, "Wherein Dickens Excels," by G. Holbrook Jackson.

The second half of the syllabus is not yet arranged. The birthday celebration will be held on February 7th, probably at the Grand Central Hotel. Treats for poor children are already in arrangement, a committee of ladies having been appointed. At one meeting £1 6*s*. was collected towards the Lady Mayoress's Fund for poor children.

New members and those old ones who have rejoined number sixty. Very great regret was expressed at the sad and untimely death of the late Mr. Kitton.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

A MEETING of this branch was held at 73, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, on Wednesday, December 14th. Mr. John Pool (Chairman) presided, and there was a good attendance. Mr. W. L. Booth gave an enjoyable reading from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. It was decided to engage Mr. Frank Speaight, of London, to give a public recital from *The Pickwick Papers* in the Working Men's Hall, on January 18th, the proceeds to be devoted to providing a treat for poor children in the borough. Owing to the Christmas holiday, the next meeting of the branch was fixed for January 4th. A vote of thanks to Mr. John Davies for the use of the room concluded the business.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THIS branch, founded by Miss Moody, is now by her endeavours fully established with a list of members numbering over sixty, and with every promise of an increase to that number.

The first entertainment and concert of the branch, arranged by Miss Moody, took place on November 12th at the Foresters' Hall, Freemantle, Dr. Graham in the chair. There was a large audience, and an excellent programme was gone through. Mr. G. Worth gave the opening reading, a selection from *Nicholas Nickleby;* Dr. Graham, "Mr. Bumble's Courtship" ; Rev. W. Garwood, "Pickwick *v.* Bardell" ; Mr. G. Hemming, from *A Tale of Two Cities.* The Misses McClarraher (2) and E. Child gave pianoforte solos and duets ; Miss Blake, Miss Bailey, Miss Angus, and Mr. Sprange, songs.

The December meeting was held at No. 148, High Street, Mr. J. J. Dillon in the chair, and again an excellent programme was submitted, which was commenced immediately after an eloquent address from the chairman. Mr. Mouncher read "The Death of Little Nell" ; Mr. G. Hemming, "Newgate Prison" ; the Rev. W. Garwood, from *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Miss Gadd contributed pianoforte solos, Miss E. Starkey sang, Mr. Mouncher gave a violin solo. The birthday celebration will be held by this branch on February 8th. It has not yet been decided as to what form this shall take.

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BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

AT the last monthly meeting of the above branch, held at the C.M.S. Hall, Mrs. A. J. Tonkin contributed a paper on the "Humanity of Charles Dickens," in which the kindly feelings, sympathies, and benevolence of the author, as portrayed in his life and writings, were well described and interpreted. The humour and pathos of Dickens were also admirably depicted. An excellent rendering of the *Christmas Carol* was given by Mr. Theo Jones, partly as a reading and partly as a recital, from memory.

The President, the Rev. A. N. Blatchford, was in the chair, and in a few appropriate words thanked Mrs. Tonkin for her admirable paper and Mr. Theo Jones for his recital. A collection was made for a deserving case of need which had come under the Society's notice.

BLACKHEATH BRANCH

THE Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham branch held their monthly meeting on Friday evening, December 16th last, at the Plough Hotel, Lewisham, the President, Alderman W. Brown, J.P., being in the chair. There was a large audience to hear a most interesting lantern lecture by Mr. James E. Palmer, Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship and Hon. Secretary of the local branch, on "The River Thames, and its Associations with Charles Dickens." Besides referring to the many places on the river connected with the writings of Dickens, and the numerous houses which were known to and frequented by the novelist, almost every place of historical interest and nearly all the most picturesque spots were mentioned and pictorially illustrated. A pleasing feature was the introduction of musical illustrations, and a number of river songs by Mrs. A. A. Pett, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, the Misses Lily Garwood and Dorothy Mace, and Mr. G. J. Brown. A collection made on behalf of the fund for providing a dinner to one hundred old folk shortly after Christmas realised £1 5*s.* 8*d.*

BRIXTON BRANCH

ON Monday evening, December 12th, a meeting was held in the Ladies' Parlour of Brixton Independent Church, Mr. P. A. Jones, President, in the chair. In consequence of the serious illness of Mr. J. Stuart, the afternoon Sale of Work (by "Little Dorrit" Society—Mrs. A. Stuart, Hon. Secretary), as previously announced, had been postponed. It will be held at an early date in the new year.

Mr. J. S. Baines gave a reading from *David Copperfield*—the friendly waiter at Yarmouth—in his usual pleasant and artistic style; and he added some interesting remarks, referring to a letter written September 24th, 1843, by Charles Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts (recently published in the Christmas number of *The Quiver*) relative to ragged schools, Dickens being greatly interested in the subject of popular education. The programme also comprised readings as follows: Mr. S. R. Marriott, "The Calais Mail"; Mr. Skeen, "Kit Nubbles and Party at Astley's"; Mr. H. Grinyer, "Toby Veck at Dinner"; and Mr. R. Allbut, "The Schoolboy's Story." Two songs excellently rendered by Miss Hoch during the evening were much appreciated.

On Wednesday, December 21st, despite the wretched weather, a goodly company of adventurous souls assembled at Brixton Independent Church, Mr. William Miles being engaged to give his recital of the old but always favourite *Christmas Carol*. Mr. Miles rendered the story of Scrooge, his ghostly visitations and ultimate conversion, in dramatic and masterly fashion, giving unalloyed satisfaction and enjoyment to all concerned.

The chair was taken by the Rev. Bernard J. Snell. During the evening three carols were admirably sung by the juvenile members of the church choir, with organ accompaniment.

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ROCHESTER BRANCH

THE December meeting of the Rochester branch was held in the "Pickwick" Ballroom of the Bull Hotel, on Wednesday, December 7th. M. W. C. Barker, jun., presided. Several new members were elected.

Mr. Paul Mathews, M.A., read an interesting paper on "Another Kentish Humorist," dealing with the works of the Rev. Thomas Barham ("Ingoldsby"). Mr. Mathews trusted that his hearers would forgive him when he said that the immortal Dickens was not the only humorist England or Kent had produced. He then told something of Barham's life-story, and proceeded to speak of the famous and delightful *Legends*.

At the conclusion Mr. Mathews was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

CHARLES DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol* has not lost any of its pathos as the years roll on. Those familiar with almost every line of it ever find something more inspiring, while those introduced to it for the first time seem enthralled. At the December meeting Mr. W. F. Fowler renewed acquaintance with Scrooge, Bob Cratchitt, Tiny Tim, and Marley's Ghost. His recital of *A Christmas Carol* took place at Steine House, Brighton, and was largely attended. Mr. B. Lomax presided. Mr. Fowler has an intense love for the author of *David Copperfield*, and because of such he throws his whole soul into his Dickens recital. Good as previous recitals have been, he surpassed them yesterday evening, and fairly made the whole of the *Christmas Carol* characters live, and the many delightful and pathetic scenes pass vividly before his audience's eyes. He was assisted vocally by Miss Ethel Duly, Miss Llewellyn, and Mr. Lewis Mennich, who sang selections befitting the recital. Mr. B. O. Nash was the accompanist.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

AT the meeting of this branch on December 15th, *Great Expectations* was discussed, and several members gave readings from this book. The President, the Rev. H. Telford Hayman, gave an interesting survey of the work. No syllabus has been prepared in connection with this branch, but meetings are held fortnightly, at which the succeeding meetings are arranged. It is hoped that the anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens will be celebrated on February 7th.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

AT the December meeting of the above branch, held on the second of the month, a good company of members assembled to hear the peculiarly interesting paper given by Mr. Howard S. Pearson on "Dickens and Birmingham." Mr. C. W. Davis also gave a paper, entitled "Some of Dickens's Female Characters," and Mr. E. J. Tinnings a reading from one of the novels. The birthday celebrations of this branch will be held at the Temperance Hall on February 7th, when Miss Marie Corelli, one of the Vice-Presidents of the branch, will give an address on "The Work and Spirit of Charles Dickens."

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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LIST OF LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL BRANCHES, WITH THEIR SECRETARIES

ADELAIDE (South Australia).
DAVID H. BOTTRILL, 6, Register Chambers, Grenfell Street.

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BRIGHTON.—COLIN COVELL, 94, Centurion Road.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (Affiliated).
C. ANDREWS, 36, Beauley Road, Southville, Bristol.

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CHESTER (Pa., U.S.A.).—Miss M. C. O'NEILL, 802, Edgmont Avenue.

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EDINBURGH.—GEORGE BRAND, 6, Comely Bank Terrace.

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GRIMSBY.—T. H. GALE, Bleak House, Hainboro' Avenue.

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W. W. HOAD, "Rossall," Braybrook Road, Hastings.

LEEDS.—FRANK KIDSON, 128, Burley Road.

LIVERPOOL.—A. H. HEAZELL, 66, London Road, Liverpool.

MAIDSTONE.—Mrs. HARRIS, 23, Knightrider Street.

MANCHESTER.—A. HUMPHREYS, "Olinda," Longsight, Manchester.

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MELBOURNE (Australia).—JOHN H. CROWTHER, "Highbury," Havelock Road, Upper Hawthorn.

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Mrs. W. E. NYE, 5, East 84th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

PORTSMOUTH.—PERCY MAGGS, 9, Grove Road, N. Southsea.

ROCHESTER.—E. F. COBB, 20, High Street.

SHEFFIELD.—T. W. PADMORE, 126, Albert Road, Heeley, Sheffield.

SHREWSBURY.—JOSEPH JENKS, Julian's Friars.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Miss E. E. MOODY, 123, Millbrook Road.

STOCKPORT.—W. HATFIELD, 42, Adswood Lane West.

SUNDERLAND.—S. CROUCH, 23, Erith Terrace.

WALTHAMSTOW.—F. G. GARNER, 59, Grosvenor Park Road.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN.
A. E. HURDLE, 19, Alfred Road, Acton, W.

WINNIPEG (Canada).—W. STAPLETON, Y.M.C.A., Winnipeg.

YORK.—G. MEDD, Park View, Acomb.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of membership can be obtained from any of the above secretaries.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Jan. 2. Brighton Branch: Monthly Meeting.
,, 3. Winnipeg Branch: Lecture by the Rev. W. Buttrum.
,, 4. London: Recital of "Pickwick Papers" in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Memorial Hall.
,, 6. Manchester Branch: "Charles Dickens and his Friends," by E. J. Collins, at Accountants' Hall.
,, 6. Nottingham Branch: Meeting at Mechanics' Institute. Miss Brinckman, "Impersonation of Dickens Female Characters," and Reading by the Secretary.
,, 9. Brixton Branch: Monthly Meeting. Programme by Mrs. Stuart and Miss Richman.
,, 9. Portsmouth Branch: Concert, arranged by Mr. W. J. Grooves, at Albert Hall.
,, 11. York Branch: "A Tale of Two Cities," by Councillor T. Anderson.
,, 11. Brighton Branch: Vocal and Instrumental Concert.
,, 12. Edinburgh Branch: "Dickens and the Literary Life," by Mr. J. E. Parrott, at 5, St. Andrew's Square.
,, 12. Rochester Branch: "Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. H. Whitfield.
,, 13. Blackheath Branch: Dinner to one hundred aged poor, with Entertainment to follow.
,, 13. Birmingham Branch: Three papers by Mr. W. Tidmarsh, Mr. Charles Askew, and Mr. Moore, on "Dickens's Life and Work."
,, 13. Recital of "Pickwick Papers," by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Wesleyan Church, Denbigh Road, W.
,, 13. West London Suburban Branch: Meeting at Lecture Hall, Ealing, 8 p.m. Reading of "A Christmas Carol."
,, 17. Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society (affiliated). Conversazione. Members dress in Dickens characters. At C.M.S. Hall, Park Street.
,, 17. Winnipeg Branch: "Charles Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Dr. Woolland.
,, 18. Stockport Branch: "Charles Dickens," by the Rev. C. Nelson Dove, at Stockport Sunday School.
,, 19. Southampton Branch: Meeting at 140, High Street.
,, 20. Blackheath Branch: "Dickensian Humbugs," by Woodford Sowray, at Obelisk Hall.
,, 20. Sheffield Branch: Papers and Readings at Cutlers' Hall.
,, 23. Portsmouth Branch: Special Concert for philanthropic funds, at Albert Hall.
,, 25. York Branch: "Hard Times," by Mr. A. Lorraine.
,, 26. Edinburgh Branch: Address by the President, the Rev. Jas. Stevenson, at 5, St. Andrew's Square.
,, 26. Nottingham Branch: "Dickens's Child Characters," by the President.
,, 31. Winnipeg Branch: "The Evolution of Dickens," by Professor Will, of Manitoba College.

TO READERS

In order to make this list as complete as possible the Editor would feel obliged if secretaries of branches who have not already done so, and readers generally, would send him particulars from month to month of all meetings in any way connected with Dickens and his works.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP BOOKPLATE

A Dickens Fellowship Bookplate for the books in the Fellowship Library has been designed by Herbert Beecroft, the well-known Dickens artist and caricaturist. Members and collectors can obtain copies at the Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship. Price *6d.*, or post-free *7d.*

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Philosophy of Charles Dickens. By Mrs. Baillie Saunders. With a portrait of Charles Dickens. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. London: H. J. Glaisher, 57, Wigmore Street, W.

The Children's Pickwick. Chosen and annotated by Thos. Cartwright, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.). With coloured and other illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1*s.* 3*d.* London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS

Bijou edition of the Christmas Books, comprising *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man.* Printed on Oxford India paper. Illustrated. The pages measure two inches by one inch; 1*s.* net each. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., and Henry Froude.

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS

"Christmas Days with Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. With illustrations. *Pears' Annual.*

"The Man who Invented Christmas." By the late F. G. Kitton. *Portsmouth Times* Christmas number.

"The Haunted House." By Charles Dickens. *The Gentlewoman* Christmas number.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens and Christmas." By C. Van Noorden. Illustrated. *English Illustrated Magazine*, December.

"Outdoor Men, ix., Charles Dickens. The Real Father Christmas." By one who knew him. (Ithuriel.) With a portrait after Ary Scheffer, and surrounded by characters by Tom Browne. *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, December.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Infant Phenomenon." *Daily Telegraph*, December 1st.

"Mr. Vincent Crummles." Letter by Charles Lander. Also leading article on same. *Daily Telegraph*, December 3rd.

"The Dickens Christmas." By R. B. Suthers. *The Clarion*, December 2nd.

"Dickens and Christianity." By Robert Allbut. *The Easy Chair*, December 3rd.

Our Dickens Examinations. "The Old Curiosity Shop." *The Easy Chair*, December 3rd.

"The Novelist of Christmas." *The Pictorial Magazine*, December 3rd.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Barnaby Rudge." *The Easy Chair*, December 10th.

"The Pickwick Bicycle Club." By B. W. Matz. *The Easy Chair*, December 10th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "The Christmas Books." *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

Great Books of the World. "A Christmas Carol." By Arthur Waugh. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

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Our "Pickwick" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

"Dickens and December." A fireside essay. By George Edgar. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

"Charles Dickens and Christmas." By William Francis. Christmas Number *Birmingham Weekly Post*, December 17th.

"Chats with Ghosts." Phantom Visitors from Dickens-Land. *Answers* Christmas Number, December 17th.

Leading Article on Dickens and Christmas. *The Northern Whig*, December 19th.

"Miss Marie Corelli and Dickens." *Daily Mirror*, December 22nd.

"A Dream of Dickens." How the novelist's spirit still inspires Christmas. *Daily Express*, December 24th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Nicholas Nickleby." *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

"Old Curiosity Shop" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

"Christmas in Dickens-Land." A reverie by "Old Fleet." *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

"If Dickens were Alive." *Answers*, December 24th.

Our "Barnaby Rudge" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 31st.

The Editor will be obliged by readers sending him particulars of articles or interesting newspaper cuttings relating to Dickens for inclusion in the above list.

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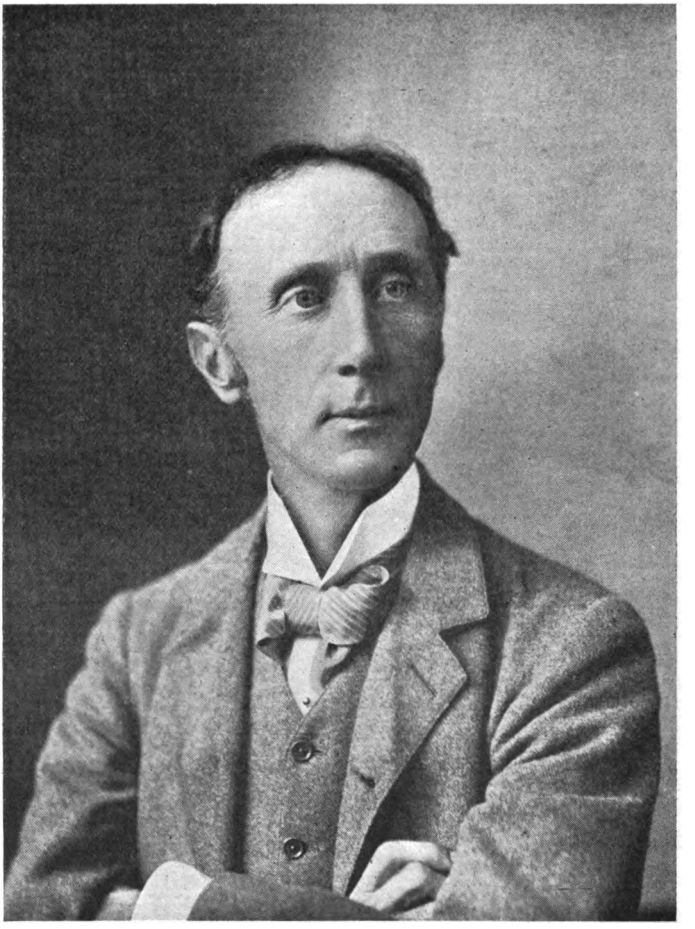

HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.
President of the Dickens Fellowship

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1905. No. 2.

WHEN FOUND——

THE seventh of the present month was the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, and special celebrations of the day have been held in all towns in this country where branches of the Fellowship exist, and in many places in America. In London the President of the Fellowship and youngest son of the novelist, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., presided over a large gathering, and was supported by many of the Vice-Presidents. The All Around Dickens Club of Boston, U.S.A., for many years past have chosen the day for their annual dinner, at which the genius and personality of the master are reverted to in speeches from members, all of whom, by the way, are ladies, the President being Mrs. Garland. This is the first anniversary since the opening of Dickens's birthplace as a public museum, and no doubt Portsmouth citizens have duly taken advantage of the fact by paying homage to his memory with a visit to the house.

* * *

The contemporary review of *Oliver Twist* which is reprinted in this number is not a little curious from many points of view, and consequently is of extreme interest. The writer utters some solid truths regarding the genius of Dickens as it revealed itself to him then, which are as solid truths to-day, sixty-six years after the publication of the book. There are also statements made which must have been as fatuous then as the flight of more than half a century has proved to be inaccurate. In the last paragraph of the article the writer suggests, rather emphatically, that twenty years hence *Oliver Twist* will not be read except among pure Londoners; and "that it or its brethren" will not "add much future reputation to England and its array of fictionists." Comment would be superfluous. But the article is clever, penetrating, and valuable.

* * *

The portrait of the President of the Dickens Fellowship, which forms the frontispiece to the present number, is reproduced from a photograph taken in America. Mr. Henry F. Dickens is the sixth son of the novelist, and was born on 16th January, 1849, at No. 1, Devonshire Terrace. He was called to the bar in 1873, and is at present the Recorder of Maidstone. It will be remembered that Mr. Dickens was the Editor of *The Extraordinary Gazette*, which he printed himself from sets of type given to him by his father's Assistant Editor, W. H. Wills, and which he published for family circulation only.

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We are always having fresh evidence of the remarkable influence for good exercised by the works of Dickens, and the recent experience of Mr. Bransby Williams, the famous impersonator of Dickens's characters, is exceptionally interesting in this connection. He impersonated at the Tivoli, London, Mr. Peggotty, at the moment when he is stricken with grief by the news of Little Em'ly's flight. And this is the letter he received a day or two later:—

"*To* MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS. "LONDON, *January 13th*, 1905.

"SIR,—I have no doubt you never think of yourself as a preacher. I was at the Tivoli Wednesday evening. Since then I have decided to go home to my uncle. He is a fisherman, and I was brought up by him. I left home, as a lot of others do, but am going back, and by the time you get this I shall be with him. He is good. You must be good to act it the way you do.

"I shall try now I am going back to him to be a comfort and help to him, and shall always remember and pray for you, and if the prayers of a fallen one will help, you should be helped to great things.

"Yours gratefully, ——."

* * *

There is, however, another kind of influence a real knowledge and appreciation of the novelist's works may have, and it has recently been revealed by a Sydney solicitor who brought an action against a newspaper that incidentally alluded to him as having "all the unscrupulousness of Dodson and Fogg, without the astuteness ascribed by Dickens to those two legal characters." The solicitor claimed £2,000 damages, but succeeded in obtaining only £250. Frequently one is apt to characterise a person one dislikes as a Uriah Heep, a Pecksniff, a Chadband, a Stiggins, but it is nevertheless risky.

* * *

At the last annual meeting of the Fellowship it was decided that branches that had a membership roll of 100 should be entitled to direct representatives on the headquarters council. So far only four branches have availed themselves of this privilege, namely, Manchester, Portsmouth, Sheffield, and Birmingham, and their representatives are, respectively, Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Mr. B. W. Matz, Mr. R. W. Dodsworth, and Mr. E. J. Timings.

* * *

A new booklet of interest is to be published immediately by the Lyceum Press, Liverpool, entitled *The Associations of Charles Dickens with Liverpool*, by C. C. Bowes, with an introduction by Edgar A. Browne, F.R.C.S. It deals with the visits of Dickens to Liverpool, giving a verbatim report of his speech in Mount Street in 1844, a description of Whitechapel on Saturday night, and a full account of the banquet in St. George's Hall in 1869.

* * *

At the meeting of the Fellowship in London on March 1st, Mr. Harry Furniss will give a lecture entitled "A Sketch of Boz: His Art, his Artists, and his Admirers." It will be illustrated by a series of lantern slides, chiefly from Mr. Furniss's own drawings.

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WELLERISMS AND WIT

By SIR WILLIAM H. BAILEY
(PRESIDENT OF THE MANCHESTER BRANCH)

CHARLES DICKENS as a health resort is worth the consideration of medical men. A good dose of Sam Weller increases the capacity of the lungs for oxygen, and therefore may be recommended with confidence as of value to those who are prescribed the open-air treatment. Sufferers in mind, body, or estate should know that an ounce of Sam is worth more than a pound of drugs. Modern medical practice has placed physic in a minor position—the art of giving nature a chance has become popular. And who, indeed, can doubt that laughter is a greater friend of humanity than a third-class doctor ?

Recently a critic brought forward evidence of what we call virtues in Dickens, which he asserts are defects. Dickens is accused of loving grotesque and ludicrous exaggerations and distortions. The reply is that all caricatures are distortions of features or of ideas. Science is the perception, acceptance, and expression of the perfect, and fine art is the science of beauty, as music is the science of melody. An exaggeration may be both witty and humorous, for humour has its foundation in the imperfect; in the clumsy sentence that means one thing and may mean another; in the want of proportion; in the adding up the year of our Lord in the pounds column ; in a grotesque comparison. This exaggeration enables poor dull mortals to see, with the velocity of the lightning flash, what is meant.

Sam Weller has both wit and humour. I have tried to give a definition of humour, but I cannot describe wit, and have failed to find anyone who can. It is as difficult to define wit as to get a word from the dictionary to rhyme with "silver." The Irish have wit and some humour, and the Scotch are the most humorous people in the world, but they have no wit. Their literature is full of humour, as witness Dean Ramsay's *Anecdotes*, *Life of George Buchanan*, *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, many of whom were Scotch, and their favourite songs, "The Laird of Cockpen," "Kate Dalrymple," "Come under my Pladdie," "Robin Tamson's Smithy." Sydney Smith slandered the Scotch when he said they could not see a joke without a surgical operation. He amended this later and said it was a corkscrew only that was required.

Admirers of Dickens know that Sam Weller's sayings and doings are chiefly in the *Pickwick Papers*, but it must not be forgotten that he also appears with his father and his son, Tony Weller, in *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Pickwick was issued in monthly numbers in April, 1836, and immediately seized upon the public. Only 400 copies of the early numbers were printed, yet before many issues had been sent out, 40,000 copies per month were eagerly demanded. It was hailed as a supreme achievement. It was a new departure in literature. For nearly the first time in English literature wit and humour differed absolutely from the drivel of the pot-house. Merry, innocent jocularities could be read by the young without fear and by the old without disgrace, for the new

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fun was a healthy method, based on the rules of prudence. It was a novel and cheap form of portable comic opera for the inglenook of the cottage, the villa, or the castle. Sam was irrepressible in his epics of drollery, and continues to be a permanent endowment to the gaiety of the English nation, for he will for all time create merriment as the Sancho Panza of that personation of kindness and humanity, Mr. Pickwick.

His chief wit consists of ludicrous comparisons, common not only among workmen in London, but often found in varying degrees among the artisans throughout this country. I have heard Lincolnshire farmers use similar comparative jocularities: "Like Peggy Pow's pig that died of hunger with its nose in the trough." I have heard Yorkshiremen say, "She is like Natterin' Nan of Bradford, who said that nobody at the top of the earth but me and the Lord knows what I have had to put up with." Lancashire hand-loom weavers had a considerable reputation in this direction.

The germs of Sam's philosophy were picked up by Dickens as a youth from the working-folk of Rochester. With the keen vision of genius he was always alert to gather flowers by the way, to pluck the modest buttercups and daisies, bluebells, and tiny forget-me-nots of the fields, and the wallflowers, sweet-wiliams, vilolets, and roses of the cottage gardens of the English lanes, and of them he made "a thousand fragrant posies," whose bloom will never perish and whose perfume delights this generation, and will give pleasure to those who come after us, so long as English literature exists.

Sam was always diplomatic, and suited his humour to the occasion. "That's a self-evident proposition, as the cat's-meat-man said to the servant maid when she called him no gentleman." Or when he gives that intimation, "Allow me to express a hope as you won't reduce me to extremities; in saying wich I merely quote wot the nobleman said to the fractious pennywinkle, ven he wouldn't come out of his shell by means of a pin, and he consequently began to be afeerd that he should be obliged to crack him in his parlour door."

Sam's first introduction to the public is at the White Hart Hotel in the Borough. He had a bright red handkerchief wound in an unstudied manner round his neck, and an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. When asked by Jingle about Doctors' Commons, he at once concludes that Jingle wants to get a marriage licence, and proceeds to tell him a wonderful story about his father, a widower, who called at Doctors' Commons on other business, and before he knew where he was, a licence had been foisted on him, which caused him to marry the widow who kept the "Markis of Granby," Dorking. After this Sam meets Mr. Pickwick, and is engaged as servant to travel with him.

When he is cross-questioned by the thin gentleman at the hotel he objects to being called his friend. "My friend," said the thin gentleman. "You're one o' the adwice gratis order," thought Sam, "or you wouldn't be so werry fond o' me all at once." But he only said, "Well, sir." "My friend," said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hem, "have you got many people staying here now? Pretty busy. Eh?" "Oh, werry well, sir," replied Sam; "we shan't be bankrupts, and we shan't make our fort'ns. We eats our biled mutton without capers,

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and don't care for horse-radish wen ve can get beef." "Ah," said the little man, "you're a wag, an't you?" "My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint," said Sam, "it may be catching—I used to sleep with him." "This is a curious old house of yours," said the little man, looking round him. "If you'd sent word you was a-coming, we'd ha' had it repaired," replied the imperturbable Sam. The wonderful aptness of his illustrations is shown by his remark when he is handed a summons as a witness, and receives 10*s.* 6*d.* After looking at the money with admiration, he says, "Nothing can be fairer than

MR. WELLER'S WATCH

Reproduced from a drawing by Phiz for the original edition of *Master Humphrey's Clock*

that," and continues, "Then the next question is, what the devil do you want with me, as the man said when he saw the ghost."

Sam's wit is hereditary, for when he chaffs his father for marrying a widow the old man retorts, "You know what the counsel said, Sammy, as defended the gen'l'm'n as beat his wife with the poker venever he got jolly. And arter all, my lord, says he, 'It's a amable weakness.'" Sam philosophically consoles his father by remarking, "Well, it's no use talking about it now. It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cut the wrong man's head off."

Dickens's selection of the name of Pickwick has received considerable attention. The origin of the name is obvious as the scene between

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Pickwick and Weller, when, after the trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, the members of the club take a coach to Bath, and Sam Weller is very much astonished and bursts with indignation to see the name of Pickwick painted thereon. He calls his master's attention to this outrage, and appears to consider that the indignity should be resented forthwith, and the aggravation of it is that not only is the name used, but *Moses* had been added. Mr. Pickwick tells him to get on the coach, or he will be left behind. Full of astonishment, Sam bottles his wrath. It appears that Moses Pickwick was the proprietor of the Bath coaches.

The Pickwick Club is the chief one of a great number of clubs mentioned in Dickens's works. I find that eighteen clubs are named by him altogether. There was another club started by Sam and his father, and the old gentleman is made into President, when the club of *Master Humphrey's Clock* is holding its meeting upstairs, and Miss Denton, the housekeeper, and her friend Mr. Slithers, the barber, and the two Wellers are the members.

Old Weller, when elected President, very laboriously pulled a big double-case silver watch out of his pocket, and having knocked it on the table half a dozen times, he said, "That is the title and emblem of this 'ere society. Sammy, reach them two stools this way for vacant chairs." His inaugural address was: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Weller's watch is wound up and now in a-going order." The old coachman presided with dignity and observed parliamentary procedure. When his son named the barber, he suggested the better word was hairdresser, as more soothing to the feelings. "But supposing he wasn't a hairdresser?" Sam says. The President retorts, "All the greater necessity to call him one, as in another place every gentleman is called a honourable, whether he is one or not, and it is proper to keep up that 'ere pleasant and universal fiction."

It goes without saying that the chief function of literature is the giving of knowledge. The social importance of innocent fun is great, and among English authors Charles Dickens takes front rank. Satire is a form of humour and a useful instrument of civilisation, and many reforms have been the direct result of its use by such writers as Dickens. Satirical fun also gives an increase of personal value, and panders to the vanity of the man who uses it. It is founded on cruelty, and is habitually used by vicious people. For instance, where is there greater evidence of a depraved condition than in the man who jokes about his mother-in-law? There are many comical things in this world that are not injurious. Charles Lamb tantalised Coleridge by the most idiotic jokes. Coleridge said to Lamb, "In that way you make both ends meet." Lamb replied, "Yes, and butcher's meat, too." It was absurd and aggravating.

The railing of the hungry and lazy fellow in one of the comedies of Plautus is excellent fooling, and injures nobody. He curses the man who invented sundials, because they fix the time when men should have their meals. He said that his stomach was "a better sundial than any of these." And of such harmless merriment is the humour of Sam Weller, who is among the amenities of life as a cheap and easy means for spending leisure time, happily within the reach of all classes of the community.

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OLIVER TWIST

A CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

[We reprint below a review of *Oliver Twist*, which appeared in the *Monthly Review* for January, 1839. The writer of the review, however, introduced numerous and lengthy passages from the book, and these we have been compelled to omit. In every case, however, we have plainly stated where the omission occurs, and generally intimated in brackets the exact bearing on the passage. In no case has the actual text of the article been tampered with in any way.—Ed.]

ALTHOUGH the greater portion of this tale has appeared in the periodical numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and may therefore be considered to lie out of our way, yet there are special reasons why we should devote a few pages to the work, now that it is in its finished state. In the first place, about half of the third volume is entirely new to the public; in the second place, we have reason to presume that the majority of our country readers are unacquainted with the production, extremely popular though it be among certain classes and in the metropolis; and thirdly, at the risk of being called heretics, insensible, or undiscerning, we feel bound to speak in a strain of the work much more moderate in regard to its merits than has lately and hitherto been the language of the majority of our contemporary journalists. After the slightest possible glance at the outline of the story, we shall quote two or three passages of considerable length from the latter portion of it, these passages being amongst the most admired and eulogised parts, if we are to judge from the frequency from which they have been cited in the newspapers and periodicals that have recently been loudest in their praises; and then offer such observations upon the production as a whole, as well as upon the features of our extracts, as appear to us just and necessary.

The story of Oliver Twist consists rather of a succession of sketches of character, scenes, and events as these are supposed, with much seeming of truth, to exist among London paupers, pauper officers, the relatives and friends of paupers, receivers of stolen goods, thieves, etc., than of a cunningly conceived plot, or a progressively arresting tale, when each chapter enchains the attention, not only with a sustained, but increasing power. We are in the "Parish Boy's Progress" introduced to a foundling, who runs away from his master, gets among thieves, innocently enough, and innocent continuing. Magistrates, benevolent persons, thieves and their accomplices or associates, are hence brought under the reader's eye,—a ruffian housebreaker, Sikes, Nancy, his girl, who is not thoroughly depraved, and a reprobate, unmatched villain Jew, Fagin by name, being leading characters on the one side of Twist, while a family of Maylies, etc., range and act on brighter principles. In the course of the work there are many comic pieces and hits; but towards its close, where the worthless and bad have to meet with the novelist's retribution, and the good have to be rewarded, grave and serious passages predominate. It is to the latter that we are about to direct special notice.

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To apprehend the position of parties and the progress of the story in the following scene, let the reader be conducted to one of the lowest dens in one of the lowest streets of the eastern quarter of London, viz. Rosemary Lane, the very Paradise of Old Clothing Jews, and suppose the housebreaker Sikes to have a little before the break of day brought to Fagin his night's harvest. The Jew has been waiting for the ruffian's return with unutterable anxiety; for he has discovered that Nancy holds intercourse with "the benevolent old gentleman," Oliver's friend and patron, and thence concludes that she has betrayed the gang. The discovery has to be communicated; a task of no ordinary danger to himself and to others, seeing though the housebreaker be of the most brutalised habits and prone to savage passion, one virtue, or human feeling rather, lives and lingers amid a thousand crimes,—an occasional tenderness and fidelity to Nancy:—

[Quotation omitted in which the Jew hints at Nancy's disloyalty to Sikes.]

Nancy's supposed betrayal is communicated:—

[The extract here omitted tells of Sikes's wild fury at Fagin's information that Nancy has been seen in conversation with Rose Maylie.]

The ruffian holds on his headlong course, not muttering a word, nor relaxing a muscle till he reaches his own door:—

[Here we omit the extract telling the story of the ghastly murder.]

The after-scene in which the murderer feels, thinks, and acts are not less dreadful.* The murderer wanders at random, but can never get away from the vicinity of London; he is constantly retracing his steps; constantly, whenever he enters a public house, or encounters persons on the road, hearing of the dreadful deed he himself has so lately perpetrated. He is haunted by the most frightful visions,—the voice and speech of men are welcome to him, even although the talk is to be about his own terrible crime. He on one occasion finds relief in exerting himself beyond all others in extinguishing a fire; with many other incidents and touches of description or sentiment that work up to a very high pitch the force of the picture. A few sentences in a fragmentary way will convey an idea of the peculiar sort of intensity to which the author can carry out his delineations.* The murderer's infatuation and bewilderment becomes still more apparent; fear and remorse rendering him aimless and their sport. The very dog, hitherto so attached and faithful, distrusts and deserts him:—

[The extract here omitted tells of Sikes's attempt to kill his dog.]

There are many other details in the picture which represents the close of Sikes's career, who is accidentally strangled by the rope which he employs to effect an escape from the officers of justice, where labour, art, and singular power of colouring are manifest. These, however, we must pass over, that we may come to the Jew who is arraigned at the bar at the Old Bailey, as an accessory and accomplice, and, of course, on a capital charge. And here, as hitherto, from the very nature of the story, and that our succeeding observations may be more fully tested, our extracts must occupy a much greater space than we can willingly spare to fictions in general. The occasion, however, is peculiar,

* The extracts from the book omitted are portions revealing Sikes's feelings during his dogged wanderings through London to Hampstead.

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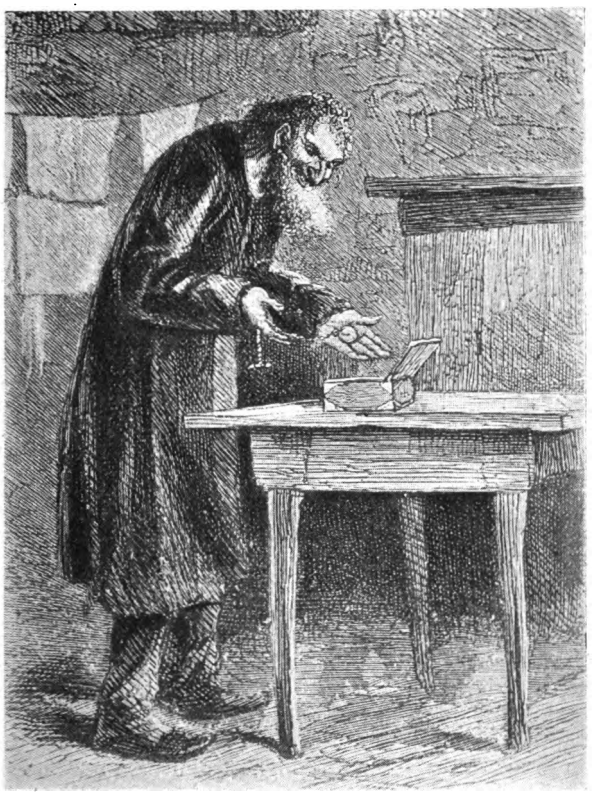
and requires a peculiar treatment, especially as we could not do justice to Mr. Dickens's highest efforts and most powerful performances without giving the following pictures. It will be seen that he has at his readiest command a host of apparently slender circumstances, by means of which, in a combined form, the mightiest results are produced; and that, although these circumstances or associations dwell as if on the surface of things, they guide by the artist's manner of disposal to the



FAGIN

From a drawing made for the American Diamond Edition by S. Eytinge, jun.

deepest and darkest chambers of the soul. His descriptions, too, it will be observed, are perfectly truthful and natural. Now for the arraignment.

[The extract here omitted describes the scene in court when Fagin is on trial.]

Follow the felon to that cell from which he is to walk direct to the scaffold. Watchers are his companions:—

[The extract here omitted describes Fagin's last night in the condemned cell.]

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We have already expressed an opinion in regard to the power and combining talent of Mr. Dickens, and of the easy yet artistic manner in which he can work up his pictures by a diffusive and copious command of a great number of accessories. He seems to have made himself master of human feelings and actions in so far as they are developed in the lower or middling walks of London life, and what is more, he cherishes a good-natured sympathy with all, entering, as it were, into the condition of his most immoral characters so as in his portraiture to give heartily a perfect image, a rotund flesh and blood embodiment of each—becoming thus the creator of new personages; but yet in all respects so natural in their lineaments that one feels convinced he has actually met with them in the streets and had more or less intercourse with them. He is a humane satirist; he is free from all bitterness; he never indulges in invective of any kind. His language is natural and happily wedded to his vivifying conceptions; and last but not least, he is quite unaffected and far above attempts at imitation, that is, he is a true originalist.

But admitting that these features and excellences are characteristic of Boz, and perhaps in no other of his several works do they figure more prominently than in the tale immediately under review, let us ask if he be an originalist that will or should be followed? Has his genius cast itself into a shape that ought to be imitated? is his mode of treating the mediocre, the humble and the wretched subjects which he has chosen, the best that can be adopted, either for the sake of producing humorous or melancholy pictures, or, in regard to higher considerations, for teaching striking moral lessons?—for there may be abundance of sentimentalism and exceedingly little, or the reverse, of what is pure and worthy in its effects upon virtue and the best principles of conduct.

Now we have come to an opinion not of the most favourable kind in regard to Mr. Dickens's merits as a writer of fiction or as a reprover of vice and an amender of the heart, having our eye particularly directed to his *Oliver Twist.*

As to construction, the story does not by any means come up to Fielding's or Smollett's fictions. It is, as before hinted, a mere string of sketches that might be carried to any length, or if cut short at any part, a chapter might wind up the indefinite thread. The author's closeness and accuracy of observation are so remarkable that there need be no stop to his truths. But the highest aim of a novelist should be to enchain the reader's mind upon one central group of life and scenery, so as to produce an abiding lesson of a tangible and definite character, and so as to place, as it were, the spectator upon a summit, whence he might survey regions far and wide around to the enlargement and refinement of his sensibilities.

A mere succession of sketches no ways necessarily joined, or as is the case in the present instance, often forcibly grouped and without due proportions being observed, however clever or powerful each one figure may be, is mere continuation and a desultory work that must fail of the highest effects which fiction may produce. It is true that writing for a periodical and undertaking to supply each succeeding month an equivalent to the piece that has sparkled immediately before, must help to occasion starts, and at intervals slender and loose joinings. But it

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does not appear from anything that Boz has yet done that he is equal to the demands of a regular novel, or that he is willing to throw himself at once upon a three-volumed production simultaneously published. He finds it wiser, we believe, to keep himself before the public by means of a succession of forcible pictures, attractively framed, than by one great but compact piece—the former method having this manifest

STATUETTE OF OLIVER TWIST
From an engraving by H. Ball of a daguerreotype after Mayall

advantage besides—that it allows and tempts newspaper and periodical editors to insert such striking individualised pieces as may suit their humour and the vacancies in their columns, and thus to keep the author always and fully before the public.

As to the moral qualities of *Oliver Twist* we think that the above extracts, powerful as they are, and evincing searchings of the human soul of extraordinary compass and depth, ought not to rank with many passages and pictures in our language where the heart is laid bare, and the immortal nature of man is made to be seen in its loftiest stirrings, its severest writhings. There is with Boz too much of muscular agony,

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so that his most laboured pictures have fully more of the horrible in them than of the awful and grand.

Again in the present tale or string of stories, it looks as if he revelled, while painting low or degraded nature, among objects which, unless merely subservient to finer and higher elements equally well drawn and finished, never can awaken our nobler sympathies, nor prune and invigorate the wings of these awakened sensibilities. On this account, we cannot place our author among those novelists who are models in regard to the inculcation of moral sentiments and the lessons that refine while they delight.

Not that Mr. Dickens is an immoral writer. It is not in his nature to be such; it is the furthest possible thing from his intention, evidently, to write for the mere sake of gain, of entertainment, or of merely harmless fiction. He has high and pure aims; nor can he have failed of doing good, morally speaking. See how he identifies himself uniformly with the oppressed; how with his sly yet effective humour he has exposed systematic and institutional abuses; and what is more, how forcibly he shows that the vilest in the population is far more an object of commiseration than of anger. Still we must recur to the opinion already given, that neither his subjects nor his manner of treating them, especially in *Oliver Twist*, can ever entitle him to the highest rank of our moral fictionists. He is a Crabbe rather than a Richardson, or a Goldsmith; but then he is twenty times superior to Sterne, or rather has not one particle of that sentimentality which intoxicates and vitiates while it seems merely to etherealise.

Yet were it not the purity of his nature and the excellence of his purpose, joined to admirable tact and delicate taste, it would be impossible for Boz to preserve the moral influence which he undoubtedly possesses, or to avoid offending against feelings which none can safely touch. On this account, tenderly and warily though he has borne himself, it would be dangerous for a less skilful and considerate performer to adventure after him; and therefore we advise everyone to eschew him as a model. Who but he, that would attempt such an experiment, could have represented the character of Nancy in full, who had descended far from the ways of virtue and leagued herself with desperadoes and robbers, and yet not only have preserved her a true woman in various respects, but never to have trenched upon delicacy or written a word that can send a blush to the face of innocence? In this single instance alone there is a fine mastery; and for this as well as many other excellences we admire Mr. Dickens; but who shall follow him and be so faultless?

These few and hurriedly uttered sentiments indicate what we think of the author's works in general, and of *Oliver Twist* especially. We have spoken honestly, and have now only to add that whoever supposes that the history of the "Parish Boy's Progress,"—after reading it at one or two sittings, or without any considerable intervals, from beginning to end—will be as popular twenty years hence as it has been and is now, have tastes and expectations very different from those entertained by us. The production may continue to find favour among pure Londoners; but elsewhere we have no idea of its maintaining its past popularity, nor that it or its brethren will ever add much future reputation to England and its array of fictionists.

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A CRITIC CRITICISED*

By J. W. T. LEY

MR. SHORE'S book will not take a high place among Dickens literature. It is divided into three parts. The first gives a synopsis of the chief events in the novelist's life. It is entitled "Personal and Literary History," and it would have pleased the heart of Mr. Gradgrind, for it is "facts—nothing but facts." This, however, is accounted for by the fact that the whole book consists only of eighty pages. The second part, which is entitled "Critical Estimate of Dickens's Works," seems to me to consist of assertions with very little argument to support them. I am free to confess that I agree with most of the "assertions," but when one claims to be writing a "critical estimate" one should show something to support one's opinions.

There is one assertion, however, which I am glad to endorse. "This" says Mr. Shore, "is no place to enter upon a discussion of style, for our present purpose it will suffice to define literary style as ability to express oneself clearly without outraging any of the refinements of language. Judged by this standard, Dickens was a great artist, he could conjure up for us by means of words alone detailed portraits of men and women, and could convey the 'atmosphere' of scenery alike in town and country."

The author tells us that Dickens's choicest gift was that of characterisation. Even the "heretics" will admit, I think, that "no English writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, has drawn so many characters which have become 'household words,'" but I am prepared to argue that Dickens's choicest gift was Humour. All his other gifts, and everything he ever did were dependent on his humour. Mr. Shore makes some curious selections of characters, and some surprising omissions. He tells us, for instance, that Dickens has given to the world some of its most charming little women, and he singles out for mention Belle Wilfer, Dora Spenlow, and Lizzie Hexam. With the first two selections we shall all agree, but are we all convinced that Lizzie Hexam is one of Dickens's successes? And, why; oh why? has Ruth Pinch been passed by? One rather cavils, too, at the assertion that Sydney Carton is not quite a success, and it is somewhat surprising to find Peggotty classed among those characters whose success depends only on their eccentricities of manner or of thought.

Mr. Shore says two things which are worth remembering. First of all, he points out that a test of living art is that it does not die of old age, and does not even grow old-fashioned or out of date. And judged by this test, he says that Dickens is a success. All his books, though some of them are forty, fifty, and even sixty years old, "are fresh and sweet; there is no musty savour in them; they are alive not dead." Secondly, he says that "literary popularity is of two sorts: some writers are popular with the critical, some with those who are not so; and a few—the greatest—are popular with both." And with these, Mr. Shore justly classes Dickens. The critic cannot be blind to the master's faults, but he loves him the better for them. Dickens defies the critic, and therein lies absolute proof of his greatness.

* Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers—*Dickens;* By W. Teignmouth Shore: London, George Bell and Sons. 1s. net.

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And now let us look at Mr. Shore's last chapter on "*David Copperfield* as an example of Dickens's genius." I am not going to cavil at our author's suggestion that Steerforth and his mother, and Rosa Dartle are failures, but it requires moral courage to assert that Mrs. Gummidge is a complete success, while Dan'l Peggotty is a failure. Let me confess at once that I am with the late George Gissing in regard to Mrs. Gummidge. Her final conversion is as unconvincing to me as is Mr. Tackleton's. Mr. Shore, however, thinks it is perfectly natural. But Dan'l Peggotty a failure! This is what our author says —"Mr. Peggotty . . . seems to us a failure, he is so obvious; therefore true to life, it may be argued." If Mr. Shore admits this possibility surely he can hardly justify his opinion that Dan'l is a failure? Is it fair to say that because a character is "obvious" and true to life, he is a failure? It seems to me illogical. Listen, though—"But Dickens meant him to be a heroic and pathetic figure. He does indulge in heroics, his pathos somehow is not contagious, and his wild-goose chase of Em'ly is a too fantastic undertaking for one who is meant to be a hard-headed if soft-hearted man." Well: perhaps the "wild-goose" chase is a fantastic undertaking: it is melodramatic, at any rate. But surely it is a bold thing to say that Dickens meant Mr. Peggotty to be a heroic figure? Have we the right to assume any such thing? And is there really a false note in the pathos of the scene in the old boat after the receipt of the fatal letter? I only want to know —as Rosa Dartle would say.

Possibly David's mother is not a success, but I hardly like Mr. Shore's description of her as "a flabby, pretty person." That word "flabby" somehow does not strike me as apt. I am with our author when he says that Mr. Micawber stands above the need of praise. There is not a man or woman who will dispute the assertion that this character alone would make *David Copperfield* immortal. I am with him, too, in the distinction he draws between Agnes and Dora—"The one appeals to our admiration, to our judgments; the other to our pity, to our hearts." But is he quite just, is he quite on the mark, when he says "Miss Trotwood and her loyal friend, Mr. Dick . . . are a delectable couple, without one touch of caricature, a pair of amazing eccentrics, drawn with the deftest skill"? This is perfectly true, of course, but it seems to me a somewhat curt dismissal of Betsey Trotwood, whom I love best of all the master's characters, and who is, to my way of thinking, his most successful piece of work.

SIR HENRY IRVING AND THE PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

OUR distinguished Vice-President, Sir Henry Irving, commenced a farewell tour at Portsmouth, on Monday, January 23rd. A letter was forwarded to him from the Portsmouth Branch, welcoming him to Portsmouth, and regretting that it would be the last occasion on which he would tread the boards of the theatre which is the successor of Mr. Crummles's Thespian Temple. Sir Henry sent the following reply:—"DEAR MR. MAGGS,—Many thanks for your cordial letter. I am very glad to have the good wishes of lovers of Dickens, who was so true and staunch a friend of the dramatic profession, and I am much interested in the excellent work by which you and your colleagues are helping to keep his memory green.—Faithfully yours, HENRY IRVING."

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THE DICKENS BALL

THE Dickens Ball, held in the Empress Rooms of the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on the 30th of January, was, so far as concerned the West Ham Hospital (for whose benefit it was organised), a great success. Some five hundred leading members of society gathered together in the good cause of charity, and there is no doubt great benefit will accrue thereby. About one third of the dancers were attired in dresses representing characters from the great novelist's works, and although it cannot be said that all were sufficiently accurate to be recognisable, there were many of whom it might justly be said they had walked out of the books. Most noticeable amongst these were those of the party of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dickens, which included the grandchildren of the author, representing characters from *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Mrs. Jarley (Miss Elaine Dickens), Little Nell (Miss Olive Dickens), Grandfather (Mr. Henry Charles Dickens), Mrs. Quilp (Mrs. H. C. Dickens), the Marchioness (Mrs. Ernest Hawksley), Dick Swiveller (Mr. Ernest Hawkesley), who, with Kit (Mr. Noel Stoker) and Jerry (Mr. Mawby), furnished one of the attractions of the evening by the very graceful dancing of the lancers. Two other sets, composed of characters from *Nicholas Nickleby* and from *A Tale of Two Cities*, added to the enjoyment of the unique occasion. There were many Dolly Vardens, the best of whom was undoubtedly Miss Sissy Cox, and among other characters represented were Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini, Mr. Folair, Madeline Bray, Fanny Squeers, 'Tilda Price, Lucy Manette, Sydney Carton, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Lord Verysopht, Frank Cheeryble, Mrs. Bardell, Serjeant Buzfuz, Florence Dombey, Mr. Micawber, and many more too numerous to mention. One of the most striking and successful was that of Morleena Kenwigs, impersonated by Miss Rita Martin, whilst Mr. Pluck (Mr. Eric Marshall) stood out conspicuously, but it was noticeable that neither Sam Weller nor Mr. Pickwick found impersonators.

The Ball, organised by Mrs. Elphinstone Maitland and Lady Maud B. Wilbraham, was under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian and her daughter and H.S.H. the Duchess of Teck.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Feb. 1.—"The plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhand or mysterious."—*Bleak House*—Mrs. Bagnot.

Feb. 2.—"In all the story-books as ever I read, the people as looked backward was turned into stone, and my opinion always was that they brought it on themselves, and it served 'em right."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mark Tapley.

Feb. 3.—"Many mistake bluntness for sincerity."—"*Sketches by Boz.*"

Feb. 4.—"It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's."—*A Christmas Carol*—Scrooge.

Feb. 5. "The cares of the day, old moralists say,
Are quite enough to perplex one;
Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-morrow,
And then put it off till the next one."—*The Village Coquettes.*

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Feb. 6.—"Many a man who would have stood within a home dismantled, strong in his passions, has had the firmness of his nature conquered by the razing of an air-built castle."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Feb. 7.—"The mountainous Alps on the one hand, or a humming-bird on the other, is nothing in point of workmanship to an honest man."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*—Mr. Witherden.

Feb. 8.—"Industry is the soul of business and the keystone of prosperity."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Sir John Chester.

Feb. 9.—"From rough outsides . . . serene and gentle influences often proceed."—*Bleak House.*

Feb. 10.—"I would sooner love the most implacable man in the world than a careless one, who, if my place were empty to-morrow, would rub on and never miss me."—*Letter to John Forster.*

Feb. 11.—"You recollect what pavement is said to be made of good intentions. It is made of bad intentions too."—*Our Mutual Friend*—Eugene Wrayburn.

Feb. 12.—"Let us . . . thank God that the innocent joys of others can strongly move us, and that we, even in our fallen nature, have one source of pure emotion which must be prized in heaven."—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*

Feb. 13.—"It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour."—*A Christmas Carol.*

Feb. 14.—"She'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

Feb. 15.—"There are shades in all good pictures, but there are lights too if we choose to contemplate them."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—The Merry-faced Gentleman.

Feb. 16.—"Life is made of ever so many partings welded together."—*Great Expectations*—Joe Gargery.

Feb. 17.—"Half a loaf's better than no bread, and the same remark holds good with the crumbs."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

Feb. 18.—"I hope that real love and truth are stronger in the end than any evil or misfortune in the world."—*David Copperfield*—Agnes Wickfield.

Feb. 19.—"Some men change their opinions from necessity, others from expediency, others from inspiration."—"*Sketches by Boz.*"

Feb. 20.—"The man who knows only one subject is next tiresome to the man who knows no subject."—*The Wreck of the Golden Mary.*

Feb. 21.—"The envious man beholds his neighbour's honours even in the sky."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Feb. 22.—"Only the wisdom that holds the clue to all mysteries can surely know to what extent a man . . . can impose upon himself."—*Little Dorrit.*

Feb. 23.—"When a frank manner is offensive, it is because it is strained and feigned."—*A Message from the Sea.*

Feb. 24.—"Men are always fickle, always were, and always will be."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Matilda Price.

Feb. 25.—"He had—as most men who have grown up to be great and good are generally found to have had—an excellent mother."—*A Child's History of England.*

Feb. 26.—"Solitary men are accustomed unconsciously to look upon solitude as their own peculiar privilege."—*Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Feb. 27.—"Very little handles will move men and women to as strange performances as any toy was ever made to undertake."—*The Cricket on the Hearth.*

Feb. 28.—"We must meet reverses boldly, and not suffer them to frighten us. We must learn to act the play out. We must live misfortunes down."—*David Copperfield*—Betsey Trotwood.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

AS had been anticipated, the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, was crowded on Wednesday, January 4th, when Mr. Frank Speaight gave his recital of "Pickwick" in six chapters. Mr. Arthur Waugh was in the chair, and in opening the meeting referred to the Meals for Poor Children Fund, and appealed for more liberal help. He remarked that as a result of the lack of interest shown by the members in Mr. Speaight's recital of "A Christmas Carol," on December 16th, the Fund had lost about £2 or £3. He asked that members should demonstrate that they had the spirit of the Fellowship and of Charles Dickens more at heart than this result would seem to imply. As a result of Mr. Waugh's appeal, a collection which was taken during an interval realised the splendid sum of £10 6*s*.

Of Mr. Speaight's recital little need be said. Mr. Speaight is well known to our London members and to many of our provincial members now as a brilliant interpreter of the works of the master novelist, and on this occasion he justified the splendid reputation that he has earned for himself to the full. He was listened to with unwavering attention during the whole of the two hours that he was on the platform, and constantly was interrupted by unrestrained laughter. As Buzfuz he was inimitable, and his rendering of the trial scene was really brilliant.

DINNERS TO WAIFS AND STRAYS

THE fund provided by members and friends of the Fellowship for the above purpose amounted on January 31st to £90 7*s*. So far four dinners have been given. On December 29th, at the Orchard House, All Saints', Poplar, 100 children enjoyed a good meal and entertainment; at the Lady Ashburton Memorial Hall, Custom House, on January 11th and 18th, 350 sat down on each occasion to a liberal repast, and were afterwards entertained by the recently organised Fairy Tale Society, the two dinners being under the management of the newly-formed Forest Gate Branch, which had contributed £25 to the General Fund; and at the Lycett Memorial Chapel, Mile End, on the 26th, 500 more were similarly treated. During February it is hoped to arrange dinners at "The Old Mahogany Bar," Wellclose Square, and at St. John's Parish Hall, Stamford Hill. The arrangements for these dinners are in the hands of Mr. W. J. Gadsden, who would be glad to hear from members who are willing to assist.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

JANUARY was a very busy month. The Guild was almost overwhelmed with cases of distress, and large supplies of clothing were distributed, especially in the Tottenham district, where they were much needed. A house-to-house visitation unearthed many tales of silent suffering, and as much was done as possible with limited funds. A "Dickens Pence" fund has been started, and every member of the Fellowship can help in this—lay aside one penny each week for the benefit of the Guild, and send it to the Secretary at headquarters.

Manchester is forming a branch of the Guild, and hopes to do good work in the near future. York has this month given a tea to crippled and maimed little ones, and the ladies of that branch have supplied a large amount of work from their Guild. At home the "lending library" is providing supplies of papers and periodicals to the sick; each week fresh parcels find their way to hospitals and individual cases. One day each week is spent at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, where the Guild now have twelve little patients under Miss Edith Hawthorn, who gives them special massage treatment for cases of contracted limbs. The doctors are highly gratified by the good result of this section of the work of the Guild.

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SHEFFIELD AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE January meeting was held on January 20th at the Cutlers' Hall. The Chairman of Committee, Mr. R. W. Dodsworth, presided over a good attendance. Mr. C. R. Smith gave a reading of "The Death of Jo," from *Bleak House*, which was greatly appreciated. Mr. J. W. Lee read a splendid paper on "Dickens, the Children's Friend." He pointed out how Dickens championed the cause of the children, who, in his time, were on the whole "looked down upon and kept under." He attacked the different school life in all parts of the country; he attacked the evils of "cramming," of isolation from family, of the boarding-school for too young children, and of uninteresting methods of instruction. Mr. Lee went on to show the good work that Dickens did in attracting the attention of society to its public institutions, especially the orphan asylums and poor-houses.

The Branch also held a smoking concert on the 27th in the Angel Hotel, an old coaching-house reminiscent of the days of which Dickens loved to write. There was a large attendance, and the gathering was highly enjoyable. Mr. Padmore, the Secretary, was in the chair. Those who contributed to an excellent programme were Messrs. Dodsworth, Shirley, A. Jones, Thornton, H. Wilkins, A. Hobson, E. Darwin, H. K. Marples, G. Pearson, E. Callum, Shires, and C. R. Smith.

Mr. W. F. Jackson, of Mount View, has been elected a Vice-President of the Branch, which has now 250 members.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THIS Society held a most successful conversazione on January 17th, in the C.M.S. Hall, Park Street. There was a large gathering, and many of the ladies and gentlemen appeared in Dickens character costumes, among the characters thus impersonated being Daniel Peggotty, Dora, Tommy Traddles, "The Vengeance," Mr. Jarndyce, Dot, Peerybingle, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Toots, Susan Nipper, Sam Weller's Mary, "R. W." ("The Cherub"), Miss Tox, the "Artful Dodger," Kate Nickleby, and Mr. Dick. Prizes were offered for the best and most real costume. Mr. J. J. Sheesby won the gentleman's prize (a portrait of Dickens in a silver frame) for his splendid presentment of Mr. Peggotty; and Miss Bruford won the lady's prize (a handsome hand-painted plaque) for her representation of "the Vengeance." Miss Peacock, who appeared as Kate Nickleby, received a consolation prize.

During the evening Mr. G. R. Wilkinson read an admirable "appreciation" of Dickens. An excellent musical programme was contributed to by Mr. Mitchell, Mr. C. W. Birth, Miss Bruford, Miss Vida Sheesby, Miss Bee Sheesby, Mr. R. W. Martin, Mrs. A. R. Lee, Mr. Knee, Mr. H. Theo. Jones, and Mr. Down. The lady members of the Committee are to be heartily congratulated on the arrangement of a delightful evening's entertainment.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

"CHARLES DICKENS and his Friends" was the subject of an interesting address by Mr. E. J. Collings, of Bolton, in the Chartered Accountants' Hall, on January 6th. Mr. Collings spoke of the associations of many famous men with Dickens. He ranged from George Augustus Sala to Douglas Jerrold, Clarkson Stanfield, John Forster, and Letitia E. Landon. Referring to Jerrold, he said that Dickens gave that famous humorist a suggestion for another "curtain lecture," on the text of Mr. Caudle having remarked, off-handedly, that the housemaid was good-looking. Jerrold, however, did not live to do this. Mr. Collings's address was rendered doubly interesting by the exhibition of many pictures, letters, etc., reminiscences of Dickens, and forming part of his unique collection.

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PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

DURING the month two excellent meetings were held, one on the 9th, the other on the 23rd. At the former the Portsmouth Pierrots gave their services and carried out a diversified programme of part-songs, choruses, and negro melodies. The concert was in aid of the fund for giving 600 poor children a tea and entertainment on Dickens's birthday, and the Pierrots, who furnished the entertainment, also contributed 21*s.* towards that object. The latter concert was in aid of the same fund, but owing to counter attractions the attendance was very disappointing. The programme was an attractive one and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Alexander Tucker, of the Patti Concert Party, gave no less than eight songs, one of which was "Cap'en Cuttle." There were also well-rendered recitations from Dickens's books, including "A Child's Dream of a Star" (Miss Richardson), "Doctor Marigold" (Mr. Richardson). Mr. Richardson, the local cartoonist, gave a sketching display, in which he introduced a portrait of Dickens and of Sir Henry Irving. During the interval Alderman Emanuel read letters from Sir Henry Irving and Sir A. Conan Doyle wishing every success to the Fellowship and its work. The text of Sir Henry Irving's letter is given on page 42. On the night of the concert Portsmouth had 777 members.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

THE fourth dinner of the season to children was given on the 19th at St. Michael's Schools, Cornwallis Street, when 250 little ones were entertained to a substantial meal of hot-pot, cakes, and bananas. After the dinner an entertainment was given, in which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Browne, Mr. and Miss Bachner, Messrs. Heazell, Graham, and Weir took part. Many ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Fellowship acted as stewards, and waited on the children.

The first meeting of this branch for the year was held on January 4th in the Common Hall, when a lecture was given by the Rev. J. H. Martyn, on "Rochester and its associations with Dickens." There was a good attendance. The lecture itself was illustrated by a splendid set of views.

The lecturer showed how the whole city was interwoven with some of Dickens's works, and especially with that masterpiece "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," where Cloisterham was but a thin disguise of Rochester.

On January 25th a concert and dramatic performance were held; the latter being a sketch based on *David Copperfield*, given by the Liver Amateur Dramatic Society; this function was also very successful, every seat in the hall being occupied, and a number of new members being enrolled.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

A MEETING was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Friday, January 6th, when Miss Brinckman, of London (impersonator of Dickens's female characters), recited "The Vengeance" (*Tale of Two Cities*) and "Rosa Dartle" (*David Copperfield*). Mr. Hinton Edwards, the Hon. Secretary, read "Old Cheeseman," from the reprinted pieces.

STOCKPORT BRANCH

THE monthly meeting was held on the 18th, when the Rev. C. N. Dove gave a paper on Charles Dickens. He deplored the superficial knowledge of Dickens's works which existed to-day. A familiar quotation was on the lips of many, but that was all. The speaker gave a brief outline of the life of Dickens, and examined in detail his writings, emphasising his love for children, the high standard of his types of womanhood, his power of satire, and the general moral tone of his works.

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SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE third entertainment was given on January 19th at No. 140, High Street, the President, Dr. A. Graham, in the chair. An excellent reading from *Martin Chuzzlewit* was given by Mrs. Anderson. Some pianoforte solos and duets were well rendered by the Misses Gadd, E. Child and G. Hill, also songs by Miss Mason and Mr. Sprague; the latter also contributed a reading "The Five Sisters of York." Mr. F. Davis gave a splendid reading of "The Bagman's Story." Several new members were elected during the evening.

BRIXTON BRANCH

A MEETING of this branch was held on Monday, January 9th, at the Ladies Parlour, Brixton Independent Church. The programme included a debate on the solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* and readings by members. The chair was taken by the President, Mr. P. A. Jones. Mr. R. Allbut introduced the subject of the evening, reading a letter sent by him (when in New York thirty years since) to the *Union* newspaper, in reference to a preposterous so-called "sequel" to *Edwin Drood*, as copied from *The Banner of Light*, the latter being the special organ of spiritualism. General interchange of opinion ensued, and it was, of course, agreed that an accurate solution of the mystery—in accordance with the mind of the master—was impossible. An interesting reading from *The Haunted House* was given by Mr. R. J. Block in capital style, and two songs were effectively rendered by Miss Hoch.

On Wednesday, January 25th, at the Horbury Rooms, Notting Hill Gate, an evening's entertainment was given under the auspices of the Horbury Literary Society, by some friends connected with the Brixton Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. The programme included music and the following readings and recitals from Dickens's works: "The Child's Story" (Mr. R. Allbut); "The Death of Sydney Carton" (Miss Jessie Pearce); "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness" (Mr. Howard Rose), and "The Schoolboy's Story" (Mr. R. Allbut), all of which were well received by a full and appreciative audience.

YORK BRANCH

THE second half of the session was opened in the Merchants' Hall, Fossgate, on January 11th, when Councillor Thomas Anderson read a paper on "A Tale of Two Cities." Mr. J. Waddington presided over a fair attendance. In the course of an instructive and interesting paper, Mr. Anderson said Dickens's brilliant and pathetic story had a vivid and stirring opening to the still more vivid and stirring scenes. The description was clear and incisive, and it was a picture that burned itself into one's mind, and which could never be forgotten. After quoting some of the earlier passages and the prosecution of Darney, he referred to the causes of the French Revolution, and said that Dickens, with his keen insight into human affairs, knew that want on the part of a whole populace had always been the danger signal pointing the way to revolution. Sydney Carton's sacrifice was the noblest, the purest, and the most disinterested act that any man could accomplish, and of all Dickens's characters his was the most sublime conception of the height to which humanity could reach. A short discussion, in which Mr. Grimes spoke of the high ideal of Carton, followed, and Mr. Mattchett, of the London Fellowship, gave some particulars of Dickens and dramatically and graphically recited the passage in *Bleak House* describing Mrs. Bagnett's birthday-party.—A tea was given by members to over 200 poor children on January 6th. An entertainment followed and each child was presented with fruit and a toy on leaving.

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BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

DURING last month this branch was very busy. Besides the usual monthly meeting on 20th, at which Mr. Woodford Sowray, a well-known member of the Council, read a paper on "Dickensian Humbugs," the members entertained over a hundred old people to a good dinner and concert.

"Dickensian Humbugs," from the books of the great novelist, were cleverly portrayed in Mr. Sowray's able and thoughtful paper. Mr. G. Willis presided. Mr. Sowray showed a wide knowledge of the subject, and gave an apt selection from interesting illustrative passages. Dickens had, said the lecturer, a poor idea in his younger days of the utility of Parliament, and he saw the humbug of party government of that period. Treating of the religious humbugs of the great novelist's works, Mr. Sowray showed that these would at the present time be impossible characters. There were, however, different types of this class of humbugs now existing. Uriah Heep, Pecksniff, and other hypocrites were also admirably dealt with.

The dinner to one hundred old people was given at Shrubbery Road Schools, Lewisham, on Friday, 13th January, and consisted of roast beef and mutton, baked potatoes, Brussels sprouts, Christmas puddings and mince pies, tea and coffee. After dinner there was an entertainment contributed to by members and the Milanese Orchestra.

ROCHESTER BRANCH

THE monthly meeting was held in the "Pickwick" Ballroom of the Bull Hotel, on Thursday, January 12th, to hear a paper by Mr. J. H. Whitfield, entitled "Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens." The chair was taken by Mr. John Hepworth. Fielding, the lecturer said, provided his readers with substantial British fare, good solid roast beef and plum pudding—sometimes, indeed, too highly spiced. Dickens's style is more varied, and although equally strong, vigorous, and substantial, more dainty and delicately flavoured. Both writers possessed great descriptive power, but Dickens's touch is the lighter, while the picture is no less but rather the more firmly drawn. In his early works Dickens evidently sought inspiration from Fielding, and passages suggested by his study of the earlier master may be found in *Pickwick*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and others. Dickens's custom of building up or inventing names to suit his characters is clearly traceable to Fielding's influence. In the first chapter of *Tom Jones* Fielding describes three points to be aimed at in a good novel. These three points Dickens possessed in so remarkable degree that this chapter might almost have been written to-day as a friendly criticism of Dickens, who, in spite of the bypaths into which he wanders, always keeps the story moving. He differentiates in a marvellous manner between two similar characters, giving to each his own individuality; and thirdly, shows some good even in his worst characters. He had, too, an imaginative power which enabled him to enter thoroughly into the minds and feelings of his creations. Mr. Whitfield illustrated his paper by reading short extracts from the works of both novelists. The Hon. Secretary during the evening reported that the Estates Committee of the Rochester Corporation had accepted the offer of the Fellowship as to the planting of trees in memory of Charles Dickens, and that the first trees would be shortly planted. The list of subscriptions has now reached the sum of £15.

CHESTER (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH

UNDER the auspices of this branch, which is composed of a membership of public school teachers and those who love the author of that name, a lecture was given recently in Library Hall, Broad Street, by Prof. Francis H. Green, who talked most interestingly on "Dickens, the Camera-minded." He chose this title as illustrative of the famous author's ability to portray in words such wonderful pictures to the mind of his readers. The address was most delightful, being punctuated with witticisms for which Prof. Green justly is noted. The music of the evening was a feature, being particularly on the subject of the occasion.

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BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT BRANCH

AT the meeting held on Friday, January 13th, in the Athletic Institute, the papers were given by members of the Council. Mr. William Tidmarsh opened his paper with some brief remarks upon Mr. Kitton's *Life of Charles Dickens*, recommending it to the members for their reading, as throughout the whole book there were evidences of knowledge of, and love for, the master. He then more fully dealt with the detractors of Dickens. These, he said, were many, and he carried the audience back to what was said against him before many of those present were born. Some were very scathing and severe, others milder. Very largely, he said, the hostile criticism was the result of a real appreciation of his aims and intentions. Lord Macaulay, while refusing to be a critic, yet wrote some very hard things about him. Mr. E. J. Timings's paper was on Charles Dickens and his cotemporary Thackeray. He said that many condemned each for his sarcasm. Thackeray wrote that his little daughter once asked him why he did not write a book like Mr. Dickens, and he had to admit his inability to do so. He said he knew she was a great admirer of Dickens, for when she was happy she read *Nicholas Nickleby*, when sad the same, also when well and when ill; when she went to bed it was *Nickleby*, when she awoke still the same. Mr. E. Moore, who read the third paper, dwelt upon the nobleness of Dickens's character, his high purpose, his lofty aims, and his wonderful humanity. He was, he said, always looking out for an opportunity to render to some one a "good turn."

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT gave a recital of *Pickwick*, in six chapters, in the Working Men's Hall, on January 18th, for the benefit of the poor of Shrewsbury. The Mayor (Mr. H. J. Hearn) presided, and said it gave him very great pleasure to associate himself with the Shrewsbury Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, more especially as the proceeds of that gathering were to be devoted to an object which would have appealed to no one more strongly than to Charles Dickens. He understood that the branch was formed in 1902, with a membership of nineteen, which he was pleased to say had already increased to upwards of forty. He sincerely hoped that as a result of that gathering the membership would be still more largely augmented. Of Mr. Speaight's admirable elocutionary powers it is impossible to speak in too high praise. Even to students of Dickens, who are accustomed to revel in the inimitable humour of the *Pickwick Papers*, the genius of the great master was more fully revealed, while to those people to whom his works are not known an endless fund of enjoyment was revealed. The recital should have the effect of strengthening the already great influence of the Dickens Society, and of reviving local interest in the great master's work. At the close a vote of thanks was passed to the Mayor for presiding, on the motion of Mr. John Pool.

FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON January 25th a meeting was held at Forest Gate to consider a proposal to form a branch of the Fellowship in the district. There was a good attendance, among those present being Mr. B. W. Matz, Vice-Chairman of the Council, and Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. Gen. Sec. It was unanimously resolved to form a branch to be known as the Forest Gate and District Branch, and Mr. Thos. Webb, 78, Osborne Road, Forest Gate, E., was elected Hon. Sec. Mr. S. Mawer, 431, Romford Road, Forest Gate, was appointed Hon. Treasurer. There are abundant signs that the branch will prove a complete success.

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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

ON January 11th Mr. Harry Furniss, President of the Hastings and St. Leonards Branch, attended a meeting at the Holy Trinity Parish Room, and gave an inaugural address. Mr. T. Larkin, J.P., presided.

Mr. Furniss said that from the first moment that he had been able to read he had been a worshipper of Dickens. He pointed out that when Dickens was at the highest pinnacle of popularity England had many more great writers than at the present time. Mr. Furniss spoke for nearly an hour on many matters appertaining to Dickens. He read a letter to show that Dickens was the first to realise that George Eliot was a woman. He referred to the high characteristics of Dickens, and spoke of him as a supreme critic, and as possessing a wonderful insight into character. He remarked that to be able to understand a newspaper nowadays it was necessary to learn Dickens. Only recently he had seen four separate references to the novelist in one paper. Honesty and kindness were characteristics of Dickens, who was a thorough Bohemian, and as sincere to himself as to the public. Mr. Furniss concluded by appealing for new members of the Fellowship, and by promising to do all in his power to further the objects they had in view.

Cordial votes of thanks were passed to Mr. Furniss and to the chairman. Duets and songs and recitations were contributed by members.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

THE January meeting of this branch took the form of a reading of *A Christmas Carol* by five members, namely Mr. H. C. Tyrrell (Stave 1), Dr. Marx (Stave 2), Mr. J. M. C. Jacobs (Stave 3), Mr. W. Chevob (Stave 4), and Mr. W. Howard (Stave 5). All the readers displayed elocutionary powers of no mean order, and no greater praise can be given than to say that justice was done to every part of the great story. The attendance at this meeting was larger than at any previous meeting this season, the room being completely filled. Mr. J. H. Watson presided.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

II

ON HIS PROPOSED VOYAGE TO AMERICA, 1842

PSHAW! Away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a Goblet and bright Sherry!
And a bumper fill me up—
Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
And the largest ever was,—
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I will drink a health to "Boz"!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a sale at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,—
And his Passage be as clever
As the best among his works!

THOMAS HOOD.

The New Monthly Magazine, February, 1842.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Feb. 2. Maidstone Branch: "With the Camera in Dickens-land," by H. Snowden Ward, at Hollingworth Hall Institute.

,, 6. Brixton Branch: Readings by Mr. J. S. Baines and Mr. J. Cartwright.

,, 7. Portsmouth Branch: Dickens Birthday Tea-Party to 600 children in Southsea Pier Pavilion.

,, 7. Nottingham Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 7. Birmingham Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 7. Ryde (Isle of Wight) Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration. Recital of "Pickwick Papers" by Mr. F. Speaight at Town Hall. Mayor in the chair.

,, 8. Bristol Branch: Dickens Anniversary Dinner at Chivers's Restaurant, Queen's Road.

,, 8. London: Dickens Birthday Celebration. The President, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., in the chair, supported by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and many Vice-Presidents. Dickens character impersonations by Mr. Bransby Williams. Recitals by Mr. Frank Speaight and Mr. A. Hayes. At Memorial Hall at 8.

,, 8. Edinburgh Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 8. Sheffield Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration at Cutlers' Hall.

,, 8. Liverpool Branch: Dinner and Entertainment to poor children.

,, 8. Southampton Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 8. York Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 8. Manchester Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration, at Town Hall. Lord Mayor in the chair. Special address: "Dickens and the Victorian Era," by Sir Wm. H. Bailey.

,, 8. Brighton Branch: Dickens Birthday Celebration.

,, 9. Rochester Branch: Recital of "David Copperfield" by Mr. Frank Speaight at Castle Hall.

,, 14. Winnipeg Branch: Papers by members and talk on "Places made famous by Dickens."

,, 15. Liverpool Branch: "Short Stories and Short Story Writers," by Mr. John Lea.

,, 15. Stockport Branch: Conversazione in Librarian's Room, Sunday School.

,, 15. Southampton Branch: Recital of "Pickwick Papers" by Mr. Frank Speaight at Hartley Hall.

,, 16. Beeston: Dickens Recital, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, at Station Road Schools, 7.30.

,, 16. West London Branch: Meeting at Church Road Mission Hall, Hanwell.

,, 17. Sheffield Branch: Papers and Readings at Cutlers' Hall.

,, 17. Blackheath Branch: "Character Studies from 'David Copperfield,'" by Rev. E. Louis Clapton.

,, 20. Portsmouth Branch: Concert arranged by Mrs. Maggs.

,, 21. Bristol Branch: Public Representation of "The Trial Scene from 'Pickwick Papers,'" at C.M.S. Hall.

,, 22. York Branch: "Micawber," by Mr. T. P. Cooper.

,, 23. Edinburgh Branch: "The Social Influence of Dickens," by Rev. Dr. Glasse.

,, 23. Stroud Green Branch: Recital of "David Copperfield" by Mr. Frank Speaight at Ferme Park Baptist Chapel.

,, 27. Brixton Branch: Evening arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Skeen.

,, 28. Sheffield Branch: Recital of "Pickwick Papers" by Mr. Frank Speaight at Montgomery Hall.

,, 28. Winnipeg Branch: "Sketches of Dickens's Young Men," by Dr. Munro.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Synopses of Dickens's Novels. By J. Walker McSpadden. 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. London: Chapman and Hall, Limited, 11, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Dickens. By W. Teignmouth Shore. Pott 8vo. Illustrated. 1*s.* net; leather, 2*s.* net. "Bell's Miniature Series Great Writers." London: George Bell and Sons, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Great Writers." I. Charles Dickens. With portrait. *The School Newspaper*, January 2nd.

"Household Words and Taxes on Education." *Household Words*, January 7th.

"Uriah Heep's ''Umble Home.'" Illustrated. *The People*, January 8th.

"Biographical Notes on Dickens and Thackeray." By W. F. Prideaux. *Notes and Queries*, January 14th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Christmas Books" Competition—Result. *The Easy Chair*, January 14th.

"The Decline and Fall of Silas Wegg." By Leicester Romayne. *The Easy Chair*, January 14th.

"The Dickens Ball." Some characters that will appear and some tha probably won't. Illustrated. *The Morning Leader*, January 16th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Nicholas Nickleby" Competition—Result. *The Easy Chair*, January 21st.

"Dickens and Hans Andersen." By B. W. Matz. *The Easy Chair*, January 21st.

Mr. Fotheringham's Bingley Lectures. "Charles Dickens." *Keighley News*, January 21st.

"The Dickens Dance." Illustrated. *Weekly Dispatch*, January 22nd.

"A Dickens Dance." Characters from the novels will be admitted. "Boz" costumes. Charles Dickens's grandchildren will dance Sir Roger. *Weekly Dispatch*, January 22nd.

"Dickens Character Ball." A novelty in charitable entertainments. *Westminster Gazette*, January 26th.

"Dickens Ballroom." Five hundred dancers to be dressed as novelist's characters. *Daily Chronicle*, January 27th.

"Dickens and Street Music." *T. P.'s Weekly*, January 27th.

"Revolutionists at Work." By Charles Dickens. With a portrait and illustration. *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, January 28th.

"The Dickens Dance." Novelist's grandson to be Little Nell's grandfather. A Mrs. Quilp. *Weekly Dispatch*, January 29th.

"A Dickens Dance." *Daily Telegraph*, January 31st.

"Dickens Character Ball." *Westminster Gazette*, January 31st.

"Fiction in Fancy Dress." Characters from Dickens at a ball. Illustrated. *Daily Chronicle*, January 31st.

"In Touch with Dickens." Grandchildren of the great novelist in Dickens's characters. Illustrated. *Morning Leader*, January 31st.

"The Dickens Ball," costume and charity. The Charles Dickens Ball Last Night. Illustrated. *Daily Express*, January 31st.

"For the Benefit of a Charity, Sir." Dickens characters at a fancy ball. Illustrated. *The Daily Graphic*, February 1st.

"A Bit of Bill Sikes's London." Illustrated. *The Daily Graphic*, February 1st.

"The Dickens Characters Ball at the Empress Rooms." Drawn by John Hassall. *The Sketch*, February 1st

"Dickens as a Matchmaker." The "Master" as the friend of wayward lovers. *Answers*, February 4th.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BRANCHES AND WINTER PROGRAMMES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—As I am commencing to prepare the syllabus for the Session 1905–6 for this branch, it will be assistance to me, and possibly to other branch secretaries, if some of the members of the Fellowship will send to you their ideas of the form that our meetings should take.

So far we have had readings from, and papers upon, Charles Dickens and his works, concluding the session with a social evening.

This arrangement does not altogether meet the requirements of all our members, and other things have been suggested to me, but before preparing a scheme to lay before our members I should like to know what other branches are doing.

Sincerely yours, FRANK YOXALL,
Hon. Secretary Birmingham and District Branch.

62, STAMFORD ROAD, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM,
January 23rd, 1905.

DO WE DESPISE DICKENS?

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on Number 1 of *The Dickensian*, which will, I feel sure, be welcomed with much satisfaction by all admirers of the great novelist.

There are two questionable statements in it which should perhaps receive some notice. On p. 17 Sir David Hunter is reported to have said at Durban that he thought Dickens had created certain of his characters—Sam Weller, for instance. But this is not the opinion of the eminent German traveller, Dr. Carl Peters, as in his latest book, entitled *Engländ und die Engländer*, he remarks: "The Sam Wellers are no mere imaginary portraits. They exist everywhere, driving omnibuses and cabs, in waterside taverns and London bars."

Again, we are told (p. 14) that Mrs. Baillie Saunders declares "we as a nation now despise Dickens." This will probably come as a little surprise to most of us. If facts have any meaning, Mrs. Saunders is under a misapprehension. The huge sale of his works, the statistics of public libraries, the perpetual allusion to his characters in the press, the many recitals and readings based on his stories, the extensive purchase of even calendars and picture post cards dealing with scenes from Dickens, all prove that he is the most popular figure in the ranks of English literature. And my own knowledge, as far as it goes, of the likes and dislikes of intelligent people, leads to a conclusion very different from that formed by Mrs. Saunders. No doubt there are sections of the community who have an antipathy to Dickens. It was the same in his own days, for we find Jeffrey writing him: "All the tribe of selfishness and cowardice and cant will hate you in their hearts and cavil when they can; will accuse you of wicked exaggeration and incitement to discontent, and what they pleasantly call dissatisfaction. But never mind. The good and the brave are with you, and the truth also." The classes mentioned by Jeffrey cannot be expected to love Dickens. They will continue to abhor him; but, as for "despising" him, they are not in a position to do it!

Yours very truly, J. G. TAYLOR.

2, LEAZES TERRACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
February 2nd, 1905.

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THE GOLDEN CROSS, CHARING CROSS, CIRCA 1827.
SHOWING THE HOTEL AS IT WAS IN THE PICKWICKIAN DAYS.
From *The Dickens Country*, by F. G. Kitton, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black.

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. MARCH, 1905. No. 3.

WHEN FOUND——

THE great enthusiasm shown at the many gatherings held all over the country to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Dickens was a very remarkable testimony to his genius and popularity. One could not take up a paper during the first week in February without finding lengthy articles on the novelist and his works. In nearly every weekly and daily paper in London and the provinces special articles, dealing with the novelist and his associations with the different cities, and leading articles on his influence, were conspicuous. Hundreds of columns of appreciation have reached us from every corner of the British Isles, and many from abroad. Not since his death have the name and fame of England's great novelist been the subject of so much eulogy from press and platform.

* * *

Not only has the Fellowship celebrated the event at its various branches throughout the country, but the Boz Club and other societies have done homage to the memory of the master. America, Australia, Africa, Canada, too, have joined in showing reverence for his memory and helping to keep it green. Some really wonderful tributes have appeared, adequately to refer to which would take up most of the pages of our magazine. It may be truly said that every phase of his career and teaching has been touched upon. The true note was struck by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its leading article, on February 8th, which is reprinted on another page by permission of the proprietors.

* * *

In the midst of all this encomium it would be surprising if there were no vituperative sneer. We have, however, only discovered one, and as might have been expected, the writer was not bold enough to give his name, but timidly hid himself behind the lonely pseudonym of "Scrogs." His poor whimper of a letter is headed "Dickens: the Glorified Reporter," and is put on record in this number as a curiosity. Of course shoals of letters followed to prove how fatuous "Scrogs" was, but that really wasn't necessary.

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We are to have another Dickens play, this time a version of *Dombey and Son*. Mr. Oswald Brand, of the Grand Theatre, Islington, who, it will be remembered, produced successful adaptations of *Bleak House*, *Oliver Twist*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is responsible for it, and will present it at a West End theatre. There have not been many Dombey plays, indeed we can only find record of three: *Heart's Delight*, by Andrew Halliday, in which Samuel Emery made such a hit as Cap'n Cuttle, a dramatised version by John Brougham, in three acts, and *Captain Cuttle, a Comic Drama*, in one act, by the same author, of which the two last were produced at Burton's Theatre, New York, in 1850.

* * *

The message which Mr. Henry F. Dickens sent to each of the branches of the Fellowship on the occasion of their birthday celebration of Dickens ran: "I send you hearty greetings. I ask you to remember the motto which was handed by my father to the members of the Birmingham Institute in 1869: 'Courage, persevere.'"

A correspondent had the resolution to offer to the *Manchester Guardian* an alternative motto taken from the works of the master—

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, "you're a fellow."
"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you're another."

* * *

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is writing another book on the one subject dear to him. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto and Windus under the title of *The Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in his Writings*. The book will be a very deep and exhaustive one, showing the influence of localities on "Boz's" feelings, thoughts, and talents. It will also set out what Mr. Fitzgerald calls the "main motor forces" of Dickens's writings, and the dual influence of his nature: Dickens the writer and Dickens the man, which is the real secret of his present popularity. The book will further have many curious novelties, interesting reminiscences, and criticisms.

* * *

The Mayor and Corporation of Bath are about to place in the Pump Room a bust of Charles Dickens, the work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A., and his gift. It has an old Sicilian marble pedestal, which will be adorned with bas-reliefs of the Bath scenes in *Pickwick*, and a suitable inscription. There is a bust by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald at Rochester in the Dickens Room of the Nun's House, and he has promised others to various Dickens towns. One of them is a statuette representing Boz in his habit as he lived at Gadshill.

* * *

The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of that used on the original parts of *Sketches by Boz*. There was, at first, some difficulty connected with adopting it, but this happily has been overcome. Although out of chronological order, readers will be pleased to see Cruikshank's delightfully characteristic piece of work forming part of our series of covers. The April cover will bear the *Nickleby* design.

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Mr. M. H. Spielmann, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship, in an interview with a representative of a provincial paper, spoke of the work the Fellowship is doing. "We all recognise, of course, the excellent work the Fellowship is doing," he said. "It has gone so far ahead that it has started a paper, *The Dickensian*. Dinners are given to poor children, and friends talk to them about Dickens, his love of humanity, the characteristics of his works, and so do a great deal not only to perpetuate his memory, but to arouse a love and knowledge of him in the minds of children." The work, added Mr. Spielmann, is beautifully and tenderly carried out.

* * *

This is well said. But Mr. Spielmann's invidious distinction between the Boz Club and the Fellowship had a touch of patronage about it not altogether pleasing. "For the general worshipper there is the Fellowship," he said; "the Club is rather a tribute on the part of men of thought."

Dickens himself held the opinion that there was too much patronage in England. The Boz Club can afford to exist without boasting a superiority over the Fellowship, as Mr. H. F. Dickens himself said, in effect, at the Memorial Hall last month.

* * *

Readers of *The Dickensian* will be interested to learn that the magazine has been an unqualified success. The first number had to be reprinted, and very few copies remain of the second edition, whilst the February number is almost as scarce. Many letters of congratulation have been received from the Vice-Presidents and other subscribers, and the Press generally have said very kind things about it. Messrs. Nelson and Sons, of New York, have taken an edition for America, where it is anticipated the sale will be fully as large as in this country.

* * *

A conversazione will be held at the Memorial Hall on April 5th. A programme of music, etc., is being arranged. During the summer months a series of excursions to Dickens-land will be organised as in previous years, particulars of which will be duly announced.

* * *

At one of the Fellowship concerts at Portsmouth recently, a new song entitled "Cap'en Cuttle," composed by Mr. Williams, conductor of the Empire Palace orchestra, was sung by Mr. Alexander Tucker. One of the verses runs as follows:—

"Let Dombeys have their gloomy wealth: what's money after all?
The wild waves talk of that to you as they did to little Paul;
Stout heart of oak ain't easy broke, in buzzum or in brig,
So waiting for a breeze astern, we'll dance a sailor's jig.

Chorus.

"Cap'en Cuttle is my name, England is my nation,
This 'ere is my dwelling-place, and blessed be creation.
Overhaul the book, and find this device is wrote,
Lay your head against the wind and thereof make a note."

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THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

By HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.,
PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

WHEN the numerous branches of the Dickens Fellowship were commemorating the birthday of Charles Dickens last month, I took the liberty of sending a telegram to each of them in the following words:—

> "I send you hearty greetings. I ask you to remember the motto which was commended by my father to the members of the Birmingham Institute in 1869: 'Courage! persevere!'"

That is a motto which might well be adopted by the Fellowship itself. It was in the course of my father's inaugural address as President of the great Working Men's Institute that the words I have quoted were uttered. The speech itself was very simple, but singularly impressive. In the course of it he said this: "To the students of your industrial classes generally I have had it in my mind, first, to commend the short motto in two words—'Courage! persevere!' This is the motto of a friend and worker. Not because the eyes of Europe are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; not because the eyes of even England are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; not because their doings will be proclaimed with blast of trumpet at street-corners, for no such musical performance will take place; not because self-improvement is at all certain to lead to worldly success, but simply because it is good and right of itself, and because, being so, it does assuredly bring with it its own resources and its own rewards." He then commended to them the advice of Sydney Smith—"to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."

At the meeting of the Boz Club, which was held on 7th February last, a discussion took place on the subject of "Dickens as a Social Reformer." It has been suggested to me that it might be interesting to readers of this journal if I were to repeat here the views which I expressed on that occasion. Acting upon that suggestion, I propose briefly to discuss three questions: First, in what sense Dickens may be said to have been a social reformer; secondly, whether there were any particular reasons why he should have become one; and lastly, what was the secret of the success which he achieved in his endeavours to improve the condition of the poor.

Now in one sense, of course, Dickens was not a social reformer. He was not a social reformer in the sense of being an active politician. He never was a politician. When he was asked to go into Parliament his answer was that he thought he could do far more good outside the House in his own particular sphere. And can anyone doubt that he was right in this? His temperament was not in the least adapted to the strain and stress and worries of political life. As Forster tells us, he never made politics a study, and they were with him an instinct rather than a science; but the task he set his hand to was none the less that of a social reformer in the highest, the most comprehensive, sense of the word. That task was to open the eyes of the people to the

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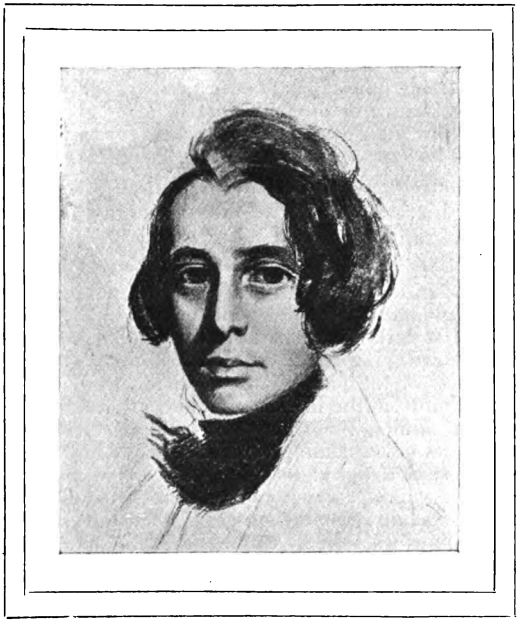
social condition of the poor, and to rouse a popular feeling in their behalf. He was ever the advocate of the poor. He felt bitterly for their sufferings. He had a singular power of finding beauty even among their squalid surroundings. By enlisting the sympathies of his readers for them, either by showing the best of them in a vein of humour or by a stern recital of their wrongs, he tried to get the people of this country to feel that which he felt so deeply himself. He gained their sympathy by winning their affection, and as their affection for himself increased, so their sympathy for those for whom he pleaded



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1837
From a drawing by Samuel Lawrence

According to the late F. G. Kitton this was evidently a trial sketch vigorously executed in chalk and slightly coloured. Another portrait by the same artist was done later in the same year.

grew in proportion. Thus the popular conscience was roused and the way was made clear for the statesman.

This constant purpose of his life, this never-flagging desire to improve the social condition of the people, can be traced through all his works. I will take a few instances of this.

That *The Chimes* was undoubtedly written for a purpose is shown most strikingly in a passage in Forster's *Life*:—

"He was bent on striking a blow for the poor," writes Forster. "They had always been his clients, they had never been forgotten in any of his books, but here nothing else was to be remembered. He had become, in short, terribly earnest in the matter. The hopelessness of any true solution to either political or social problems by the ordinary Downing Street methods had been startlingly impressed on him in Carlyle's writings,

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and in the parliamentary talk of that day he had come to have as little faith for the putting down of any serious evil as in a then notorious city alderman's gabble for the putting down of suicide. He meant in *The Chimes* to try and convert society as he had converted Scrooge, by showing that its happiness rested on the same foundations as those of the individual, which are mercy and charity not less than justice."

Then, again, take a passage from *Nicholas Nickleby*, where Nicholas, communing with himself, thought:—

"How there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades; how ignorance was punished and never taught; how jail-doors gaped and gallows loomed, for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace; how many died in soul, and had no chance of life; how much injustice, misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on, from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it."

Then, again, when he described the sufferings of poor Jo, and the pathetic scene of his death, was he not preaching the same doctrine and striving for the same result?

Take yet again that fine passage from *Dombey and Son*:—

"Oh for a good spirit who would take the house-tops off, with a more potent and benignant hand than the lame demon in the tale, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes, to swell the retinue of the Destroying Angel as he moves forth among them! For only one night's view of the pale phantoms rising from the scenes of our too long neglect; and from the thick and sullen air where Vice and Fever propagate together, raining the tremendous social retributions which are ever pouring down, and ever coming thicker! Bright and blest the morning that should rise on such a night: for men, delayed no more by stumbling-blocks of their own making, which are but specks of dust upon the path between them and eternity, would then apply themselves, like creatures of one common origin, owing one duty to the Father of one family, and tending to one common end, to make the world a better place!"

These extracts, only a few of many which might be gathered from my father's books, will suffice to show how steadily he bore in mind this great purpose of his writings. Were there, then, any particular causes which impelled him to set his hand to such a work? I believe there were at least two—one a quality inherent in his nature, the other a lesson taught him in adversity. Forster said of him that his greatest gift was humour; this may be true, but I have always thought that the greatest source of his power was his intense human sympathy. That was one cause. There was another, and to my mind a still more striking one. In dealing with this question it is impossible to lose sight of or to ignore the bitterness of his own early childhood, when he was engaged in tying up blacking bottles in the Strand, and suffered that agony of soul which he so graphically described in a little bit of autobiography in Forster's *Life*. That this degradation of his early life left on him a lasting impression I can have no manner of doubt. To me it has always been a marvel that it did not sour his nature or estrange his sympathies. On the contrary, it seemed to soften his disposition, to make him more painfully conscious of the social inequalities around him, and more anxious to do what he could to remedy them.

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Lastly, what was the reason of his extraordinary success? How was it he obtained that wonderful personal affection of his readers without which his efforts would have been in vain? The extent of that feeling among all classes was most remarkable, and is well known; but there are three little stories I should like to tell, to show in various ways how strong that feeling was. A friend of mine told me just after my father died he happened to be in a tobacconist's shop, when a labouring man walked in, ordered his screw of tobacco, and throwing his money on the counter, said, "We have lost our best friend."

I took a cab about the time of my father's funeral, and after I had paid the cabman his fare he said, "Oh, Mr. Dickens, your father did a great deal for us poor people; we cabbies hoped he was going to give us a turn next." What the cabby thought he was going to do for them I have not nor had I then the remotest idea; but this at least showed the faith that was in him.

The finest story of all was this. Only a few months before his death he received a letter from a gentleman to the following effect:—

"I began my life as a common workman, in a timber-yard. I was made foreman, then manager; I was taken into partnership. My partner is dead, and I am now left sole proprietor of a large business. I am convinced that the whole of my success in life has been due to the influence exercised upon me by your books, and I cannot come into this large fortune without trying to show you in some way what I feel."

I doubt whether anything in his life ever gave my father more real pleasure than did this simple and genuine tribute.

One reason for the extraordinary power my father had over his readers was his extreme earnestness. "Do everything at your best," he used to say to me. "I can honestly say that I have taken as great pains with the smallest things I ever did in my life as with the biggest." Those who saw my father playing a simple game, and throwing his whole heart and soul into it like a boy, would tell you how true this was.

Yet another reason was his intense belief in the reality of his own creations. To a young author he said, "If you want your public to believe in what you do, you must believe in it yourself. So much is this the case with me that when I am describing a scene I can as distinctly see the people I am describing as I can see you now."

It was also due to his power of communicating to others the force of his own convictions, and lastly to that remarkable personal magnetism which can only be appreciated fully by those who knew him best.

The extent of Dickens's success as a social reformer is known to all of us. I should like to recall in Dickens's own words the measure of his aspirations. The story is told by Forster. It was after Dickens's return from Venice upon the completion of *The Chimes*.

"When we met at its close," writes Forster, "he was fresh from Venice, which had impressed him as the wonder and the new sensation of the world; but well do I remember how high above it all arose the hope that filled his mind. When I saw these places," says Forster, quoting Dickens's own words, "I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and to stand upon a giant's staircase which Samson could not overthrow."

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"SKETCHES BY BOZ"

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY B. W. MATZ

APART from the extreme interest of Dickens's first book as presenting a series of his earliest writings, it has a curious bibliographical interest. Dickens, in the preface which appears in all current editions of the work, speaks in a somewhat disparaging tone of the value of his sketches and tales. But time has shown that he was not altogether justified in his feeling towards his early work, for therein are revealed the seeds of his genius and many indications of the phases of the greatness of his mind which were so developed in his later books. Some of his finest characteristics are to be found in the sketches, and show, even at that time, how he had stored up in his brain what he had seen with his eyes, how wonderfully those eyes saw life and character, and how remarkably the eyes and mind worked together in presenting them in animated prose. And it will be noticed that throughout the book there is that unostentatious teaching, that desire to set wrongs right, which later earned him the sobriquet of Social Reformer.

It was whilst performing the duties of a reporter that Dickens commenced to pen these sketches. The story of how he posted his first MS. of "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," and the effect it had on him when it was published, is too well known to bear reiteration here. The title of this MS. was originally called "A Sunday Out of Town," and when it appeared in the collection it was again altered to "Mr. Minns and his Cousin." It appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* in December, 1833, to which periodical Dickens contributed pretty regularly until February, 1835. When the *Evening Chronicle* was started as the evening edition of the *Morning Chronicle*, Dickens was invited to contribute literary articles to its pages, and a series bearing the pseudonym of "Boz," under the general heading "Sketches of London," began to appear January 31st, 1835, and continued up to August 20th of the same year. From September 27th, 1835, to January 17th, 1836, Dickens contributed a further series under the general title of "Scenes and Characters," signed "Tibbs," to *Bell's Life in London*, and then returned again to the *Chronicle*, where four more sketches were published from September 26th to October 26th, in both morning and evening editions of that paper.

In 1836 these sketches were published in two volumes under the title of *Sketches by Boz: Illustrative of Every-day Life and People*, with sixteen etchings by George Cruikshank. London: John Macrone. Only some of the articles referred to above were included, whilst eight others were specially written for the volumes. These were "Shops and their Tenants," "A Visit to Newgate," "Brokers' and Marine Store Shops," for volume one; and "The Black Veil," "Shabby-Genteel People," "The Great Winglebury Duel," "Omnibuses," "Sentiment," for the second volume. Owing to the great success of the venture, a second series appeared early in 1837, but dated 1836, with ten etchings by Cruikshank, by the same publisher. The sketches specially written for this volume were "Criminal Courts," "Our Next-Door Neighbours," "The Royal Patient," and "The Drunkard's Death." A second edition of this volume was shortly afterwards issued with two

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new etchings by Cruikshank. By this time *Pickwick*, which Chapman and Hall were issuing, had become wonderfully popular in parts, and Macrone, the publisher of the Sketches, proposed to re-issue them in the same manner; but Dickens fearing that the simultaneous publication of three of his works—*Oliver Twist* was running in Bentley's *Miscellany* at the time and *Pickwick Papers* appearing in parts—would seriously affect his reputation. He therefore bought back, with the aid of Chapman and Hall, the copyright of the sketches for £2,250, Macrone having only paid him £400 for them, and accordingly was

THE FREE AND EASY

Drawn by George Cruikshank for the original edition of *Sketches by Boz*, and afterwards cancelled

able to defer publication in parts until the last part of *Pickwick* appeared, when was issued the first of *Sketches by Boz*, with the delightful design by Cruikshank on pink covers. For this serial issue all the etchings by Cruikshank were re-etched in a larger size to suit the serial issue, except "The Free and Easy," which was cancelled, and has only been used in some recent editions of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's. Cruikshank also did thirteen new etchings for the serial issue, which when completed appeared in volume form in 1839 with "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate," a story from the Library of Fiction, added. There were fifty-six sketches in all, arranged under four headings, "Our Parish," "Scenes," "Characters," "Tales," and forty etchings by Cruikshank. All subsequent editions of the book are based upon this one.

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"HOMO SUM. . . ."*

IT would be difficult to imagine a more striking proof of the abiding place held by Charles Dickens in the hearts of his countrymen than was afforded by the remarkable gathering at the Savoy Hotel last evening. Literature and art, the drama and the law, were all powerfully represented among the large party over which Lord James of Hereford presided, with the American Ambassador on his right hand, and the Lord Chancellor on his left. All this varied assortment of British brains had come together on the common ground of profound admiration for the work of the great novelist, an affection for the memory *tam cari capitis*. It used to be the fashion some years ago to say that the popularity of Dickens was on the wane, that the rising generation did not read him. That, we are convinced, was never true—indeed, the statistics of publishers have conclusively disproved the assertion; but if proof were wanted of the abiding and, we may surely say, the growing influence of Dickens, it could be discerned in the success of the two associations recently founded in his honour—the Dickens Fellowship and the Boz Club. Undoubtedly, however, public opinion has undergone a change during the five-and-thirty years which have elapsed since that June morning when, as it was said, men opening their newspapers on their way to business burst into sudden tears when they read that Charles Dickens was dead, when all over the English-speaking world his death was felt as a personal loss by millions to whom it seemed, to use the words of Scott about the death of Byron, "as if the sun had gone out." A change there has been on the part of the public analogous to that which goes on in the mind of many of the individual readers of Dickens. The boy who reads *Pickwick* for the first time does not—he cannot—criticise; but the boy, in time, becomes a Superior Person, and therewith conscious of certain very obvious defects in Dickens's work; he cannot weep over his pathos; he finds his portraiture too closely akin to caricature. But there is a third stage, that in which the reader, while not blind to the novelist's weaknesses, is more alive than ever to his tremendous strength, and is profoundly convinced that here one is face to face with genius which will live with the English tongue. So, in a sense, it has been with the public. Who could criticise while that stream of marvellous creation was flowing from the master's pen? It was only when Dickens had worked himself to death, when the public realised that he had taken the key to the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* with him into the darkness of the supreme Mystery, that the critical spirit really awoke. Now, as the Dickens Fellowship and the Boz Club indicate, men have got past the stage of criticism, and have settled down to a mature and fixed admiration which will only wane when Macaulay's New Zealander surveys the ruins of London town.

Why is it, one may naturally ask, that the art and the memory of Dickens bring men together in bonds of fellowship which are not created by the work or the personality of other novelists? Why is Dickens a name to conjure with when other names as great as his are

* The *Pall Mall Gazette* leader, February 8th, 1905.

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not? Why, for instance, is there not a Thackeray Fellowship in honour of Dickens's great contemporary? The answer, we believe, is to be found in Dickens's intense humanity. "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto" might surely have been this man's motto. It is his burning sympathy with his fellow-men, his scorn of privilege, his hatred of wrong in all its forms, his exquisite tenderness to human weakness, his instinctive love for the disinherited of this world, his simple, robust, objective outlook upon life that make him the friend of all sorts and conditions of men. Lord James told the Boz Club that Dickens was "no party politician." Lord Halsbury denied that, and declared him to be "a Liberal politician verging on Radicalism." The truth, surely, is that Dickens was a Radical in the sense in which Radicalism must be the creed of every just and generous soul—and no more. His Radicalism is the common heritage of all good men, and the social reforms for which he battled are those which every right-minded man accepts as just and necessary. The zeal for social reform, however, was, with him, but the inevitable outcome of his nature, an integral portion of his theory of life. Had he been a social reformer and no more, the memory of him would not be the living thing it is to-day. The essence of Dickens's art is its humanity, it is the supreme expression in English literature—perhaps in all literature—of the doctrine that we are "all members one of another," and that is why his works are, more than those of any other writer, "understanded of the people." His books are, as Mr. Choate said, last evening, "nearer and dearer to the heart of humanity" to-day than when they first appeared, because they are so human, because we may call him, as Browning has finely called Euripides—

> ". . . the human, with his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common till they rose unto the spheres."

For Dickens's theme was everyday life in this workaday world: he was the great prose poet of humanity.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

III

NOT merely thine the tribute praise,
Which greets an Author's progress here;
Not merely thine the fabled bays,
Whose verdure brightens his career.
Thine the pure triumph to have taught
Thy brother man a gentle part;
In every line a fervent thought,
Which gushes from thy generous heart.
For thine are words which rouse up all
The dormant good among us found,
Like drops which from a fountain fall,
To bless and fertilise the ground.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

From the *English Bijou Almanack* for 1842.

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MR. F. G. KITTON'S LAST BOOK*

By J. W. T. LEY

THERE can be no two opinions in regard to this last work of F. G. Kitton. It must take its place as the most valuable book dealing with this particular phase of Dickens lore. There is that attention to detail, and that obvious knowledge of the subject, which were so characteristic of the author, and though the literary merit may not be high, that consideration is altogether outweighed by the palpable love and enthusiasm for the novelist and his books. To all Dickensians, but especially to those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Kitton, the introduction which Mr. Arthur Waugh contributes to the book is full of interest: it is a valuable and touching "appreciation" of one who was, as Mr. Waugh says, not only a sincere and zealous student, but a true and generous man. It is not long, but its writer has said exactly the right thing in exactly the right way. Mr. Kitton, as all the world knows, was probably the best authority on Dickensiana of his time, but he was more than that, and it is pleasing to see that Mr. Waugh writes especially of the man himself, of his kindness of heart, of the value of his friendship. Anyone who knew him knows how broad-minded, generous, and kind-hearted he was. Nothing was too much trouble for him to do, if by doing it he could assist in the slightest degree anyone who needed assistance. Could there be more apt words than these of Mr. Waugh's? "For, when other shifting recollections of Frederic Kitton fade away—accidents of a common interest, chances of a brief and busy acquaintanceship—the impression that remains, and will always remain with those who knew him, is the haunting impression of a sweet and winning simplicity, an absolute sincerity of life and word, that knew no use for the thing he said, but that it should be the thing he thought, and that never (so it seemed) thought anything of man, woman, or child, but what was kind and Christian and noble-hearted. . . . He knew the secret of life. . . . He lived for others, and in their memory he will survive so long as earthly recollections and earthly examples return to encourage and inspire."

The book is full of interest. It is the very antithesis of a mere catalogue of places mentioned in Dickens's books, and futile speculation as to the identity of houses, etc. Following David Copperfield's example, and beginning at the beginning, the author deals with the novelist's birthplace, and then proceeds to deal straightway with Portsmouth's and Chatham's associations, both in regard to Dickens himself and in regard to his books. The story of the few years of Dickens's early boyhood spent in these towns is told in a chatty and interesting way, and the author shows how the memories of those days—of persons, places, and incidents—were drawn upon and made use of in after life. Dickens's boyhood and youth in London are dealt with in the same way, as are his later life in the Metropolis and his life in and associations with Rochester and Gadshill. His visits to the West country, to Southern England, to East Anglia, to the North of England and Scotland, and to the Midlands, are also treated in their places, but the most

* *The Dickens Country* (the Pilgrimage Series). By Frederic G. Kitton. London: Adam and Charles Black, 6*s*.

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interesting chapter is that headed "In Dickens Land." It is a delightful record of the novelist's associations with Kent, which is, of course, the very heart of Dickens-land. "Boz" had lifelong associations with the county. He lived as a child in Chatham, and he died at Gadshill. He spent his honeymoon at Chalk, he enjoyed many a happy holiday at Broadstairs, or at Folkestone, and in book after book we find references to these places, as well as to Dover, Canterbury, Maidstone, etc. He loved the county—"I have many happy recollections connected with Kent, and am scarcely less interested in it than if I had been a Kentish man bred and born, and had resided in the county all my life." But space does not allow me to treat of this book as I should like to do. I can do no more than give a general idea of its scheme, and recommend it to anyone who is interested in Dickens and his books. It only remains to be said that the book contains fifty full-page charming illustrations, mostly from photographs by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell.

SYNOPSES OF DICKENS *

THIS little book is further proof, if proof were needed, that Dickens and his writings appeal to American readers and students to-day as conscientiously and whole-heartedly as they do to the nation which is so justly proud of such a heritage.

Although there exists a *Dickens Dictionary* larger and more elaborate in scope than Mr. McSpadden's volume, there has been a manifest need for a small guide to Dickens's novels and characters. *The Synopses of Dickens's Novels* was compiled and first saw the light in America, where its usefulness has been well tested. The plan of it is as follows:—A chronological list of the novels is succeeded by a brief outline study of each novel, its date, first appearance, scene, time, personages and plot, the chief threads of which are woven into a brief story. At the end of the work is a complete index to the characters in the various books.

The author of the book makes a slight mistake in stating that part of the scene of *Bleak House* is laid in Herefordshire. It should be, of course, Hertfordshire. The house itself is situated near St. Albans. Whilst he refers to Gliddery, the pot-boy at the "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" in *Our Mutual Friend*, as Glibbery.

MR. PICKWICK'S REVIEW †

THERE have been many small pictures representing the characters from the works of Dickens grouped together, but one of the most satisfactory is that by S. Eytinge, jun., which originally appeared in an American journal. It represents Mr. Pickwick being introduced to the chief characters in Dickens's books by Sam Weller. Mr. Pickwick is seated in a chair with Sam standing by his side, pointing out to him the various characters as they file past in the form of a review. This picture is now to be obtained in a large size, thus making it easy to recognise each individual. The engraving is coloured by hand and suitable for framing.

* *Synopses of Dickens's Novels.* By J. Walker McSpadden. London: Chapman and Hall, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

† Messrs. Suckling and Co., 13, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, W.C., 10*s.* net.

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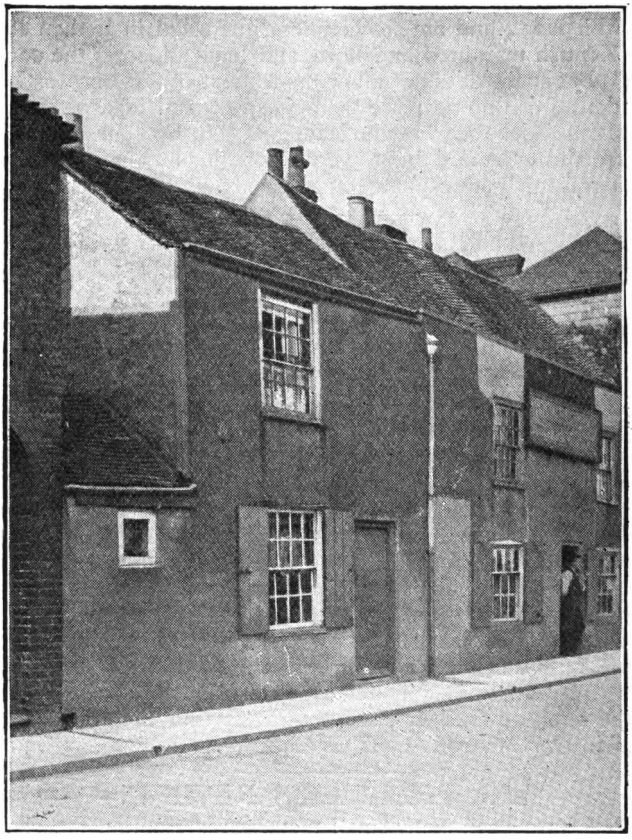
URIAH HEEP'S HOUSE AT CANTERBURY

THE reputed home of Uriah Heep and his mother, which is situated in North Lane, Canterbury, will soon be done away with to make room for some modern buildings. Whether or not this is the house Dickens had in his mind when he gave our 'umble friend a habitation,



THE HOUSE AT CANTERBURY KNOWN AS THE ABODE OF URIAH HEEP
From a photograph by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell

it certainly coincides pretty faithfully with his description in *David Copperfield* when little David paid a visit to the Heeps. Dickensian landmarks in Canterbury are really very difficult to discover, but this house as the abode of Uriah Heep has been generally accepted by topographers as authentic.

Mr. Robert Allbut, that most enthusiastic and painstaking identifier of scenes and places of the novels, was the first, we believe, to locate the house in his *Rambles in Dickens-land*, a book which is invaluable of its kind, and the one which has been the genesis of many others.

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Mar. 1.—"Our affections, however laudable, in this transitory world, should never master us; we should guide them."—*Edwin Drood*—The Dean.

Mar. 2.—"If ever you come—or even if ever you don't come—to a desert place, use your eyes and your spy-glass well; for the smallest thing you see may prove of use to you, and may have some information or some meaning in it."—*A Message from the Sea*—Captain Jorgan.

Mar. 3.—"What never ran smooth yet can hardly be expected to change its character for us; so we must take it as we find it, and fashion it into the very best shape we can, by patience and good-humour."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Tom Pinch.

Mar. 4.—"I confess I have yet to learn that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil."—Preface to *Oliver Twist* (Third Edition).

Mar. 5.—"There are chords in the human heart—strange, varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Mar. 6.—"And setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of world after all."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Mar. 7.—"Though home is a name, a word, it is a strong one; stronger than magician ever spoke, or spirit answered to, in strongest conjuration."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Mar. 8.—"When we shall gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; when fields of grain shall spring up from the offal in the byeways of our wicked cities, and roses bloom in the fat churchyards that they cherish—then we may look for natural humanity."—*Dombey and Son.*

Mar. 9.—"Mere empty-headed conceit excites our pity, but ostentatious hypocrisy awakens our disgust."—*Sketches of Young Couples.*

Mar. 10.—"Most men will be found sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the idea will not bear comparison with the reality, and the contrast is a fatal shock to it."—*Little Dorrit.*

Mar. 11.—"There is scarcely a sin in the world that is in my eyes such a crying one as ingratitude."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Tom Pinch.

Mar. 12.—"There's one thing you may be sure of, namely, that lies is lies. Howsever they come—they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same."—*Great Expectations*—Joe Gargery.

Mar. 13.—"I won't go so far as to say that I've seen waxwork quite like life, but I've most certainly seen some life that was exactly like waxwork."—*Old Curiosity Shop*—Mrs. Jarley.

Mar. 14.—"Life's a riddle; a most infernally hard riddle to guess."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Montague Tigg.

Mar. 15.—"There is little wisdom in knowing that every man must be up and doing, and that all mankind are made dependent on one another."—*Tom Tiddler's Ground*—The Traveller.

Mar. 16.—"Those men of the world who go through it in armour, defend themselves from quite as much good as evil."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Mar. 17.—"There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose."—*David Copperfield*—Mrs. Strong.

Mar. 18.—"O you labouring men! How seldom do we ever hear of you except in connection with some trouble!"—*Nobody's Story.*

Mar. 19.—"It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain) philosopher, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. . . . He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win."—*Somebody's Luggage.*

Mar. 20.—"He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Mar. 21.—"Verily, verily, travellers have seen many monstrous idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature, than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses, of our own bad passions."—*Little Dorrit.*

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Mar. 22.—"Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the 'station' of working people from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, not as they might be?"—*American Notes.*

Mar. 23.—"Men who look on nature, and their fellow-men, and say that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the colours are reflections of their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision."—*Oliver Twist.*

Mar. 24.—"I make no protestations—who does, who means them?"—*Our Mutual Friend*—Eugene Wrayburn.

Mar. 25.—"Regrets are the natural property of grey hairs."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Martin Chuzzlewit, sen.

Mar. 26.—"O there are days in this life worth life and worth death."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Mar. 27.—"When a man is in a violent hurry to get on, and has a specific object in view, the attainment of which depends on the completion of his journey, the difficulties which interpose themselves in his way appear not only to be innumerable, but to be called into existence especially for the occasion."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Mar. 28.—"All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindler."—*Great Expectations.*

Mar. 29. "There's a charm in spring, when ev'rything
Is bursting from the ground;
When pleasant show'rs bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around."
—*The Village Coquettes*—Squire Norton.

Mar. 30.—"I vow to God that I think the parrots of Society are more intolerable than its birds of prey."—*Letter to Douglas Jerrold.*

Mar. 31.—"We all change, but that's with Time; Time does his work honestly, and I don't mind him. A fig for Time! Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow, and scorns to have you at a disadvantage."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Gabriel Varden.

DICKENS: THE "GLORIFIED REPORTER."

THE following letter appeared in the *Brighton Herald* of February 11th, as a comment on one in the previous issue from Mr. Colin Covell, secretary of the Brighton branch of the Fellowship:—

"SIR,—I saw in your last week's issue a letter on the Dickens Fellowship, of which there is a Brighton branch. With the works of charity of such a society one must needs be in accord. At the same time, one asks the reason for its existence. A Browning Society we can understand; a society for the study of George Eliot or Meredith might furnish its *raison d'être.* But for this study of Dickens!—the idea is too absurd, and is rather suggestive of the Pickwick Club, or the learned Mudfog Association.

"The 'greatest novelist of last century' indeed! Surely a writer the other day gave Dickens the highest meed of praise of which he was worthy when he calls him a 'glorified newspaper reporter.' As a novelist he is by no means a success, although he possessed a surpassing accuracy of observation and power of minute description. Lacking those qualities so necessary to an artist in fiction, capacity of telling a story, insight into human nature, power of pathos and humour, the works of Dickens fail to attract readers of cultivated taste, and are only admired by the few with whom caricature and grotesqueness are a merit and the ugly and wonderful a delight.

"One may occasionally take up one of the best works of Dickens, but a very little of him goes a very long way, and what with pages of useless description, long-drawn-out sentiment, and minute portraiture of characters utterly alien to the story he is telling, one is often in danger of letting the book fall from one's hands, so insufferably boring is he to perpetuate whose memory, forsooth, the Dickens Club exists!

"One can only say, in conclusion, that the handful of adoring admirers calling itself the Dickens Fellowship form, as it were, the only breakwater against the coming tide of opinion which threatens to make his reputation a mere memory in the oblivion of the things which have been.—Yours, etc.

"SCROGS."

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE Birthday celebration held at the Memorial Hall on February 8th was a great success in every way. The huge audience of some 1,500 members and friends listened to the speeches with rapt attention and enthusiasm, and thoroughly appreciated the recitals and other items of the programme. The President delivered a very interesting speech, which is printed elsewhere in this number. He prefaced his remarks with details showing how the Fellowship had grown and the work it had done. Numerous telegrams and letters were received from the various branches. Later in the evening Mr. Dickens gave a recital of "Mr. Chops the Dwarf" with remarkable effect, to the great delight of all present.

Canon Benham gave some delightful reminiscences of his early reading of Dickens and of the various imitations of the works which were poured out from the press in those days.

Mr. Harry Furniss concluded a very amusing speech by commending the Fellowship for the educational work it was doing in inspiring the young to read the works of the greatest writer of fiction that England has produced. Mr. Arthur A'Beckett also addressed the meeting. Mr. Arthur Hayes and Mr. Frank Speaight gave recitals of "The Passing of Smike" and "The Pickwick Shooting Party" respectively. Mr. Hayes came especially from Nottingham, where his elocutionary powers are well known, and greatly delighted the audience. Mr. Speaight is too well known for more to be said than that he was in his usual good form. The programme was brought to a close by Mr. Bransby Williams, who gave character representations of Montague Tigg, Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, Nell's Grandfather, and Daniel Peggotty. Mr. Williams never acted better, and at the conclusion of his performance he received a remarkable ovation. His Uriah Heep is still a finished and wonderful piece of acting, whilst his latest character, Old Peggotty, is in every way artistic and convincing, and made a singular impression upon the audience.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

DURING the last month coals, food, clothing, books, and toys were distributed, and in many cases sick persons were visited and read to. To give a ray of brightness to some old folk who have scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, the Guild is arranging a meat tea at Tottenham for 100 poor men and women over 60 years of age. This will probably be at the end of the Easter holidays. The services of a few gentlemen to act as carvers will be much appreciated.

The Guild will also hold a Social Gathering at St. Bride's Institute early in May ; a dance will be arranged during the evening. Tickets will shortly be on sale. It is hoped that members and friends will heartily support this function, which is in aid of the funds.

The Mayoress of Lewisham (Mrs. White) has of late taken a kindly and active part in the work of the Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham branch of the Guild. She has personally verified many cases, visited and distributed clothing to those in need. This has been of great assistance to the branch. The Hon. Secretary of the Guild would be glad if others would follow Mrs. White's good example.

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DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN

ON the 18th of February a dinner was given to 350 children at St. John's Parish Hall, Vartry Road, Stamford Hill. The dinner was composed of hot meat, vegetables, pudding, lemonade, and an orange on leaving. After the dinner the Fairy Tale Society entertained the company by a recital of the story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," introducing all the children's songs of our childhood, in which all joined. The children very much enjoyed the dinner and entertainment.

On the 21st February a similar dinner was given to 400 children at "The Old Mahogany Bar," Wellclose Square, a densely crowded, dirty, close locality. The children came in their best clothes, many having their faces washed; but this was the first dinner to which some came with naked feet. This is a district sadly in need of help and sympathetic visiting. The Fairy Tale Society again assisted by entertaining the children, and the Fellowship is much indebted to Mr. Curzon and his family for their kindness.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

ON February 7th 650 children were invited to the Southsea Pier Pavilion, to "share in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy." The arrangements were excellent, and as the *Portsmouth Times* put it, Dickens the Writer was forgotten on this occasion, and Dickens the Man, Dickens the Lover of the Little Ones, was remembered. The youngsters were given a splendid feed. After tea there were one or two brief speeches. Lord Portsmouth said with pride that he was a disciple of Dickens, and he thought, on such an occasion as that, that such work and such an organisation as the Fellowship was most truly in consonance with the spirit of kindly charity which breathed from every page of Dickens's writings.

Then came a delightful entertainment.

February 20th, at the Albert Hall, was the fourth "members' night," and a large gathering of Fellows of both sexes enjoyed a long programme of music and dramatic recital arranged by Mrs. Maggs. The Fellowship was honoured with the presence of Mr. Edwin Greene, the popular composer, who is a member of the branch, and who accompanied his songs, which were rendered with rare taste and felicity of expression by Miss Bayley-Harris, Mr. J. H. Squire, brother of the composer, playing the 'cello obligato. There were also songs by Mr. R. Wittick and by Miss Gertrude Miller.

From 7.30 to 8 Master Victor Spanner gave a piano recital, including a "Dickens Fellowship Fantasia," arranged by himself, and subsequently with the touch of the natural artist played minuets by Paderewski and Mozart. The other soloist was Miss Queenie Smith, a little dot of six summers or so.

The dramatists were Mrs. C. Foran, the Rev. David Barron, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. Percy Maggs, who recited effectively "The Gargerys," "The British Lion" (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), and "Pickwick in the Police Court" respectively.

ROCHESTER BRANCH

THE Dickens birthday celebration took place in the Castle Hall on February 9th, Mr. Frank Speaight giving a recital of *David Copperfield* in six chapters. Mr. Speaight was in splendid form, and he achieved an absolutely complete success. Mr. Charles Tuff, M.P., presided over a crowded attendance. Early in the month twenty-six trees were planted as a part of the scheme for an avenue as a memorial to the novelist on the roadside in the direction from Strood to Gadshill. Others will be added as funds permit.

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YORK BRANCH

ON February 7th this branch entertained about 110 of the poorest children of the city in the Merchants' Hall, Fossgate. A splendid entertainment was provided, after tea, by members of the branch and other kind helpers. On the following day the branch further celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the novelist by a reunion in the same hall. The Sheriff of York, Alderman W. Bentley, was in the chair, and asked them to remember that Dickens's wish was, "Keep my memory green," and in such celebrations as that they were helping to give an answer to his prayer. Mr. G. F. Furniss, of Leeds, remarked that to Dickens they were indebted to a great extent for the present liberal treatment that was given to children of all ranks and grades of society. Mr. S. A. Hirst and the Rev. E. L. Perry also spoke. A capital musical programme was gone through during the evening.

On the 16th Mr. G. H. Stuart delivered a paper on "Dickens as a Humanist." He spoke in eloquent terms of this phase of Dickens's genius.

A very interesting paper was also given at the Merchants' Hall, Fossgate, on February 22nd, by Mr. Frank Kidson, Secretary of the Leeds branch, on "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens." Beginning with the schoolboy effort of *Misnar*, Mr. Kidson dealt with most of the smaller pieces of the novelist, *Sketches by Boz*, the plays, the shorter Christmas stories, the contributions to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, the *Uncommercial* papers. He pointed out that Dickens's earliest instinct was the analysis of character, and that as far back as 1836 he was a social reformer, as the pamphlet *Sunday under Three Heads* testifies.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

THE Dickens birthday celebration at Nottingham took place at the Victoria Hotel on February 7th. The proceedings commenced with a dinner, and afterwards there were songs and speeches. The Rev. H. T. Hayman was in the chair and gave "The Memory of Dickens" in a stirring speech, dwelling on the many benefits civilisation had received at the hands of the novelist through his books. He also touched upon Dickens's power to make the reader laugh and cry in turn. Other speeches were given by Mr. S. H. Edwards, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. H. Jarvis, Mr. F. Marshall, and Mr. T. F. Davies. On the 14th an instructive chat at the Willoughby Street Library, on the chief characteristic of Dickens and his writings, was very much enjoyed. Mr. Leo Beach, the Treasurer, was the lecturer.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

ON February 7th this branch celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of "Our Mutual Friend" with an entertainment to a large number of children. The Holy Trinity Hall, Priory Street, was crowded, and the programme, entirely contributed to by boy and girl members of the Fellowship, was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The proceeds were devoted to the Children's Boot Fund, an object which would have warmly appealed to Dickens himself. The whole entertainment was admirable, and enjoyed to the full.

MARSHALL (MICHIGAN) BRANCH

ON February 7th the Dickens Club celebrated the birthday of Charles Dickens at the home of Mrs. John Powell. After the members of the Club had assembled, a short literary programme was listened to, consisting of readings from Dickens, grave and gay, a very enjoyable paper by Miss Mitchell, "A Glimpse of Dickens's Home-life and the Tenderness of his Character," and a short sketch of Dickens's love for animals. At the conclusion of the programme the Club repaired to the dining-room, where the table was handsomely spread, the seats of the different members being indicated by place-cards and English flags, together with an appropriate quotation from Dickens's works.

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WINNIPEG BRANCH

A FULL report has reached us of the doings of the above branch since its inauguration in October of last year. Fortnightly meetings have been held, at which discussions and lectures have formed the programme. On January 31st Professor S. J. Will, of Manitoba College, delivered a lecture on "The Evolution of Dickens." His treatment was clear, vivid, and forceful. He said, "Outside of Shakespeare's, there are probably no books which enjoy the popularity of Dickens's. Into the busy, selling, hammering world he comes as a great source of happiness. His works do not suffer by comparison. They shine with a lustre of their own." The lecturer gave extracts to illustrate his various points of eulogy.

On February 7th the anniversary of the birthday of Dickens was celebrated by a dinner. Dr. Woollard, President of the branch, presided. Many toasts were proposed, the chief being that of "The Dickens Fellowship," by the Rev. J. S. Vallalley. In a very humorous speech he dwelt upon the advantages of the society, the good it was doing, and the instruction to be obtained from such a society. Dr. Woollard responded in a happy speech. He said that the branch had come not only to stay, but to grow larger in its membership and in its sphere of influence for good amongst fellow-creatures. Other speeches were made, including one by Mr. Stapleton, the Secretary of the branch, on behalf of the officers, who, he said, were all proud to be officers of the Fellowship, which seeks to spread the teachings of the great novelist by acts of love to those who are downfallen. They meant to make the branch one that they could be genuinely proud of, and "one which would prove to the folks in the old country that Dickens is appreciated just as much in this country as at home."

Mr. Stapleton sends a message to members that a warm welcome awaits them if they go to Canada, and that he would be pleased to give any information regarding the resources of the country to any who contemplated going to the colony.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

A CONVERSAZIONE was held at the Cutlers' Hall on the 8th of February. Mr. R. W Dodsworth presided over a large gathering, but the President of the branch, Councillor John Derry, attended late in the evening. A first-class programme was provided, including a recital, "Copperfield's First Dissipation," by Mr. C. R. Smith ; sketch from *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Miss C. Ott, Miss and D. Wood ; a series of character impersonations—Mr. Micawber, Bill Sikes, Uriah Heep, Sydney Carton, and Serjeant Buzfuz—by Mr. H. Kent Marple, and other musical recitals. There was a capital attendance of members at the monthly meeting held on the 17th in the Cutlers' Hall. Mr. R. W. Dodsworth presided. Lively and picturesque descriptions by contemporary writers of the public reading by Dickens at Peterborough, and of a similar appearance some years later, were read by Mr. Victor F. J. Tlack, Vice - Consul for Austria - Hungary. Mr. G. W. Parker read "Mr. Weller's Watch," from *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and Mr. J. H. Wild also contributed a paper upon "The Inns of Dickens." Mrs. John Derry and Mr. Alfred Beckett have been elected Vice-Presidents of the branch, which now comes second in point of strength.

A large and keenly appreciative audience assembled at the Montgomery Hall on February 28th to hear Mr. Frank Speaight in his recital of *Pickwick Papers*. There were nearly 700 present, who were soon completely under the spell of, and infected with, the matchless humour of the master as revealed by Mr. Speaight, who was in splendid form and delighted everyone. The President, Councillor J. Derry, was in the chair, and the Lord Mayor among the audience.

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BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

"CHARACTER Studies from David Copperfield" was the subject of the lecture delivered by the Rev. E. L. C. Clapton at the Obelisk Hall on February 17th. Mr. J. W. Cleland, L.C.C., presided. In the course of the lecture Mr. Clapton touched upon almost every character, great and small, which goes to the making of one of the greatest works of fiction in our language. He dealt with each in turn, indicating its worthiness and place in the story. "With few exceptions," he said, "Dickens perceived the latent good in men and women, and showed that it could be brought out by those who possess the sympathy that is engendered by a love of humanity." The lecturer considered Agnes the best character in the book: "the sweetest and noblest specimen of true womanhood ever described in fiction." Mr. Clapton illustrated his subject by frequent quotations from the novel. During the evening Mr. A. M. Barnard recited two scenes from the book.

BRIXTON BRANCH

ON February 6th a meeting of this branch was held at the Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, the chair being taken by Mr. S. R. Marriott. Mr. J. S. Baines gave an admirable recital of the story of "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn." An enjoyable entertainment was concluded by a short address from the Secretary, reminiscent of a lecture given by Mr. George Grossmith, sen., forty years ago, on *Sketches by Boz*. A meeting was held on February 27th at the usual place of assembly, Mr. R. Allbut (Secretary) in the chair. The evening's entertainment was arranged by Mr. J. Skeen, and eventuated in a very successful occasion. Mr. J. Skeen read a paper on "Dickens's Lawyers," which proved an able and discriminating review of the many characters in the legal profession portrayed by the master from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood*. Illustrative readings were selected. This was followed by a second paper of excellent quality—also illustrated—on the same subject, given by Mr. W. H. Skeen. A short discussion ensued, Messrs. Baines, Marriott, and Block taking part. Miss L. Skeen gave a recital, "Good-bye, Rosebud," rendered in charming and easy style. It was followed by an interesting reading by Miss Jennings from *Sketches by Boz*. The programme was concluded by Mr. J. Skeen, who gave a very enjoyable recital from *Martin Chuzzlewit* anent the final rupture of friendly relations between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

THE Lord Mayor's Parlour in the Town Hall was crowded with an audience of between three and four hundred on February 8th. The Lord Mayor presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Sir W. H. Bailey, President of the branch; Councillor Plummer, Messrs. George Milner, John Mortimer, and John Harwood, Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. H. Vaughan, Chairman of the Council; Mr. F. Holden, Treasurer; and Mr. A. Humphreys, Hon. Secretary. Mr. E. J. Collings exhibited a number of autograph letters and portraits, and an interesting letter written by Charles Dickens to the St. George's Club in 1866, with reference to his birthday, was also shown by Mr. Haydon Perry. The Lord Mayor gave an account of Dickens's farewell reading in Manchester, and Sir William Bailey delivered an address on "Dickens and the Victorian Era." Not the least enjoyable items in a full programme were the recital of "Bob Cratchit's Christmas Party," by Mr. John Harwood, and the character sketches of Mr. H. P. Rusden.

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BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE Council had very reluctantly to abandon the Birthday Celebration meeting, at which the members and friends of the Fellowship were to have had the pleasure of hearing a lecture by Miss Marie Corelli upon "The Work and Spirit of Charles Dickens."

Miss Corelli wrote early in January that owing to pressure of work and private reasons she would be unable to give the lecture.

The disappointment which this caused was not felt more keenly by anyone than by Miss Corelli herself, as she has the greatest respect and love for the master, and anticipates with much pleasure being able publicly to express her high esteem for the memory and work of our greatest novelist.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

THE February meeting of this branch was held at the Church Road Mission Hall, Hanwell, on Thursday, the 16th of that month. Mr. James Morley, the President of the branch, occupied the chair. The following readings were given:—"Copperfield and the Waiter," Rev. J. Gun; "How Nicholas Nickleby left Dotheboys Hall," Mr. H. Van Strattan; "What John Westlock said to Ruth Pinch," Mrs. Liddall; "Old Cheeseman," Mr. Nicholson; "Mrs. Nickleby and the Mad Gentleman," Mr. Harwood; "Mr. Watkins Tottle," Mr. Gillott; and "The Dancing Academy," Mr. W. Chevob. The readings were given in excellent style and a very enjoyable time was spent.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE Birthday Celebration was held on February 8th. There was a large attendance. The proceedings took the form of a social evening, during which an interesting lantern lecture depicting scenes from the great author's works was given, the readings of which were contributed by the Rev. W. Garwood. During the evening a telegram was received from Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., wishing the branch every success.

Mr. Frank Speaight gave a recital of the *Pickwick Papers* on February 15th, at the spacious hall of the Hartley University, Southampton. There was a crowded audience—all of whom were delighted at Mr. Speaight's marvellous performance. His remarkable memory, clear voice, distinct enunciation, and power of expression, completely carried his audience with him throughout the recital, and won for him quite a well-deserved ovation at its conclusion.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THE Bristol Society's celebration took the form of a dinner at Chiver's Restaurant, Clifton. Mr. A. J. Tonkin (Vice-President) was in the chair. In proposing "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," he said that Dickens still lived in the hearts of the people. His memory and fame would never perish. Mr. Southwood submitted "The Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society." The society was growing rapidly. It was inaugurated in 1902, and since then the membership had reached the hundred. Mr. C. Andrew (Hon. Secretary) responded. During the evening an enjoyable miscellaneous programme was gone through by members.

The usual monthly meeting was held on February 21st. Mr. A. J. Tonkin occupied the chair. The Vice-President gave a short paper on *Our Mutual Friend*, introducing several characters and incidents, in which were included three short readings, viz. "The Resurrection of Riderhood," "The Defence of the Jewish Religion by Riah," and what Mr. Swinburne has described as the "Divine Scene in the Children's Hospital." A discussion followed, in which Mrs. Tonkin, Messrs. Andrews, Wilkinson, Carpenter, etc., took part. Next followed a recital from *Nicholas Nickleby*, the selection being "The Old Man Next Door," in which Mrs. Tonkin, Miss Peacock, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Malpas took part. The humour of this was well brought out and heartily enjoyed.

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FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE newly formed branch at Forest Gate held its first meeting at the Public Hall on February 20th. The hall was well filled, and the meeting in every way most encouraging. The chair was occupied by Mr. Arthur Mason, who was supported by Messrs. Allbut, Palmer, Miller, Matz, Marriott, Webb, members of the Council, whilst many other well-known members of the parent Fellowship were also present. An excellent programme was provided. There were several interesting speeches and well-rendered songs. Mr. Allbut gave a very pathetic rendering of "The Death of Little Nell," and Mr. John Toscenie delighted the audience by his splendid elocution in "Dr. Marigold," "Copperfield's Courtship," and "Richard Doubledick." Many members were enrolled, and there is every prospect of the branch proving one of the strongest. Mr. Thomas Webb, 78, Osborne Road, Forest Gate, is the Secretary.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

EDINBURGH celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the great novelist on February 9th, when a musical and dramatic recital was given in the Oak Hall of the Edinburgh Café. The programme included recitations of passages and incidents from Dickens's works by Mr. R. C. H. Morison, who showed fine elocutionary powers; character sketches by Mr. Craighall Sherry, who was particularly happy in his sketch of Wilkins Micawber. Miss Mary C. Bruce and Mr. Austin Elder provided an enjoyable finale in a scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Miss Bruce as Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Elder as Mr. Mould. The Rev. James Stevenson, who presided, made a few remarks on Dickens and the splendid genius with which he was endowed, and the magnificent lifework which he was enabled to perform. Mr. Alexander Eddington also spoke. During the evening a collection was taken on behalf of the Lord Provost's Fund for Relief of the Destitute Poor.

MAIDSTONE BRANCH

MR. H. SNOWDEN WARD gave at the Church Institute, on February 2nd, a lantern lecture entitled "With the Camera in Dickens Land." Dr. C. Pye Oliver presided over a large attendance, who were entertained with a comprehensive sketch of the great novelist's life. Replying to a vote of thanks, the Chairman stated that the local branch of the Dickens Fellowship had a membership of about seventy. An enjoyable conversazione was given on February 15th in the Hollingworth Hall of the Church Institute. The opening address was given by Mr. W. Morling, J.P., and in the course of his remarks he said they all loved and honoured the memory of Charles Dickens, because his heart was near the heart of human nature, and because he was the friend of the downtrodden and poor. A lengthy musical programme was carried out. Mr. G. Masters was greatly appreciated in his recitation from Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*. The proceeds were devoted to the children's ward of the West Kent Hospital.

CHESTER (PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.) BRANCH

THE members of the branch celebrated the birthday anniversary of Dickens on February 7th with a supper. After supper there were many toast speeches and readings, all of which were greatly enjoyed. The branch is gradually but surely making headway, and now numbers fifty members. The Secretary, Miss M. C. O'Neill, will shortly visit London, and hopes to have an opportunity of meeting other secretaries and members.

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BRIGHTON BRANCH

THIS branch met on February 8th at Steine House. Mr. J. Harry Gilkes addressed the meeting relative to the master and his books. Effective readings by Mr. W. Adams from *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Dombey and Son*, Mr. E. Inker and Mr. F. J. Gauntlett from *Nicholas Nickleby*, were given, and later, "A Child's Dream of a Star," by Mr. E. Inker. The Hon. Secretary of the Birmingham branch, Mr. Yoxall, in a neat little speech testified to the pleasure he experienced in attending a meeting of the Brighton branch, and assured the members of the sympathy that existed between the branches. Mr. Henry Davey also gave a short address.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

THIS branch held the birthday celebration meeting at 73, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, on February 8th. Mr. John Pool (President) occupied the chair, and there was a record attendance. A telegram containing hearty greetings was sent from the gathering to Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., Chairman of the London celebration. Several new members were elected, and owing to the success which attended the recent public recital by Mr. Frank Speaight, it was decided to invite Mr. Speaight to give another recital at an early date, the proceeds of the two recitals to be devoted to giving a treat at Haughmond Hill to the poorest children of Shrewsbury. Mr. Alfred Evans gave an entertaining reading from *Sketches by Boz*.

THE BOZ CLUB DINNER

THE Boz Club has grown very much since it was founded by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the first President of the Dickens Fellowship in 1900. In its early days it was composed of a score or so of friends and acquaintances of Dickens, but has now extended its membership to some two hundred well-known men connected with literature, art, law, most of whom dined together at the Savoy Hotel, to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of "Boz" on February 7th. The dinner was a great success. Lord James of Hereford presided, and there was a distinguished gathering, which included many of the novelist's descendants, while Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law, and Mrs. Perugini, his daughter Kate, were in the room during the speeches. Lord James recounted some of the reforms which Dickens by his writings had been able to bring into existence, and alluded to the sources of his great influence. Lord James concluded by asking the company to drink in silence to "The Memory of Dickens." The Lord Chancellor followed, and in the course of his remarks said that while he yielded to nobody in admiration of Dickens, he very much doubted whether the writer's fame was increased by putting him forward as a social or political reformer. Mr. Choate alluded to the enormous enthusiasm for Dickens in America, and gave it as his opinion that Dickens's fame was lasting as much on the other side of the Atlantic as on this side. Mr. Comyns Carr said he read and re-read Dickens almost nightly. He once thought the death of little Dombey exaggerated; but he had come to see that the things he thought exaggerated were the truest type of truth, and he might say honestly that he could never read the death of little Dombey now without the tears starting to his eyes, and without recognising in it the most absolute fidelity to nature. Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., observed that the proceedings had convinced him that his father's memory was still held in loving remembrance.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH.

BOOKS

The Dickens Country. By Frederic G. Kitton. With a biographical introduction by Arthur Waugh and fifty illustrations, mostly from photographs by T. W. Tyrrell. London: A. and C. Black, 6*s*.

The Associations of Charles Dickens with Liverpool. By C. C. Bowes. With an introduction by Edgar A. Browne. Liverpool: The Lyceum Press, 1*s*. net.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Christmas with Charles Dickens." By J. Cuthbert Hadden. With portrait of Charles Dickens and two illustrations. *Family Friend*, Dec., 1904.

"The Homes of Charles Dickens." By Frederic Tabor Cooper. With a portrait of Charles Dickens by W. P. Frith, R.A., and six illustrations. *The Twentieth Century Home*, January, 1905.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Bumbledom." *The Sun*, February 1st.

"Dickens: In Memoriam." *The Morning Post*, February 7th.

"Dickens Day." By S. D. *Daily Express*, February 7th.

"Dickens Birthday." *Manchester Courier*, February 7th.

"Charles Dickens and Manchester." By C. H. Herford. *Manchester Guardian*, February 7th, and letter on the subject on the 8th.

"The Dickens Celebration." English and American tributes. *Manchester Chronicle*, February 7th.

"Charles Dickens in Birmingham." The famous novelist as a street fiddler. *Birmingham Daily Mail*, February 7th.

"Acrostic on Charles Dickens." *Islington Gazette*, February 7th.

"Charles Dickens." By F. W. Keep. *Bristol Times*, February 7th.

Boz Club Dinner. *Daily Telegraph*, February 8th; *Daily Chronicle*, February 8th; *The Standard*, February 8th; *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 8th; *Morning Post*, February 8th; *Manchester Courier*, February 11th; *Daily Graphic*, February 9th; *Irish Times*, February 9th.

"Homo Sum . . ." Leading article on the Dickens Fellowship and Boz Club. "Dickens Birthday Celebrations." *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 8th.

"The Dickens Ball." (Illustrated.) *The Lady*, February 9th; *Gentlewoman*, February 11th; *Lady's Pictorial*, February 4th; *Queen*, February 4th; *Tatler*, February 8th; *Madame*, February 11th.

"In Memory of Dickens." *Islington Gazette*, February 9th.

"Dickens as a Reformer." *The Times* leading article, February 9th.

"The Birthday of Dickens," by W. E. Church. "Dickens as Playgoer," by E. M. C. "Our Poet's Corner, 'Charles Dickens.'" "Charles Dickens's First Literary Effort," a reprint of "A Dinner at Poplar Walk." "Dickens as a Dramatist," by R. A. N. "Dickens and Feminine Fashions," by L. C. Radgelia. "Dickens Wanted to be an Actor." *Household Words*, February 11th.

"The Dickens Character Ball. A Suggestion." *The Free Lance*, February 11th.

"Dickens's Teaching and Dickens's Characters." A lecture at Hitchin. *Herts Express*, February 18th.

"Dickens, the Glorified Reporter." *Brighton Herald*, February 11th, and letters on the subject in following issues.

"A Birmingham Dickens Souvenir and other Reminiscences." *Birmingham Weekly Post*, February 18th.

PICTURE

"Mr. Pickwick's Review." By S. Eytinge, jun. A large coloured plate, representing Sam Weller introducing the characters of Charles Dickens's works to Mr. Pickwick. Coloured by hand. Prices 10*s*. net. Suckling and Co., 11, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

March 1. Memorial Hall, London: "A Sketch of Boz; his Art, Artists, and Admirers," by Mr. Harry Furniss, illustrated by lantern slides from Mr. Furniss's sketches and other sources, at 8.

,, 1. New Barnet: Recital of *Pickwick Papers* by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Wesleyan Church.

,, 3. Manchester Branch: "Charles Dickens, his place in English Literature," by the Rev. R. N. G. Hunter, at Accountants' Hall.

,, 3. Birmingham Branch: Paper by Mr. John Tidmarsh and Readings from *Pickwick Papers* by Mr. Coley and Mr. J. Percy Askew, at Athletic Institute.

,, 6. Portsmouth Branch: Elocutionary Championship of Portsmouth, confined to selections from Dickens's works.

,, 6. Brixton Branch: "The Fortunes of the Wooden Midshipman," by Mr. Robert Allhill, at Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church.

,, 8. York Branch: "David Copperfield," by Miss Skinner.

,, 8. Liverpool Branch: "The Hypocrites of Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. Wallace, jun., at Common Hall, Hackins Hey.

,, 8. Brighton Branch: Recital of *Pickwick Papers* by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Steine House.

,, 9. Edinburgh Branch: Lecture by Miss Hutchinson Stirling, M.A.

,, 14. Winnipeg Branch: Papers and Talk of most interesting characters in Dickens, by members.

,, 15. Stockport Branch: "Dickens as a Reformer," by Mr. G. F. Johnson, in Librarian's Room of Sunday School.

,, 15. Forest Gate Branch: Lantern Lecture, "Rambles in Dickens Land," by Mr. J. E. Palmer, at Public Hall.

,, 16. Southampton Branch: Monthly Meeting.

,, 17. Sheffield Branch: Papers and Readings by members, at Cutlers' Hall.

,, 17. Blackheath Branch: "The Lawyers of Dickens," by Mr. H. Weston Wells, at Abelista Hall, Lewisham.

,, 21. Bristol Branch: "Dickens: Idealist and Realist," by Miss Dugdale, and Recitation of "The Man Next Door," from *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mrs. A. J. Tonkin, Miss Peacock, and Mr. C. Andrews.

,, 22. York Branch: "Captain Cuttle: His Character and Quotations," by Miss Kidson.

,, 22. St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street, E.C.: Needlework Guild Meeting, at 7 o'clock.

,, 23. Edinburgh Branch: "Dickens and the Stage," by Mr. James Wilkie.

,, 27. Brixton Branch: Readings by Rev. A. Thurston Pain, at Ladies' Parlour, Independent Church.

,, 28. Winnipeg Branch: Lecture by the Rev. Canon Murray.

,, 29. Liverpool Branch: Illustrated Lecture by Mr. W. R. Yardley, at Common Hall, Hackins Hey.

,, 30. Stratford: Recital of *Pickwick Papers* by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Town Hall.

"BOZ"

IT'S so long since Dickens has written a book,
That all the world's authors consider it rum of him;
They hint that he's dead, with a wink and a look,
If he's not, what the Dickens on earth has become of him?

From *Joe Miller the Younger.*

July 19th, 1845.

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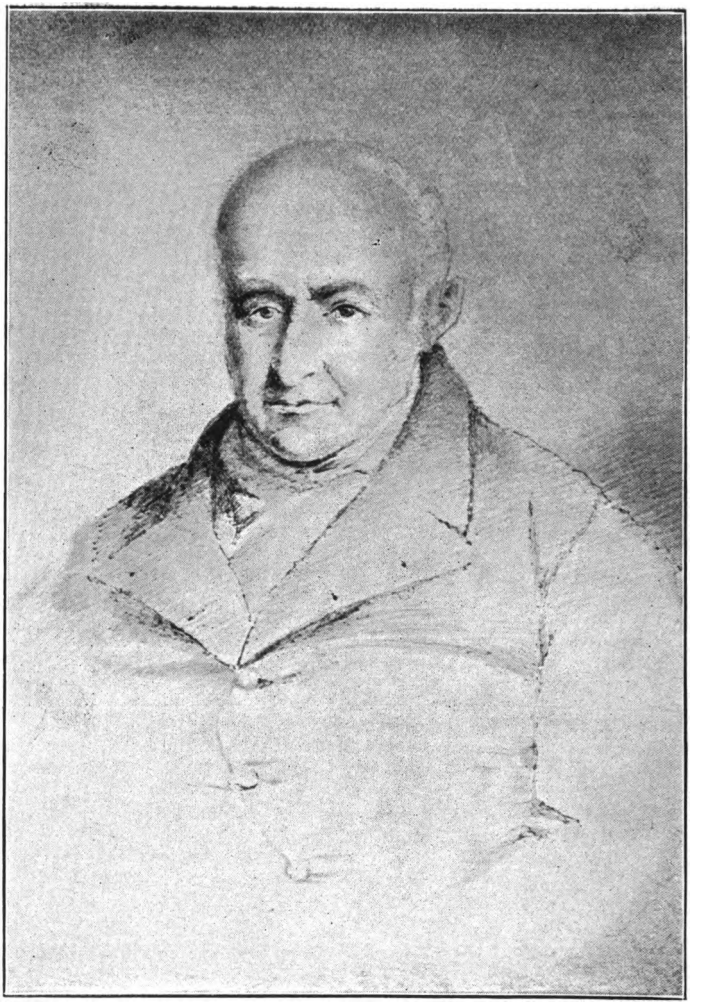

DANIEL GRANT

THE ORIGINAL OF THE YOUNGER CHEERYBLE

From a drawing by the Rev. T. Kilby, of Wakefield

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. APRIL, 1905. No. 4.

WHEN FOUND——

THE portrait of Daniel Grant, which forms the frontispiece to the present number, is one of a series of pencil drawings of notable personages of the time taken from life by the Rev. T. Kilby, of Wakefield. It is reproduced by the kind permission of his granddaughter, Miss Ada Moore, of Duffield, Derby. An enlarged reproduction in platinotype, measuring twelve inches by ten, is to be obtained of Mr. W. R. Deighton, 4 and 3A, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross. Price 5*s.* each.

* * *

The small excitement which prevailed in literary circles in Brighton whilst the correspondence over "Dickens the Glorified Reporter" was appearing in the local paper, has died away calmly with no apparent ill effects. Many views have been expressed *pro* and *con*, and it is not even necessary to ask, "Stands Dickens where he did?" No harm has accrued, of course, but it has suggested the subject for a paper to Mr. J. W. T. Ley, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, who will deliver it at Rochester on the 13th.

* * *

The name of Weller is a common enough one nowadays, and more than one member of the Fellowship belongs to the respected family. We doubt, however, whether anyone who possesses it as a surname is really in such a state of ignorance as the London omnibus driver, boasting the full patronymic of Samuel Weller, who recently confessed that he never heard of either Pickwick or Charles Dickens.

* * *

A contemporary, in referring to the agitated state of America over the fate of Little Nell, makes the following statement regarding Smike:— "When 'Smike' was known to be in the last stages of decline or broken heart, the next number of *Nicholas Nickleby* was watched for with intense interest, and men of business asked each other in the streets of London: 'Do you know whether Smike is dead?' At last the pathetic story came out, and in the newspapers of the day appeared a separate obituary notice regarding the death, and the column in which it was announced was 'put in mourning,' as if some great public character had passed away, so vivid and real was the impersonation by the great master of this, perhaps, the most pathetic child of his imagination." We wonder what newspaper that was, and what the date.

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Arrangements are being made by the Council of the Fellowship for a series of pilgrimages to districts of Dickens country during the summer months. In connection with these, Mr. Cato Worsfold, the author of a monograph on Staple Inn and a member of the Fellowship, has kindly offered to conduct a party over that old London landmark, in which scenes in *Edwin Drood* were enacted. Full particulars of this visit and others will be duly announced.

* * *

A Charles Dickens Bazaar will be held on May 17th, 18th, 19th, in aid of St. Winifred's Youths' Institute and Mission, Rotherhithe, S.E. The work of the Institute is purely unsectarian and quite voluntary, in a very poor locality. If any Dickens lovers care to help in the good work by sending small gifts for sale, or could assist in any way, the committee would be very grateful. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Albert Elliss, 112, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN AND THE FELLOWSHIP

IN the last issue of *The Dickensian* the construction put upon a phrase of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's, quoted from an interview with him which appeared in the *Manchester Courier*, was an entirely erroneous one. What Mr. Spielmann intended to convey was, that whereas the Fellowship is the society for the worshipper of Dickens, the Boz Club is a reply to the oft-repeated statement that Dickens is "vulgar," and that it is only the "people" and no longer the intellectuals who accept him.

Readers of *The Dickensian* and all Dickens lovers will heartily endorse these sentiments, and I am extremely sorry for misinterpreting Mr. Spielmann's words. I therefore take this first opportunity of expressing my regret for the comment made upon them.

THE EDITOR.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

IV

A SONNET

OH, potent wizard! painter of great skill,
Blending with life's realities the hues
Of rich fancy: sweetest of all singers!
Charming the public ear, and at thy will,
Searching the soul of him thou dost amuse,
And the warm heart's recess, where memory lingers
And child-like love, and sympathy, and ruth,
And every blessed feeling which the world
Had frozen or repressed with its stern apathy
For human suffering! "Crabbed age and youth,"
And beauty, smiling tearful, turn to thee,
Whose "Carol" is an allegory fine,
The burden of whose "Chimes" is holy and benign!

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine,
March, 1845.

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DICKENS AND CHILDREN

BY J. W. T. LEY

LITTLE NELL

Engraved from a Wedgwood Ware Plaque by R. Langton

I AM often asked why I love Dickens, and the question is not so easy of answer as may seem. I may say, "Because of the noble work he did in righting social wrongs," and promptly I am met with the reply, "Charles Reade did a similar work." I may say that I love Dickens because he had a keen sympathy with his fellow-beings; and I am told, "So had George Eliot; so had Scott; so had Charles Lamb." Of course, such replies do not "floor" me (as Mr. Micawber would say), but none the less, they show that such reasons as these are not conclusive without argument to support them. But I have one reason which never fails me. The trait in Dickens that endears him to me more than any other is the manifest love for children which we find in every one of his books. He may be compared with others as a social reformer, as a humorist, as a writer of pathos (though don't for one moment imagine I am prepared to admit that he suffers by the comparison), but as a lover of children he stands alone among our great novelists.

I have read that his knowledge of children was superficial. I hope I shall not be regarded as a "heretic" if I say that in some instances his child characters are not very convincingly drawn—Florence Dombey, for example—but, in my opinion, no writer displays a keener appreciation of the joys and sorrows of childhood than he. He tells us in *The Old Curiosity Shop:* "I love these dear little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us"; and everywhere we have evidence of how his large heart opened to the little ones.

Never is he more passionate than when dealing with some little one doomed to suffering and distress. Anything in the shape of unkindness to children moved him to unqualified indignation. In *Mugby Junction* he says: "It is not much for a blind and sinful man to invoke a blessing on something so far better than himself as a little child is, but it would be much—much upon his guilty soul—if he could be so wicked as to invoke a curse." In *Great Expectations* we read this: "In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice."

And in a speech he once made he said: "I know . . . that any heart that could really toughen its affections and sympathies against these dear little people must be so wanting in so many humanising experiences of innocence and tenderness as to be quite an unsafe monstrosity amongst men."

It is a curious fact that never in his books do we find a happy child. We get just a glimpse of David Copperfield's happy infancy, but it is only a glimpse, and it is soon clouded; and I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he pictures a completely happy

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child. I have said that this is a curious fact, and surely it is at first sight curious that our greatest optimist and humorist should have failed in this respect? Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, in her recently published book, *The Philosophy of Dickens*, sees in this a deliberate purpose. "To leave that fearful void where the gaiety of little ones should be," she says, "was like Christmas bell-ringers pulling at bells for ever dumb; or recalls that dim, terrible old legend of the evil spirit, who, disguised as a chorister, entered the monastery choir, and sang so divinely that the good brothers thought him to be an archangel—only that whenever one word occurred he was dumb. It was an ominous word—he could not utter the Holy Name." "This," says Mrs. Saunders elsewhere, "is to my mind the deepest and most pathetic note in all Dickens's sweet philosophy. That solemn, wan-faced procession of ill-used children, whose joyful shouts are utterly silent, who rarely smile, who never laugh, does not walk slowly through his changing scenes for nothing, dragging bruised feet, holding loose rags, gazing out of the shadows with large, timid, woeful eyes, and over the whole crowd that pall of perfect silence and stillness—perfect despair!"

Is it necessary for me to suggest to readers of such a magazine as this that the secret of Dickens's sympathy with neglected childhood is to be found in the story of his own early days? No need to recount that sad story here. We know the memory of that time lasted with him through life. Long after he was the most popular living writer he related the story to Forster, and said: "My whole nature was so penetrated with grief and humiliation . . . that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time. From that hour until this at which I write," he added, "no word of that part of my childhood . . . has passed my lips to any human being. . . . I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with anyone, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God." Is it any wonder, therefore, that we find in all his books a whole-souled sympathy for suffering and neglected childhood? He believed, as I believe, that a little innocent child is the most beautiful of all God's creations, and to him any unkindness to one of these little ones was a sin deserving of the strongest condemnation.

I am told that almost every scene in which Oliver Twist appears is bathos. If that be so, then all I can say is, "Thank God for such bathos." We know how Little Nell gained the love and sympathy of the English-speaking world, and there can be little question that the interest which was taken in this child had a very great deal to do with the revolution which took place, during her creator's lifetime, in the treatment of children. That she is not always a convincing reality, I am not prepared to deny—I am quite willing to concede that much to the "heretics"—but I know that to thousands she was and is very real, that she was followed in her wanderings by the whole English-speaking people, and that the world wept when she died. Dickens himself has told us how he received letters from numberless strangers pleading with him to let her live; or telling him of some little one of their own

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whom they had lost, and who in this or that respect had resembled Little Nell. Of the softening influence which this character exercised over worldly men Bret Harte has told us. And when I remember all these things, surely it is not difficult for me to forgive the technical faults of this book? Surely I am justified in saying that Dickens is worthy of something more than mere cold criticism?

The late George Gissing—as genuine a lover of Dickens as ever lived—could find no excuse for Little Paul. I know this, that Paul's sad little life story moved the world, and moves it to-day, almost as much as Little Nell's. Poor Jo is, to my mind, one of the least real of all the characters in Dickens, but by the aid of the neglected crossing-sweeper the master struck a great blow for the homeless children of our big cities.

LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY
From the cover of Reading edition of the story

It would be easy to quote numerous passages from his books to show what a delight he had in the innocence of childhood. In one of his shorter works he says: "The children that we once were are not lost to the knowledge of our Creator. Those innocent creatures will appear with us before Him, and plead for us." I cannot imagine a more beautiful sentiment than this. The happy memories of childhood were to him the best of all. Listen to this, from *Hard Times:* "The dreams of childhood—its airy fables, its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the strong ways of the world, where it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise." And yet we have been told lately that there is no beauty in Dickens!

I do not think it will be out of place if I quote now the words of Dickens's daughter Maimie. In her charming little book, *My Father as I recall Him*, she says: "In all our childish ailments his visits were eagerly looked forward to; and our little hearts would beat a shade faster, and our aches and pains become more bearable, when the sound of his quick footstep was heard, and the encouraging accents of his

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voice greeted the invalid. I can remember now, as if it were yesterday, how the touch of his hand . . . was almost too much sometimes, the help and hope in it making my heart full to overflowing." Again, she says: "I can remember with us, his own children, how kind, considerate, and patient he always was. But we were never afraid to go to him in any trouble, and never had a snub from him or a cross word under any circumstances. He was always glad to give us 'treats,' as he called them, and used to conceive all manner of these treats for us, and if any favour had to be asked we were always sure of a favourable answer."

Throughout his life Dickens was always ready to assist any good object, and his help could never be more surely relied upon than when the object was the amelioration of suffering among the little ones. Some of the best speeches he ever made were on behalf of hospitals for children. In one of these speeches, referring to the unhappy children of the poor, he said: "The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. . . . And I shall ask you, by the remembrance of everything that lies between your own infancy and that so miscalled second childhood when the child's graces are gone, and nothing but its helplessness remains—I shall ask you to turn your thoughts to these children in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion." Surely such words could come only from a genuine lover of children—and from a good man—for the two are synonymous?

I am sure I shall be forgiven if I quote once more from a speech. It was on behalf of the Children's Hospital in London. He told how he and some friends had once made the round of some of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh, and he said: "Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings, reeking with horrible odours, shut out from sky, shut out from air—mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these places . . . there lay in an old egg-box . . . a little wasted, wan, sick child. With his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little bright, attentive eyes, I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years, looking steadily at us. There he lay in his little frail box . . . quite quiet, quite patient, never saying a word. 'He seldom cried,' the mother said; 'he seldom complained.' He lay there 'seemin' to wonder what it was a' aboot.' God knows, I thought he had his reasons for wondering. . . . There he lay, looking at us, saying, in his silence, more eloquently than I have ever heard anything said by any orator in my life: 'Will you please to tell me what this means, strange man? And if you can give me any good reason why I should be so soon so far advanced on my way to Him who said that children were to come into His presence, and were not to be forbidden, but who scarcely meant, I think, that they should come by this hard road by which I am travelling, pray give that reason to me, for I seek it very earnestly, and wonder about it very much! Many a poor child," he added, "sick and neglected, I have seen since that time . . . but at all such times I have seen my poor little drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb speech to me, and I have always found him wondering what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be."

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AN AMERICAN DICKENS CLUB

BY J. CUMING WALTERS

FOR nearly ten years it has been my privilege—one which I share with some dozen other corresponding members—to watch the work and the progress of a Club the very institution of which must be a source of gratification to the lovers and the fellow-countrymen of Charles Dickens. In 1894 a Boston lady, Mrs. Adelaide H. Garland, who had already drawn around her a few lovers of literature, decided to found a society which should be devoted to the loving study of the works of that novelist, "for whom," she has said, "I had such heart-interest." About that time there had been a fatuous attempt by an American clique to belittle Dickens, and rumours had been circulated that his force was declining. Mrs. Garland, with the courage which is born of pure affection, resolved on action to demonstrate the novelist's living and undiminished force and his potency for good, and the "All Around Dickens Club of New England" came into existence, with herself naturally as President. That position she still holds, and if the slightest doubt of her fitness for the office should be raised, let the concluding words in the Secretary's last report allay it. "Had Dickens lived until the present day," she writes, "he could have felt only satisfaction and pride in seeing the Chair of the Club occupied by the lady who has laboured unceasingly to perpetuate his memory and keep it green. . . . We have worked for the love of our work, deriving enthusiasm from our President's untiring devotion. . . . I will only add the familiar words spoken at another anniversary—'Here's to her. There never was another woman like her.'"

But there is independent testimony as to the success of the All Around Dickens Club, as to the spirit of harmony which prevails, and as to the solid excellence of its results. Personally I could speak of the pleasure and the profit derived even from casual correspondence with a true enthusiast who has formed a Dickens chain around the English-speaking world, with herself as the central link. But on this I need not dilate. Before me lie the yearly records of the Club, dainty volumes one and all, chronicling events, reviewing achievements, looking forward to future advance. As an educational movement the Club has been of immense service, for Dickens's works have been systematically read, discussed, explained; journeys through the real Dickens land have been organised; and personal contact has been established with the kith and kin, the surviving friends, and the most notable disciples of the revered master of Gadshill. Christmas is celebrated in faithful Dickensian style. The anniversary of the day which gave Dickens to the world is solemnly commemorated. Papers on Dickens subjects are received and read from correspondents in England, Australia, Canada, and other parts of the world. Current literature is carefully edited, and the Club officials justly pride themselves that in such matters they may paraphrase Mr. Chester's maxim and declare, "We are nothing if we are not accurate." A ten years' retrospect, which Mrs. Garland has just issued, is one of the most interesting of Club chronicles, and its simple statement of what has been accomplished almost puts English devotees

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to the blush. "I raised a high standard for my Club," says Mrs. Garland. "I am proud to-day that we have kept to it."

The Club motto—could there be a better?—is "Stand by." And the members have stood by, in every sense. The Club flower is, of course, his favourite, the scarlet geranium. Among the honorary members are Dickens's surviving sons and daughters, including Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., and a few leading English authors. In 1894 the total membership, so far as I can ascertain, was just under a hundred; it does not seem to be quite so large now, though I understand that last year the attendance at meetings was larger than ever before. All the officers, and nearly all the ordinary members, are ladies. The programmes exhibit remarkable variety and betoken original talent and patient research among the contributors. Meeting weekly, the members are regaled with three or four papers—some, of course, only short communications—each evening, and it is evident that the Club is never gravelled for lack of matter. Usually a volume is selected for the night, and various phases of it treated. It may be that the whole purpose of the author is dealt with, or a single chapter analysed; occasionally I find merely

a sentence or a catch-word sufficient to provide the theme. All this must make for so thorough a familiarity with and so complete an understanding of Dickens's pages, that all of us who have long since recognised the preciousness of his possession may almost feel envy of the opportunities provided for the Boston Club.

Of the spirit in which the work is done two examples may be cited, one from the 1899 Report and the other from the 1901 Report. In the former year *David Copperfield* was taken. "How many readings have we all given!" wrote Mrs. Garland. "Can any of us indicate what *Copperfield* has made us feel, or say what in this classic we most value its author for?" In the second year *Dombey* was considered. "In most thorough fashion," ran the record, "with scholarly conception and loving appreciation, we have enlarged upon the work in our year's reading together, from first acquaintance in a darkened chamber to the

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last pictures. The sincere and cultivated way in which the masterpieces are read in these rooms cannot be extolled too highly. I have been told that the familiar books seem like new stories when read here, such careful attention is given to every line of them." The Club has already projected a magazine, and if the idea materialises into reality there should be excellent and valuable reading for all Dickens students.

But as I look through the pleasant and stimulating pages of Mrs. Garland's yearly reviews, perceive the richness of the harvest, understand the possibilities of the future, and yet read that "this Club is the first incorporated Dickens Society in the world," the idea comes to me that now there is a large and flourishing Fellowship in England, there might be a joining of hands and forces even as there is a union of sentiment. I do not suggest that either organisation should lose its independence or sacrifice its identity. But we might have some closer connection, a federation, an Anglo-American alliance, which would be fitting in itself, in accord with Dickensian sentiment, and a means of strength to the whole community of Dickens lovers the world over. I do not venture to do more than cast this seedling of suggestion into the air and wait to see whither the wind carries it, to barren or to fruitful soil. But whatever may come of the idea, we in England may whole-heartedly wish continued success to the All Around Dickens Club of Boston, with its inspiring mission, its elevated standard, its kindly spirit, and its worthy homage to a great mind.

CHARLES DICKENS AND LIVERPOOL*

MR. C. C. BOWES, who was the first secretary of the Liverpool branch of the Dickens Fellowship, has just published a pamphlet dealing with the associations of Dickens with that town. It is extremely well done, and will be valued by all admirers of the novelist as containing the speeches he delivered on the various occasions he appeared publicly in the city, and other matter of great interest. There is an introduction by Dr. Edgar Browne, in which he says that Dickens's books "do not excite such universal admiration as aforetime they did. The inevitable reaction has begun. . . . It is too much to expect a generation which takes itself seriously before its school days are out . . . to share the rollicking optimism and the barbaric joy of copious eating and drinking which are dominant notes in Dickens's philosophy of life." We do not share this opinion. Dickens is read to-day at least as much as he was aforetime, and there is, we submit, no reaction set in. Nor do we agree that the "rollicking optimism" and "barbaric joy" are the dominant notes in his philosophy of life. Dickens's aim was higher than that, as every admirer and reader of his books must admit. His books are for everyone, and if the schoolboy finds the "dominant notes" referred to not meet for him, there are others. Dr. Browne speaks of the critics who "damn with faint praise." Is he not rather emulating those critics when he says, "If his (Dickens's) humour seemed a little below his books, his seriousness made amends by being decidedly better. At all events his sincerity could not be questioned"?

* *The Associations of Charles Dickens with Liverpool.* By C. C. Bowes, with an introduction by Edgar A. Browne. Liverpool: The Lyceum Press, 1s. net.

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THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

BY ARTHUR HUMPHREYS

CHARLES DICKENS was probably more closely associated with Manchester than with any town or city out of London. During his various visits, which extended over a period of more than twenty-five years, he came in contact with many individuals whose characteristics furnished him with material with which he subsequently endowed the creations of his vivid imagination. Not the least noteworthy of these were the Cheeryble Brothers, who figure so prominently in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Dickens first met them in the flesh when he visited Manchester in 1838. They were, as is now pretty generally known, the Manchester merchants, William and Daniel Grant. Coming to the cotton city from Scotland when mere youths, it is recorded of them that on reaching Nuttall they hesitated as to whether they should remain in that neighbourhood or continue on their way. They decided to test the matter by throwing up a stick and resolving that they would follow the route to which it pointed on falling. It pointed southward, and the brothers as a result reached and settled in Manchester.

A memorial of this singular incident is to be seen on the summit of a hill between Bury and Ramsbottom. It takes the form of a massive tower, and it is said that it was upon this spot that, weary, hungry, and almost penniless, they hit upon the expedient just mentioned, with a view to determining their future course.

After encountering and overcoming many difficulties, the brothers Grant succeeded in building up a large business as calico printers, and were in the heyday of prosperity when Charles Dickens first met them.

Happily, the wealth they accumulated did not spoil the simplicity of their life and character. They used their means for the benefit of their less fortunate fellows, ever bearing in mind the hardships of their own early life. Many a struggling young business man had cause to thank them for timely assistance, and there can be little doubt that Dickens had an inkling of this trait in their character, and finding them to be men after his own heart, one cannot be surprised that he made haste to use such promising material in his then forthcoming work.

Their warehouse is still standing in Cannon Street, Manchester, and is named Cheeryble House. The illustration of it which accompanies this article is from an original drawing by Mr. W. Dinsmore, who, in 1903, contributed an interesting series of articles on "Charles Dickens and Manchester" to the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. It was in the house in Cannon Street that James Nasmyth, who subsequently became the famous engineer, was first introduced to Daniel Grant. Nasmyth at that time was just beginning his career, and in his interesting *Autobiography* he thus describes the meeting:—

"On this memorable day I had another introduction which proved of great service to me. It was to the Messrs. Grant, the famous Brothers Cheeryble of Dickens. I was taken to their counting-house in Cannon Street, where I was introduced to Daniel Grant. Although business was at its full height, he gave me a cordial reception. But, to save time, he invited me to come after the exchange was over, and take 'tiffen' with him at his hospitable mansion in Mosley Street. . . . I went

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thither accordingly, and the first thing Daniel did was to present me in the most cordial manner to his 'noble brother William,' as he always affectionately called him. William was the head of the firm, and he, too, gave me a warm and hearty welcome. He asked me to sit beside him at the head of the table. . . . He took occasion to inquire into the object of my visit to Manchester. I told him as briefly as I could that I intended to begin the business of a mechanical engineer on a very moderate scale, and that I had been looking out for premises wherein to commence operations. He seemed interested and asked more questions. I related to him my little history, and told him of my desires, hopes, and aspirations. 'What was my age?' 'Twenty-six.'

CHEERYBLE HOUSE, CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER
This building was used as a warehouse by William and Daniel Grant, Dickens's "Cheeryble Brothers"

'That is a very young age to begin business on your own account. . . .' 'But what is your capital?' I told him that my capital in cash was £63. 'What!' he said, 'that will do very little for you when Saturday nights come round!' . . . He whispered to me 'to keep my heart up.' And if, he added, on any Saturday night I wanted money to pay wages or other expenses, I would find a credit for £500 at 3 per cent. at his office in Cannon Street, and no security.' These were his very words. What could have been more generous?"

Mr. Nasmyth, in concluding his story, says: "In the course of many long years of industry, enterprise, and benevolence they earned the goodwill of thousands, the gratitude of many, and the respect of all who knew them. I was only one of many who had cause to remember them with gratefulness."

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William Grant, the elder of the two, died in 1842 at the age of seventy-three, and a tablet to his memory is erected in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom. Daniel passed away in 1855, at the age of seventy-five. On his memorial tablet are the words—

"If you are in poverty, grieve for the loss of so good a friend; if born to wealth and influence, think of the importance of such a trust, and earn in like manner, by a life of charitable exertion, the respect and love of all who knew you, and the prayers and blessings of the poor."

When Dickens heard of the death of William Grant, he thus wrote from Niagara Falls: "One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life. . . ."

The characters of the Cheeryble Brothers have always possessed a certain fascination for readers of *Nicholas Nickleby*. True, some readers may have considered the philanthropic activities of these two worthies to have bordered on the ultra-benevolent, and, in fact, may have deemed their delineation by Dickens to have come very near to grotesque exaggeration. There are, however, many proofs available that such was not the case; but the incident related by Nasmyth reveals so fully the actual characteristics of the Messrs. Grant that any unprejudiced comparison of this single illustration with the details of the lives of the brothers as depicted by Dickens must lead to the conclusion that in no point have the characters been overdrawn. The incident of the engaging of Nicholas and the interest which the Cheeryble Brothers subsequently took in his career, may with confidence be regarded as true to life, and as being only one out of scores of similar benevolent acts performed by the famous Cannon Street merchants.

The memory of these two men will long be cherished in the great northern city.

THE DOUBLE-DIAMOND PORT

ADMIRERS of *Nickleby* may recall with much pleasure the scene in which the Cheeryble Brothers produced their magnum of the old "Double-Diamond" port. How exhilarating it all is! and how we almost long for a taste of the old vintage! Many have thought that it was a sort of *fancy* brand devised by Boz himself; but I recently found that it was an actual reality. A single firm, Messrs. Morgan, have the monopoly, inheriting from a certain Mr. Dixon, who introduced the Double Diamond, and who, I think, was alive at the time Dickens celebrated it. In the thirties, port wine was in great vogue, and the choicer sorts in still greater vogue. It was wonderful, indeed, how Boz noted everything going on round him, and with his marvellous touch could give immortality to a simple bottle of wine. The firm now gratefully exhibit on their labels a well-drawn sketch of the scene—the apoplectic butler carrying the Double Diamond concealed behind—the corkscrew already inserted, all as described. The whole operation is indeed delightful and dramatic too. I may add that the firm, when confiding to me these details, hospitably added, "If you are passing by, we shall be only too happy if you will take a glass of the famous Double Diamond."

P. F.

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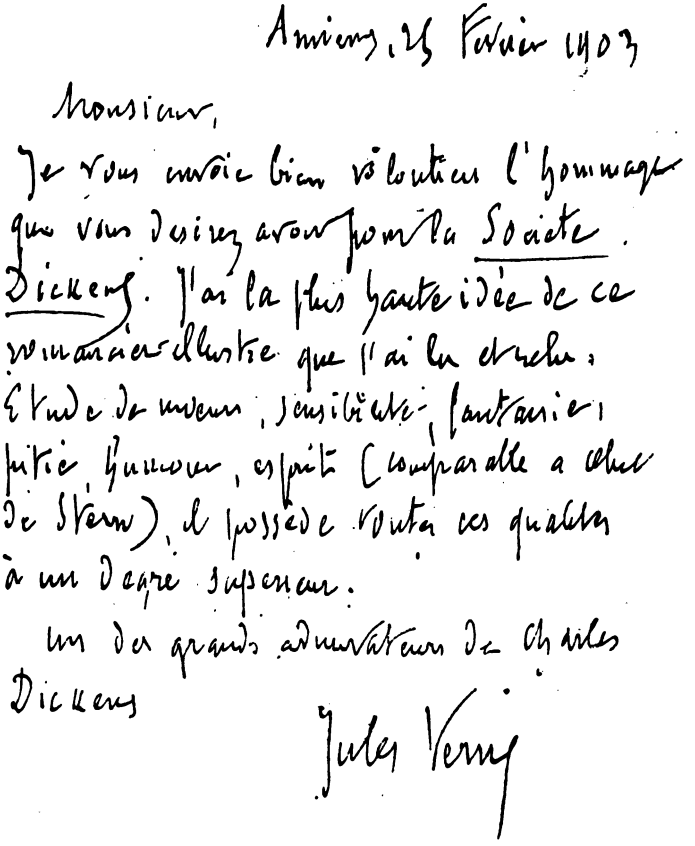
JULES VERNE AND DICKENS

DICKENSIANS will regret the death of Jules Verne, for there was no keener lover of "Boz" than this popular French novelist. Often did he tell interviewers how much he admired the works of Charles Dickens. Only eighteen months ago he was interviewed by Mr. R. H. Sherard for *T. P.'s Weekly*, and during the interview he once more spoke of Dickens: "In this little room are the favourite books, the books one must be able to lay the immediate hand upon. You will find all Dickens there. As you know, I am a passionate admirer of Dickens. I find he has all things—wit like Sterne, of whom I am a great reader and admirer also; pathos and sentiment of the good alloy, and characters, characters, characters. *Je ne pas savoir quoi en faire.* A prodigal, a prodigal he was, like our Balzac, who created a world on which society which came afterwards modelled itself."


Amiens, 25 Février 1903

Monsieur,

Je vous envoie bien volontiers l'hommage que vous désirez avoir pour la Société Dickens. J'ai la plus haute idée de ce romancier illustre que j'ai la chance d'être l'ami. Étude de mœurs, sensibilité, fantaisie, juste humour, esprit (comparable à celui de Sterne), il possède toutes ces qualités à un degré supérieur.

Un des grands admirateurs de Charles Dickens

Jules Verne

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JULES VERNE
Sent to Mr. J. W. T. Ley shortly after starting the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society

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"PICKWICK" BOWDLERISED*

BY CHARLES WHITCOMB

IF *Pickwick* had to be Bowdlerised, Mr. Cartwright has done it as well as anyone else could have done it. The book is abridged, too. It ends with the Trial, and sometimes pages and even whole chapters are omitted, a few sentences here and there commenting on what is given and what is omitted. Speaking of this, Mr. Cartwright says: "To insert even a word in the text itself would be an impertinence amounting almost to desecration." Well, I think it is reasonable to ask whether it does not closely resemble an impertinence to Bowdlerise the book as Mr. Cartwright has done it. I am one of those who have a strong dislike for such prudishness as that of which Mr. Cartwright is guilty.

Let us look at one or two examples of his work. Take the September shooting-party. They have lunch "side of One Tree Hill," and Mr. Pickwick imbibes too freely of punch. This last fact is omitted—as being unfit for children's perusal, I suppose—and we are told in italics that "after lunch Mr. Pickwick fell into the barrow fast asleep." Then Captain Boldwig arrives, and in answer to his interrogations Mr. Pickwick remarks, "Cold Punch." What on earth can have put this into his sleepy head? He must be dreaming of some time in his childhood, when he revelled in Punch and Judy shows. The Captain tells his man to wheel Mr. Pickwick away, and is asked, "Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" Captain Boldwig's shocking reply, "Wheel him to the devil," is deleted, and he says, "Wheel him to the Pound"! Then we read of the cricket match at Muggleton, and are given a glimpse of the dinner which succeeded it, but of the consequences of that dinner—not a word. The Fat Boy appears in the book, and his sleepiness merely draws from old Wardle, "*Drat* that boy: he's asleep again." I wonder if Mr. Cartwright knows the derivation of "drat." Surely he cannot, or he would not have substituted it for "damn." He would have written "*Bother* that boy." The whole of Sam Weller's valentine is omitted, for no easily imaginable reason. But, stay, Sam does misread "ashamed" as "a damned," and it would never do for children to read such a wicked word.

It was Dickens's pride that he had never written a word that could call a blush to the fairest cheek, and it has been the boast of his millions of admirers, and so I protest against this treatment of his most popular book. I say unhesitatingly that there is nothing in *Pickwick* which need hold us from putting it into the hands of our children, and so I say that Mr. Cartwright's work was, to put it mildly, unnecessary. *Pickwick* as Dickens gave it to us is not unfit for any child.

The book itself is well printed, well illustrated, and well bound, and the explanatory notes are capital. Dickens, by the way, was born on February 7th, 1812, and not in 1809.

* *The Children's Pickwick.* Chosen and annotated by Thos. Cartwright, B.A., B.SC. (Lond.). London: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1s. 6d.

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

April 1.—"I don't believe that harmless cheerfulness, and good humour are thought greater sins in heaven than shirt-collars are."—*Old Curiosity Shop*—Kit Nubbles.

April 2.—"I cannot but think, with a view to the principle and its tendency to elevate or deepen the character of the industrious classes, that a Public Charity is immeasurably better than a Private Foundation, no matter how munificently the latter may be endowed."—*American Notes.*

April 3.—"Any King or Queen can make a lord, but only the Devil himself—and the graces—can make a Chesterfield."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Sir John Chester.

April 4.—"We never know wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shutters up, some on us, I do assure you." —*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mrs. Gamp.

April 5.—"Hope is a buoy, but like any other buoy, it only floats; it can't be steered anywhere."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

April 6.—"Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking. Like an overweening predilection for brandy-and-water, it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself."—*Sketches by Boz.*

April 7.—"Light hearts, light hearts, that float so gaily on a smooth stream, that are so sparkling and buoyant in the sunshine, . . . how soon ye sink in troubled waters!"—*Barnaby Rudge.*

April 8.—"Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—oftenest, God bless her, in female hearts."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

April 9.—"Don't speak slightingly of a true heart, . . . even in jest."—*The Battle of Life.*

April 10.—"No man knows how much he can spend till he tries."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Tony Weller.

April 11.—"Sometimes one mistake leads to another. A man drops a bit of orange-peel on the pavement by mistake, another man treads on it by mistake, and there's a job at the hospital."—*No Thoroughfare*—Joey Ladle.

April 12.—"Pride is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

April 13.—"The time will come when this hair of your mother's will be grey, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. . . . Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days, 'I never whitened a hair of her dear head —I never marked a sorrowful line in her face.'"—*Bleak House*—Trooper George.

April 14.—"Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it."—*American Notes.*

April 15.—"Half a grain of reality, like the smallest portion of some other scarce natural productions, will flavour an enormous quantity of diluent."—*Little Dorrit.*

April 16.—"I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning."—*Letter to his Son* (*Mr. Henry F. Dickens*).

April 17.—"There are some who manufacture idols after the fashion of themselves, and fail to worship them when they are made; charging their deformity on outraged nature."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

April 18.—"May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

April 19.—"To the money-hoarder, and the mass of worldly folk, the whole great universe above glitters with sterling coin—fresh from the mint—stamped with the sovereign's head, coming always between them and heaven, turn where they may."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

April 20.—"If you have friends in adversity, stand by them."—*Our Mutual Friend* —Mr. Fledgeby.

April 21.—"Forgiveness, entire and pure forgiveness, is not incompatible with a wounded heart; perchance when the heart *is* wounded, it becomes a greater virtue." —*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

April 22.—"Every blessing on your head! Light upon your happy course."—*The Cricket on the Hearth*—Bertha Plummer.

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April 23.—"O Woman, God-beloved in old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us on the Day of Judgment!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

April 24.—"And virtue lives, too often, dungeons deep."—Prologue to *The Patrician's Daughter.*

April 25.—"Throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise."—*Great Expectations.*

April 26.—"It's one thing to give orders, and quite another thing to take 'em. A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five-and-forty feet of water . . . but a person may be very far from diving."—*Dombey and Son*—Susan Nipper.

April 27.—"Men talk of Nature as an abstract thing, and lose sight of what is natural while they do so."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Charles Cheeryble.

April 28.—"A young gentleman may be over-careful of himself, or he may be under-careful of himself. He may brush his hair too regular, or too unregular. He may wear his boots much too large for him, or much too small. . . . But let him go to which extreme he may, there's a young lady in both of 'em."—*David Copperfield*—Mrs. Crupp.

April 29.—"Whatever is done for the comfort and advancement of the working man must be done by himself, so that it is maintained by himself, and there must be in it no touch of condescension, no shadow of patronage."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

April 30.—"The form of religion does not so greatly matter if we try to do good."—*Letter to John Forster.*

THE HON. COMPANY OF MUTUAL FRIENDS

By the Rev. PHILIP FLETCHER (Brother J. GARGERY)

THROUGH the kindness of the Editor of *The Dickensian* I am permitted to introduce to its readers a Catholic Dickens Society, which I founded on October 15th, 1901, under the title of "The Honourable Company of Mutual Friends." An extract from what I wrote at the time of the founding will show the idea. "The members of the Hon. Company, of course, will have a Rule. It is a very simple one; a six-inch Rule. You can see at once what it means. It says as plainly as possible, 'Keep Straight.'

"That's the Rule of the Hon. Company. It is easier to remember than to do, but it's a good rule; and the members must try and keep it. . . . Its general aim, with regard to its members, is 'to help and cheer each other on over the Sea of Life.' That may be within its power, for there are many who want cheering. 'Do you want a helping hand? I'll try and give it you.' 'Do you feel *down?* Cheer up, comrade!' These should be the attitudes of 'Mutual Friends' towards one another.

"Then, again, the members must be lovers of Dickens and all his works; and to prove this, it will be a custom in the Hon. Company that every 'Companion' shall be known by the name of one of Dickens's characters. The difficulty will be that everybody will want to be Brother Tom Pinch, or Brother Captain Cuttle, or Sister Little Nell, or Sister Betsey Trotwood. This is very excusable; for who would like to be Brother Uriah Heep or Sister Betsey Prig? The difficulty must be obviated by adding the name of domicile, as Brother Tom Pinch of Hackney, for instance."

The objects of the Hon. Company are phrased thus: "To promote the reading of Dickens and the interest of one another," and I am happy to say we have been fairly successful in carrying out both.

BOFFIN'S BOWER, 77, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

MR. HARRY FURNISS gave his lecture on Charles Dickens for the first time on Thursday evening, March 1st, at the Memorial Hall, with marked success. Never conventional, never dull, in this lecture, as in everything he touches, Mr. Furniss introduced fresh ideas and original matter for reflection. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald was in the chair.

Mr. Furniss touched upon one phase of the great novelist's work after another, relating something new about all his friends and fellow-workers—Dickens's Art and his Artists, in fact. The latter subject—Dickens's artists—contained a revelation about some, but of one in particular, Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz." Mr. Furniss maintained that he never drew English people at all. Nearly all the characters drawn by "Phiz" in the whole of Dickens's works were French, not English, and the lecturer, by the aid of the illustrations, pointed out his reasons for coming to this decision, and gave as his opinion why this might well be so that "Phiz" came of a French family, who changed their name from Le Brun to Browne. The lecturer also discussed Charles Dickens's connection with *Punch*, his intimacy with John Leech, Maclise, and other well-known men of his time, interlacing his information with bright anecdote and effective pictures, leading up to the present "boom" in Dickens, the reason for the revived interest in his novels, and enlightening the younger generation with the value of the great author's work at the present time.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE arrangements for the "Old Folks' Tea," which will be provided by the Guild for the poor of Tottenham, are well advanced. The tea will be given on Saturday, April 29th, at 6.30, in St. John's Parish Hall, Vartry Road, Stamford Hill, N. The hall has been kindly lent for the occasion by the Rev. J. Lenthal Davids, Vicar of St. John's; one hundred men and women will partake of a substantial tea, with meat, and an entertainment will follow. A few more helpers are required to carve, wait, or assist by songs or recitations. The Secretary of the Guild will also be glad if members willing to take part in the programme for the "Social Gathering" at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on May 6th (Saturday), will kindly send in their names as early as possible. Tickets for the "social" can now be obtained—members, 6*d.*; non-members, 1*s.* each. Evening dress optional.

The Guild has lately formed a "Tiny Tim" section, in which, under Miss Edith Hawthorn, little sufferers receive special massage treatment for paralysis or contraction of the limbs. This section promises to develop rapidly. Already five or six little patients attend regularly and derive much benefit, but special treatment requires special appliances, and funds being low, the work is at present limited. There is need of a crawling-rug for the babies, some little bedroom slippers, a few brewers' caps (scarlet), and, above all, a rocking-horse, on which to exercise certain contracted muscles. A cast-off "horse" will be gratefully accepted if any member who has such an article is kind enough to present it to the Guild. There is still another "want"—a poor fellow, hopelessly paralysed, drawn up into the form of the letter V, and bedridden for the last sixteen years, receives weekly supplies of papers or periodicals from the Guild library. In spite of his afflictions he is naturally cheerful, but like Lamp's Daughter, has lonely times, and just now is longing for an accordion, or something like it, with which he could sometimes amuse himself while lying in his prison bed.

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MEALS FOR POOR CHILDREN

AT the Jews' Free Schools, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, the Fellowship entertained about four hundred children to dinner on March 30th, and everything was most successful connected therewith. The hall was tastefully decorated with exquisite flowers and palms sent by Lord Rothschild. The food was all one could desire for such a purpose, and the assistants were of the Jewish community, and rendered all the help that was needed. The entire management appeared to be in the hands of Miss Abadi, the head mistress, who carried out her duties well. Miss Abadi is much learned in Dickens lore, and liberally gives Dickens's works to her successful scholars in the shape of prizes. Following the meal came an entertainment by the Fairy Tale Society, conducted by Mr. Curzon-Eyre, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the youngsters. Mr. Rowlands, of Wimbledon, created roars of laughter by his comic illustrations and his tricks. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Miniken, Mr. Miller, Mr. Gadsden, and Mr. Lickis, with Mr. Sidney Marriott, were the more prominent members of the Fellowship present, and both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Marriott addressed the meeting concerning the Fellowship and its doings, and the work and desires of the master for the welfare of all classes. The presentation of oranges and sweets to the children closed an evening which was of considerable pleasure to all concerned.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

AT the meeting which was held on the 14th February papers were read by members on "Places made famous by Dickens." Mr. F. J. Gascoigne gave a very lucid description of Montreal, and made some very interesting remarks in regard to Charles Dickens's associations with that city. Dr. Woollard read the chapter from *Pickwick Papers* in which Bob Sawyer's mode of business in Bristol is described. Mr. W. Stapleton also read a chapter from *Pickwick Papers*, the one wherein Mr. Winkle makes love to Miss Arabella Allen. This was peculiarly interesting to the reader on account of the close proximity of his birthplace to the scene of Mr. Winkle's love-making.

On February 28th Dr. Munro was to have given an address on "Sketches of Dickens's Young Men," but he was unable to fulfil his promise, and so Dr. Woollard took the opportunity of reading his deferred paper on "Dickens as a Social Reformer." In the course of a very able paper the doctor drew attention to the author's remarkable influence on public opinion, which directly resulted in radical reforms of Poor Law administration, the abolition of a tyrannical school system, and by the most powerful satire drew attention to and reformed the inefficiency of the police protection of his time, and apathy in the prevention of crime. The doctor claimed that the secret of his success was to be found in the fact that every character depicted by him finds its prototype in every section of society, and that Charles Dickens, as a stimulator of individual and public charity, was responsible to a greater extent than any man has ever been.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT duly paid his long-looked-for visit to this branch on Wednesday, March 8th, and gave his popular recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters, at the Lecture Hall, Steine House. Despite the very wet evening, there was a large audience; in fact, the largest that has ever been brought together under the auspices of the branch. Mr. Henry Davey (President of the Brighton and Hove Natural History and Philosophical Society) was in the chair, and, before introducing Mr. Speaight, took the opportunity of delivering a very effective reply to some criticisms of Dickens and the Fellowship which had been appearing recently in the *Brighton Herald*. Mr. Speaight for two hours kept the audience in a continual bubble of merriment.

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BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

AT the monthly meeting of this branch two papers were read, the first on "The Lawyers of Dickens," by Mr. H. Weston Wells, who gave a short sketch of each of the solicitors referred to in Dickens's works—Mr. Pell, the pettifogging, cadging attorney; Dodson and Fogg, the very emblems of sharp practice; Perker, Pickwick's solicitor, and Grewgious, of *Edwin Drood*, two very different types of family lawyers; and Tulkinghorn, the repository of the secrets of noble families; Sampson Brass and Uriah Heep, obsequious and sneaking hypocrites; Kenge and Carboy, and their clerk Guppy; Mr. Vholes, in *Bleak House;* Spiker and Gulpidge, important individuals connected with the government and banking interests; Mortimer Lightwood, the clientless solicitor, and his smart boy; and Mr. Jaggers, the Old Bailey lawyer, at once the hope and the terror of his large connection among the criminal classes. Miss Edith Sayers contributed the second paper on "His Inexhaustible Babies," referring, of course, to Dickens, the title being derived from Bella Harmon's "The Inexhaustible—a Baby of Wonderful Intelligence." Mr. and Mrs. Veneering's aristocratic infant, "Our Johnny," whom the Golden Dustman and his delightful old wife wished to adopt, but who was taken bad with something which the doctor called a very long word for spots, and died, after arranging his worldly affairs, in the Children's Hospital; the Pockets' baby at Hammersmith, which was not brought up, but tumbled up; and the pathetic little figure of Caddy Jellyby's (Mrs. Prince Turveydrop's) baby; the Nubbles baby in *The Old Curiosity Shop;* and Sally Tatterby, a very Moloch of a baby, on whose altar the whole existence of her young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice; Dot's wonderful baby in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which John was afraid to touch for fear he might crack it; the MacStringers' piebald baby, half its life black in the face from holding its breath after repeated spankings; the Kenwigs' "fine boy," and the Kitterbells and the Bloomsbury christening all came in for attention.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

A PROGRAMME of selections from Dickens's writings was admirably carried out at a meeting of this branch held at the Municipal Buildings, Ealing, on March 17th. Miss Edith Mead opened with a very artistic rendering of "Miggs's Watch," from *Barnaby Rudge*. Mr. W. Chevob came next with a reading from *Little Dorrit*, "Arthur Clennam Meets His Early Love," which was given in the best style of this experienced reader, and he was followed by Miss Florence Watson, whose dramatic recital of "The Flight of Little Em'ly," from *David Copperfield*, well deserved the hearty applause which it evoked. Miss Helen Brinckmann, who contributed character sketches of "Miss Tox," "Rosa Dartle," and "The Vengeance," acted with remarkable power. A capital reading of the charming story, "Mr. The Englishman," from *Somebody's Luggage*, was given by Miss Eilien Hughes. Mr. H. C. Tyrrell presented something new in the way of readings in "A Portrait of James I.," from *A Child's History of England*, and "The Coliseum at Rome," from *Pictures from Italy*, which the reader gave with his usual admirable skill. Miss Edith Mead again delighted her audience by a recital of "The Four Miss Willisses," from *Sketches by Boz*, and Mr. Chevob brought an enjoyable evening to a close with the quarrel between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig when that famous couple fell out.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

A MEETING of this branch was held on Friday, March 3rd, at the Athletic Institute, when a paper was read by Mr. Charles Askew, entitled "Through Dickens's Life." Mr. Edward J. Timmings presided. Mr. Askew dwelt chiefly upon the literary creations of the master, and the source of some of his characters. Two selected readings followed, Mr. W. H. Coley giving "The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton," and Mr. Percy Askew, a reading from *Pickwick Papers*, "Dingley Dell."

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SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THERE was an attractive programme at the monthly meeting of the Sheffield branch, held at the Cutlers' Hall on March 17th. Mr. R. W. Dodsworth presided. It was decided to hold a smoking concert at the Royal Victoria Hotel, on April 28th. The hotel has been placed gratuitously at the disposal of the branch, and an excellent programme is promised. Miss R. Mawson gave a recital from Jerome K. Jerome's *My Uncle's Bulldog*, and this was followed by a reading by Mr. G. W. Parker of "The Ghost of Art." "Confessions Found in a Prison" was the subject of a recital by Miss H. Roberts, after which the Secretary (Mr. Padmore) read an interesting paper entitled "A Few Minutes with Samuel Weller," being selections from chats by Weller with Pickwick.

Mr. Frank Speaight gave to a crowded audience, at the Montgomery Hall, on March 4th, his recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters. Mr. Speaight was at his best. Every word that Dickens wrote was given the fullest weight of expressive interpretation it would bear. The best came last, in the recital of the great trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, with its masterly representation of Serjeant Buzfuz and its not less skilful outline sketches of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. Councillor John Derry, President of the Sheffield branch, discharged the very simple duty of introducing the reciter to his audience, which included the Lord Mayor.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THE monthly meeting was held on February 28th at the C.M.S. Hall, Park Street, Mr. A. J. Tonkin (Vice-President) being in the chair. There was a good attendance. Miss Ethel Dugdale was to have read a paper on "Dickens: Idealist and Realist," but she was prevented from being present by serious illness, and to fill the vacancy the President gave a short paper on *Our Mutual Friend*. He analysed the book skilfully and in a most interesting way. He argued that it was among the very best productions of Dickens, and it contained some of his best work of characterisation. Mr. Tonkin illustrated his paper with three short readings. Following this, Mrs. Tonkin, Miss Peacock, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Milpas gave a sketch from *Nicholas Nickleby*, the selection being "The Old Men Next Door." The meeting closed with the scene between Mr. Squeers and Peg Sliderskew, which was given by Mr. Tonkin.

The Society gave an entertainment at the Domestic Mission, Montague Street, on Monday evening, March 13th. The Missioner, Mr. J. B. Robinson, presided over a good attendance. The programme of recitals was interspersed with songs and musical items. Miss Berry played a pianoforte solo. The amusing episode "Mr. Pickwick and the Cabman" was rendered by Mr. Down. Next came "The Women of Mumbles Head," by Mrs. Tonkin. A violin solo was contributed by Miss Gubbin. "Mr. Bumble's Courtship" was recited by Miss Bruford. Miss Tabram and Mr. H. Theo. Jones added interesting items. A pianoforte duet was played by Miss Thatcher and Miss Peacock. The Secretary of the Dickens Society (Mr. C. Andrews) contributed "Dr. Marigold's Prescription." All the items were heartily applauded.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

AT the March meeting the Rev. R. W. G. Hunter read a valuable paper on "Charles Dickens: His place in English Literature." Mr. John Pendleton presided, and an interesting discussion followed the paper, Messrs. Vaughan, Gadd, Humphreys, and others taking part. In illustration of special points in the paper, Mr. G. F. Gadd read a selection from *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Mr. J. W. Smith recounted Mr. Pickwick's adventures at Ipswich. An interesting communication was read to the meeting from the great-grandson of Mr. Huffam, the godfather of Charles Dickens.

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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

AN enjoyable evening was spent by the members of this branch, at the Lower Public Hall, on March 7th. Mr. E. E. Clarke, the chairman, remarked that one of the characteristics of Dickens's life, as well as of his writings, was his joyousness of heart. He rejoiced at the success of the Fellowship, and thought that the very word Fellowship was as if the genius of Dickens had inspired it. Mr. C. Elvey Cope, A.R.C.O., read an interesting paper on "Dickens and Characterisation." Miss Elworthy and Mrs. Alfred Cruttenden gave admirable recitations from Dickens's works. Mr. W. Scotcher, jun., gave some capital anecdotes of the novelist. Songs by Mr. W. J. Ockenden and Mr. J. A. Gallop were much enjoyed, as were also a recitation and song by Miss Elvey Cope.

At the April meeting the President of the branch, Mr. Harry Furniss, will occupy the chair.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

AT the fortnightly meeting, held on Thursday evening, March 9th, at 5, St. Andrew's Square, a paper was read by Miss Hutchinson Stirling, M.A., Vice-President, on "Some Extinct Types." Limiting her sketch to the beginning of the last century, the essayist selected as her subject the old beau and the old belle, now passed away. Numerous and clever portraits were drawn of those quaint characters of bygone times, and in striking contrast the names and customs of to-day were presented, and the conclusion drawn that the change was an improvement to society in general. On the motion of the President, Miss Hutchinson Stirling was most cordially thanked.

The second meeting of the month was held on March 23rd, when a paper was read by Mr. James Wilkie, Vice-President, entitled "Dickens and the Stage." An interesting account was given of the different occasions on which the great novelist appeared on the stage, both in this country and America, and of the capacities in which he distinguished himself as actor, and stage and general manager, leading up to the question whether the star of his genius might not have shone more brightly if he had restricted himself to the stage, rather than to the field of authorship. This question the essayist decided in the negative. The President occupied the chair, and after an interesting discussion, Mr. Wilkie received a cordial vote of thanks.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE Elocutionary Championship promoted by this branch took place in the Albert Hall, on March 6th, in the presence of a large audience. There were two companies, one of ladies and one of gentlemen, and the prizes were: For ladies: Gold championship medal, presented by Mrs. Emmanuel; silver medal, presented by the Mayoress of Portsmouth; bronze medal, presented by Mr. B. W. Matz. For gentlemen: Gold championship medal, presented by the President, Alderman Emmanuel, J.P.; silver medal, presented by the Mayor of Portsmouth; and bronze medal, presented by Mrs. Meggs. The pieces recited had to be from the works of Dickens. The Rev. William Garwood, M.A., Vice-President of the Southampton branch and lecturer on elocution and voice production, acted as judge, and his awards were:—Ladies: Gold medal, Miss Eades; silver medal, Miss Farrow; bronze medal, Mrs. Cook. Gentlemen: Gold medal, Mr. Ripper; silver medal, Mr. Herman; bronze medal, Mr. MacDougall. Competition was very keen, and the judge's task was an exceedingly difficult one. The recitals were interspersed by a glee and part-song, rendered by a well-trained male choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Burry, the piece selected being Sam Weller's "Bold Turpin Vunce on Hounslow Heath." The Portsea Handbell Ringers also gave several excellent selections.

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BRIXTON BRANCH

ON Monday, March 27th, a meeting of the above was held in the Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church. The chair was taken by Mr. S. R. Marriott. Two selected readings were given by the Rev. A. Thurston Pain, Stockwell, from *Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Old Curiosity Shop* respectively. The rev. gentleman read in most excellent style, giving entire satisfaction to a full audience. In the course of the evening the Chairman made some remarks as to the abolition of the old Yorkshire schools, as a result primarily of Charles Dickens directing public attention to the subject in the *Nickleby* pages; he also referred to the progress of national education in England during the last sixty years. Mr. J. Skeen followed with some remarks as to Nell's grandfather's keen spirit of gambling, and regretting that that self-same spirit was so much in evidence and prevalent amongst all classes of society in England at the present time. Two songs were admirably rendered by Miss M. Grinyer during the evening. A vote of condolence was awarded to the Secretary, who for the first time during the last two years was absent from his post of office in consequence of temporary illness.

A Dickensian occasion, not officially connected with the Fellowship, was held on Sunday, March 19th, under the auspices of the Guild Meeting (Brixton Independent Church), Mr. W. Strachan occupying the chair, in the Church Parlour. A paper, carefully digested and arranged, on the "Life and Works of Charles Dickens," was read by Mr. S. R. Marriott, and fully commanded the interested attention of the audience. The boyhood and youth of Dickens, his early struggles and deprivations, his hard experiences in the rough school of life, and his personal acquaintance with the humble side of London society, had helped him to become the special pleader and sympathetic exponent of the joys and sorrows of the poor. Following his career in literature, and commencing with his first effort—dropped with "trembling hope" into the editorial box of the old *Monthly Magazine*, 1833—there came under review "The Green Leaves" of the many beautiful creations with which, from time to time, his genius has enriched the world during thirty-five years of the last century. These remain with us, the noblest monument of his labours. The Chairman made some observations anent the subject under consideration, followed by a few appreciative remarks by Mr. R. Allbut. After tea (served in the Ladies' Parlour), at the request of the Chairman, Mr. Allbut gave a recital of "The Funeral of Little Nell," which was well received.

FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON Wednesday evening, March 15th, a meeting was held at the Forest Gate Public Hall, when Mr. James E. Palmer delivered a lecture entitled "Rambles in Dickens-land." The lecture proved decidedly interesting, and was illustrated by many lantern views. Mr. A. A. Banes during the evening addressed the large audience. He said that Dickens was not a cultured writer, but still what he did write seemed to go straight to the heart. If any of them felt depressed, he would advise them to read a few pages of *Pickwick*, while, if they felt too happy, a few lines of "The Death of Little Nell" would soon lower their spirits.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

ON March 1st Mr. A. W. Hayes gave at the Public Hall a recital of *David Copperfield*. The fine recital was interspersed by a musical programme rendered by Mr. A. Kingstone and Miss Stoneley. Miss Gertrude Carver acted as accompanist. The chair was taken by Mr. Parker Woodward. As a result of the evening's success the Teachers' Cricket Club will benefit considerably.

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BENALLA (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH

THIS branch held its birthday celebration on February 7th, the Rev. W. Parker presiding. Mr. Tattam gave a most interesting address, in which he dealt with *David Copperfield*. He said that it had been said that Dickens's love of fun was a grave fault—that he would make game of his own father. If Micawber was his father, then it was well Dickens could make game of him; otherwise he would have despised him. Dickens alone, of all great English writers, possessed the three essentials of a great teacher. He was a master of humour, pathos, and dramatic expression.

Mr. Tattam and Mr. Parkes gave excellent recitations from *David Copperfield*.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE fourth entertainment took place on March 16th at 140, High Street. Especially good readings from *Bleak House*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, etc., were given by Mrs. and Mr. Seaward and Mr. Stansfield Greenwood. Mr. Frank Davis gave a fine rendering of "Sam Weller's Valentine." The Misses Gadd and E. Child contributed excellent pianoforte solos, and Miss V. Hancock a song. Two part-songs were extremely well rendered. A vote of thanks was accorded to the Hon Secretary, Miss E. E. Moody, for arranging such excellent programmes. The branch now numbers one hundred members.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

A WELL-ATTENDED meeting of the Shrewsbury branch was held at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, on March 22nd. Mr. John Pool presided, and an excellent reading on "How to Work an Election" (*Pickwick Papers*) was given by Mr. Joseph Jenks.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE Assembly Hall, Melbourne, was filled on February 7th by lovers of Dickens, who attended to assist in the birthday celebration arranged by the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Frank Scrivener was in the chair, and after an introductory lecturette by Mr. A. P. Du Soir, sketches from the works of Dickens were given. The humorous side was illustrated by Mr. H. M. Marks, who gave a dialogue between Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, from *Oliver Twist*. "Sydney Carton's Sacrifice," from *A Tale of Two Cities*, was recited by the Rev. E. Rorke. Tragedy was represented by "Smike's flight, capture, punishment, and rescue," from *Nicholas Nickleby*, and was recited by Mr. J. H. Crowther. A musical entertainment was provided by Mesdames Parker and Rorke and Mr. J. H. Hardie.

YORK BRANCH

MISS KIDSON, of the Leeds branch of the Dickens Fellowship, was the entertainer at the meeting of the York branch in the Merchants' Hall, Fossgate, on Wednesday night, and had the pleasure of giving her paper on "Captain Cuttle: his Character and Quotations," to a large attendance presided over by Mr. Midgley.

Miss Kidson pointed out that Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's character Captain Kettle and Dickens's Captain Cuttle were sailors of totally different periods, but both had characteristics alike. She read many interesting passages from the book of which Captain Cuttle is the hero, showing the refined traits of the old salt's character, despite a stormy life—his simplicity, his tenderness of heart, and the beauty of his character, which was practically revealed in his love of protecting Florence when his reverence for her was so great that he would not hold her in his arms when she was unconscious. "Such traits are the very violets and forget-me-nots of our literary bouquet," said Miss Kidson, who, after referring to the generosity of her subject with his money, quoted a number of the Captain's ballads. Dickens was not read for his style, but for his humanity. Captain Cuttle, as portrayed by Dickens, lived and moved in the pages of the book. In concluding, Miss Kidson compared the subject of her paper to the character of another great master, Thackeray, who created Colonel Newcome. Both these characters were everything that was contained in the meaning of the word gentleman.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Frozen Deep, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Popular Edition, with introduction dealing with Dickens and the play. Cloth, 1*s.* net. London: Chatto and Windus.

A Tale of Two Cities. In Cameo Classics. Cloth, 6*d.* London: The Library Press.

Favourite Characters from Charles Dickens. By Fred Barnard. Two series; 1*s.* each net. London: Cassell and Co.

A Tale of Two Cities. Illustrated by Fred Barnard and "Phiz." Sewed, 6*d.* London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil: a comedy in five acts. Adapted by I. M. Pagan from *Martin Chuzzlewit.* 1*s.* net. London: J. M. Dent and Co.

ARTICLES, ETC., IN NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

"The Dickens Fellowship." By W. J. Gadsden. London: *Magnolia Leaves*, March.

"Charles Dickens and the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution." *Journal of Horticulture*, March 2nd.

"Mr. Micawber's Age." *T.P.'s Weekly*, March 3rd.

"Pink Jail"—Dickens's villa near Genoa. Illustration. *Sphere*, March 4th.

The Shakspeare and Dickens Boom. Cartoon by Harry Furniss. *The People*, March 5th.

"The Old Curiosity Shop." *T. P.'s Weekly*, March 10th.

Bibliographical Notes on Dickens and Thackeray. *Notes and Queries*, March 3rd.

Letter from Dickens to St. George's Club, Manchester. *Answers*, Mar. 11th.

Topical Philosophy (Dickens and other novelists). *Topical Times*, Mar. 11th.

Dickens or Wilkie Collins (*re Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*). *Notes and Queries*, March 18th.

My Favourite Author Competition: Charles Dickens. *Birmingham Weekly Post*, March 18th and 25th.

"Cigarette Papers" by Joseph Hatton. In *The People*, March 19th.

"Dickens: the Glorified Reporter." Letters. *Brighton Herald*, March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

We have received the following post cards illustrating Dickens scenes and characters—

Two sets of six each, by A. Ludovici; coloured. Nos. 6,107 and 6,120. Davidson Bros.

Characters by H. Beecroft, No. 2,122; Dickens Country (Gadshill, etc.), No. 2,867; Maidstone, No. 3,916; Rochester, No. 2,651; each containing six coloured cards and one of "The Old Curiosity Shop," No. 57. F. Hartmann.

Ben Webster and Nancy Price in "Little Em'ly," No. 1,006; Portrait of Dickens by Mason, No. 560; six characters of Bransby Williams, No. 8–8E, all photos. J. Beagles and Co.

Sairey Gamp and Pickwick. A set of six each in gravure, Nos. 243, 244; three new sets of characters by Kyd, Nos. 497, 498, 499. C. W. Faulkner and Co.

Sets of twelve of Pickwick. Scenes from Novels, *Copperfield*, *Chuzzlewit.* Nos. 5,076, 5,108, 5,125 5,134. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd.

Single cards of Broadstairs, Gadshill, and Cobham; Nos. 671, 975, 1,596, 1597 coloured; Nos. 3,239 and 3,242 platino photo. Pictorial Stationery Co.

Portrait of Dickens, by Ary Scheffer; coloured. No. 1259. The Knight series.

A Tale of Dickens's works, by Matthews and Mullins, 161, Fleet St., E.C.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

April 4. Bristol and Clifton Branch: Public Representation of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick Papers* at Lesser Colston Hall.

,, 5. Memorial Hall, London: Conversazione of Parent Branch of Fellowship.

,, 5. York Branch: Monthly Meeting.

,, 5. Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting for Readings by Members.

,, 6. Edinburgh Branch: Paper on "Jo" (*Bleak House*), by Mr. D. M. Lindsy.

,, 7. Manchester Branch: Annual Meeting.

,, 7. Birmingham Branch: Paper by Mr. Richardson, and Readings by Members at Athletic Institute.

,, 10. Portsmouth Branch: Concert arranged by Mrs. Bothwell Barron.

,, 11. Winnipeg Branch: Public Representation of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick Papers*.

,, 12. Brighton Branch: Readings and Recitals by Rev. George Plumb and others at Steine House, at 8 o'clock.

,, 12. Shrewsbury Branch: Recital of *David Copperfield*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, in Working Men's Hall.

,, 13. North London Jewish Literary Society: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, Poet's Road, Canonbury.

,, 13. Rochester Branch: Annual Meeting. Paper by Mr. J. W. T. Ley on "Dickens, the Glorified Reporter."

,, 13. St. Bride's Institute, London: Meeting of Needlework and Charitable Guild, at 7 o'clock.

,, 13. Brixton Branch: Sale of Work of the "Little Dorrit" Society in Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, at 3 p.m.

,, 14. Sheffield Branch: Paper and Readings at the Cutlers' Hall.

,, 14. Blackheath Branch: Annual Conversazione.

,, 17. Brixton Branch: Monthly Meeting. Programme arranged by Mr. and Miss Block.

,, 17. Halifax: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Alfred Hayes, at Methodist N.C. Sunday School.

,, 18. Bristol and Clifton Branch: General Business Meeting.

,, 19. Stockport Branch: "Dickens and Children," by Mr. Edward Helm, in Librarian's Room, Sunday School.

,, 19. Liverpool Branch: "An Evening with Dickens," by Captain F. J. Davis, R.N., at Common Hall, Hackins Hey.

,, 19. Forest Gate and District Branch: Recital from Dickens's works by Mr. Toscenie at the Public Hall, Forest Gate.

,, 19. Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting for Readings by Members.

,, 20. Edinburgh Branch: "Some Thoughts on the Dramatic Element in Dickens," by Miss I. M. Pagan.

,, 20. Southampton Branch: Monthly Meeting.

,, 24. Brixton Branch: "Kentish Dickens-land," by Mr. Robert Allbut.

,, 25. Winnipeg Branch: Conversazione.

,, 28. Birmingham Branch: Social Evening at the Athletic Institute.

,, 28. Sheffield Branch: Smoking Concert at Royal Victoria Hotel.

,, 29. Stamford Hill: Tea to old folks by the Needlework and Charitable Guild at St. John's Parish Hall, Vartry Road.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BRANCHES AND WINTER PROGRAMMES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—In answer to the letter of your correspondent Mr. Frank Yoxall in the *Dickensian* of last month about his next syllabus, I would venture to suggest to him that a little music, both vocal and instrumental (contributed by members only), interspersed with the readings, recitations, and papers read from Charles Dickens's works, generally enlivens the evening's programme, and seems to please all—at least I have found it so during this our first session here. I am already preparing the syllabus for the Session 1905-6, and I shall do it on these lines, as I find it successful, both in this and in similar undertakings in which I have taken the most responsible part.

Very truly yours, E. E. MOODY,
Hon. Secretary Southampton and District Branch.

123, MILLBROOK ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON,
March 1st, 1905.

LOCKET REPRESENTING A FISHY OLD EYE

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed may be of interest to some students of Dickens, who may not be aware of the origin of the allusions to a "locket representing a fishy old eye," which was worn by Miss Tox.

Yours truly, C. W. CHRISTALL.

21, MALVERN ROAD, DALSTON, N.E.,
14th March, 1905.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of George IV., is responsible for a revived art—the art of painting a single eye in miniature. An exhibition of such isolated eyes, just opened in Bond Street, reminds us that this art of depicting the single eye began with a commission given by the Prince Regent to Cosway to take sittings—if that is the term—for the eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert. And in due time the royal eye came in return to the bosom of Mrs. Fitzherbert set in diamonds as a brooch."—*Tablet*, March 11th, 1905.

PROPOSED ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF SECRETARIES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

SIR,—Now that the Fellowship is firmly established and there are so many branches in England, is it not possible to arrange for an Annual Conference of the Secretaries of those branches? If this could be done, it would keep the branches closely in touch with one another, and could not fail to materially assist our common cause. It might occupy one or two days, and, if it could be arranged for a convenient centre, I, for one, should be pleased to attend. Might I suggest either Birmingham or Nottingham, as being as near the common centre of the branches as possible? I certainly think it would be a good thing, and shall be glad to hear what Dickensians generally think of it.

Yours faithfully, THOS. W. PADMORE,
Hon. Secretary Sheffield Branch.

126, ALBERT ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

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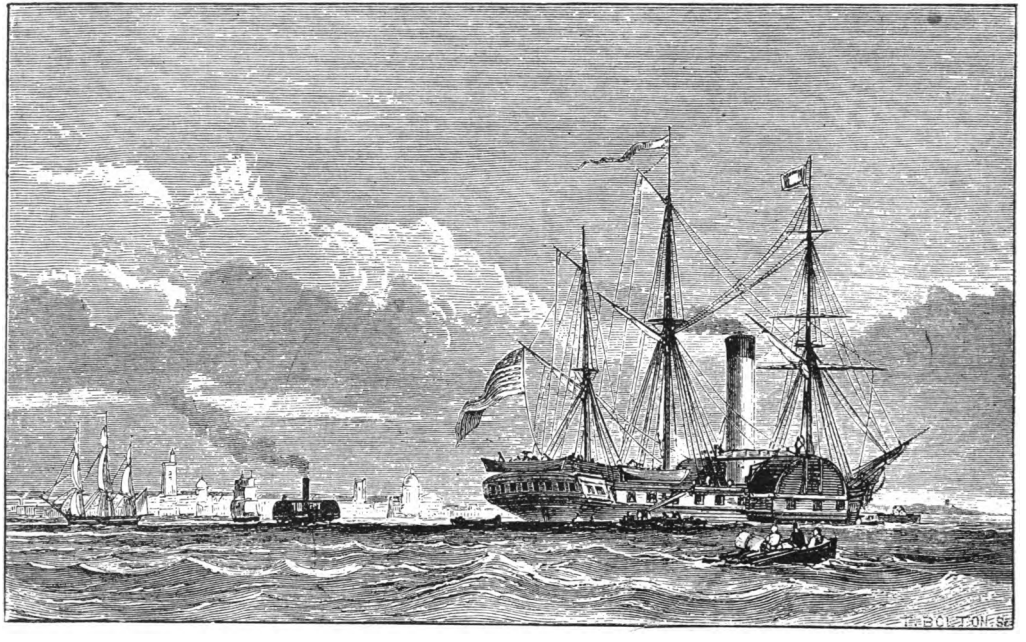

STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA."

FROM A DRAWING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. MAY, 1905. No. 5.

WHEN FOUND——

WE reproduce as the frontispiece to the present number Clarkson Stanfield's drawing of the steamship *Britannia*, which took Dickens on his first visit to America, in January, 1842. The picture appeared as a frontispiece to the first cheap edition of *American Notes*, published in 1855. Dickens described the dimensions of the vessel and the life aboard in his inimitable, graphic, and humorous style in the pages of the book, and readers will probably turn to those passages in the volume with renewed interest to-day, and will readily realise the change that has taken place in respect of comfort and speed since then.

* * *

In Forster's *Life* there is a very characteristic letter describing the voyage, and in another, referring to the lack of accommodation on board, addressed to Thomas Mitton, he said: "Anything so utterly and monstrously absurd as the size of our cabin, 'no gentleman of England who lives at home at ease' can for a moment imagine. Neither of the portmanteaus would go into it. There! The ladies' cabin is so close to ours that I could knock the door open without getting off something they call my bed, but which I believe to be a muffin beaten flat." It was this voyage which prompted that kindly humorist Tom Hood to compose the couple of witty verses which were reprinted in the February *Dickensian*.

* * *

During the last few weeks several branches of the Fellowship have been added to the already long list. The Melbourne branch has grown with leaps and bounds, and the last mail brought news that its members numbered 350, bringing it third on the list in point of numbers. In connection with it another has been formed at Benalla, a country town near the city, and promises to be a very flourishing offshoot. In addition to these, a second branch has been formed in Canada, at Toronto, with Mr. E. S. Williamson, a well-known authority and lecturer on Dickens, as its secretary. Another at Kokomo (Indiana), whilst there are two new ones in New York. The one named after the city has been in course of formation by Mrs. W. E. Nye for some time, and is now in actual working order. The second is known as the Manhattan branch, and owes its existence to Mr. Chas. H. Govan. There is certainly room for two branches in New York. A branch is also being formed in Wellington, New Zealand, by Mr. Wilson, the librarian of the Parliament library there. In England others are being formed at Whitby and at Chesterfield. And thus the Fellowship is rapidly making a girdle round the world.

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Joseph Jefferson, the great American actor who died last month, was chiefly known in this country as the creator of the part of Rip Van Winkle. Like most notable actors, he had a soft place in his heart for Dickens and his books, and played characters in dramatised versions of some of the novelist's works. His most successful were Caleb Plummer in *Dot* and Newman Noggs in *Nicholas Nickleby*. *Dot* was produced under the management of Dion Boucicault in America, and in it Mrs. John Wood played Tilly Slowboy in an inimitable manner. In his autobiography Jefferson gives interesting accounts of his performances in these parts, and also of his great contemporary W. E. Burton's creations of Captain Cuttle and Micawber.

* * *

In his article on another page, Mr. Charles G. Harper, who is considered to be the greatest authority on the topography of our country, makes out his case for believing that Mrs. Lupin's hostelry the "Blue Dragon" was no other than the "Green Dragon" of Alderbury. Most other authorities consider the George Inn at Amesbury the one meant by Dickens. Mr. Snowden Ward has no doubt about it, whilst Mr. Kitton felt that the question had not been clearly settled. Perhaps, as Mr. Harper suggests, it may be a composite picture, as many literary landmarks are. At any rate, it is an interesting point.

* * *

The celebration in Copenhagen last month of the centenary of the birth of the "Father of all Children," as Hans Christian Andersen was called, reminded us all again of the great friendship which existed between him and Charles Dickens. Andersen was one of the first visitors to Gadshill, and he went there at the special invitation of Dickens; and so overjoyed was he at the prospect of meeting the great author of *Nelly*, as he called *The Old Curiosity Shop*, that he positively refused to accept any other invitations. "My visit to England this time is only to Dickens," he said, and an invitation to see the Queen did not alter his resolve.

* * *

Dickens had met him on a previous occasion at Lady Blessington's, where Andersen was staying, to whom he had written, "I must see Andersen." They became friends at once, and an interesting correspondence commenced between them. Andersen's stay at Gadshill increased his loving regard for the novelist, whom he found the most amiable of men, with "as much heart as intellect." In one of his letters home he spoke of him as "like the best characters in his books —jolly, lively, happy, and cordial." Of Mrs. Dickens he said she "is so gentle, so motherly, quite like Agnes in *David Copperfield*." He was deeply affected at leaving England, and seemed never to forget his visit to Dickens at Gadshill.

* * *

The cover design of our present number is a reproduction of that used on the original monthly parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Last month's was that of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

THE EDITOR.

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ON RE-READING "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

AUTHOR OF "DICKENS" IN BELL'S MINIATURE SERIES OF GREAT WRITERS, ETC.

IT is one of the many delights of Dickens's novels that they can be read again and again, each time with the double pleasure of greeting old friends among the characters, and of discovering much in each book which has escaped notice before. That these two things are so is proof, if any were wanted, that Dickens is among the immortals, among those who have created works which are as varied, as full of matter for observation, and as ever fresh almost as the works of Nature herself.

It has always seemed to me one of the finest of the compliments paid to Dickens that Ruskin should have admitted him as one of the master-observers of nature, specifying as a particularly accurate example of his knowledge the description of the storm in *David Copperfield*. It is a not unusual habit to look upon Dickens as a great painter of London scenes, and to overlook the fact that he was as much at home among the highways and the byways of the countryside as amid the streets and lanes of the metropolis. In *Chuzzlewit* we have capital specimens of what he could achieve in the way of creating a town "atmosphere," but a recent re-reading of the story has strengthened the feeling which it always brought to me, that in it Dickens revelled in country sights and sounds, possibly in sheer joy at the contrast they showed compared with the States, from which he had returned with recollections more bitter than sweet.

In what is practically the first chapter, a country note is struck in the description of the "little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury." The setting sun bursts through the mists which have obscured it throughout the day; it is autumn; and in a couple of pages or so we are at once filled with the spirit of the season and made at home in the village where we are to pass so many pleasant hours. The effect wrought is produced by minute, happy touches, the outcome of long observation and of a natural gift of catching fast hold on the points important to be emphasised. The flood of evening sunshine, touching all it fell on with a "general gladness"; then "the light was all withdrawn; the shining church turned cold and dark; the stream forgot to smile; the birds were silent; and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything." Then comes the delightful picture of the forge, and the wind's frolic with the dead leaves.

Or turn to Tom Pinch's drive into Salisbury, when he met Mark Tapley and heard from him the momentous announcement that he was "going to leave the Dragon!" What an exhilarating description we are given of a "fresh, frosty morning, when hope runs cheerily through the veins with the brisk blood." Is there anywhere any more vivid picture of the countryside at such a time, when "from cottage chimneys smoke went streaming up high, high, as if the earth had lost his grossness, being so fair, and must not be oppressed by heavy vapour"? Or again, Martin's walk with Tom to that famous dinner at the famous Inn with John Westlock! "Look round and round upon this bare, bleak plain, and see even here, upon a winter's day, how beautiful the shadows are! Alas! it is the nature of their kind to be so. The loveliest things in

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life, Tom, are but shadows; and they come and go, and change and fade away as rapidly as these!"—a faithful touch and a true simile.

But Dickens's eyes were clearly open to the dismal as well as the jolly side of the country, as is well shown by the depressing description of Martin's setting forth from Pecksniff's toward London through the rain; to read it, it makes one feel damp. Rain! "It streamed from every twig and bramble in the hedge, made little gullies in the path, ran down a hundred channels in the road, and punched innumerable holes in the face of every pond and gutter."

Of recent years the phrase, "word painting" has come into very general use, and is not inaptly descriptive of much of the writing of some modern novelists, who strive to make up for their lack of skill in drawing by over-lavish use of epithets. Very naturally, failure waits upon most of their attempts, and we readers find ourselves floundering, bewildered, in a sea of high-sounding adjectives, and overwhelmed at last by waves of gaudy sentences. It is not so with Dickens. His touch was sure and his knowledge profound. How lightly painted yet how effective this of an evening in the spring-time: "The day had been fine and warm; but at the coming on of night, the air grew cool, and in the mellowing distance smoke was rising gently from the cottage chimneys." It is full of suggestion; it stimulates our memories and our imaginations; it does not torture our attention with niggling details; the artist knows what to say and what to suggest, what to give and what to omit; the bungler tries to set everything before us and lands us in confusion.

There is something quaintly satirical in the description of Pecksniff, with "summer weather in his bosom," walking forth on a summer afternoon to pay his fulsome attentions to Mary, and this exquisite touch, "the colour of the long grass came and went, as if the light clouds made it timid as they floated through the distant air."

What a happy thing for us that Dickens lived before the railway had driven the coaches off the road! What would he have made of motor-cars, which are once again bringing prosperity to many an old Inn, where travellers were wont long years ago to refresh themselves, while horses were being changed? There are many stirring coach journeys in Dickens's novels, but none, to my mind, starts more joyously than that which Tom Pinch made from Salisbury to London town. What a driver! What a guard! What a coach! "It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy." We can still hear the rattling of the merry wheels and the echoes of the horn as we read these lines, or, as remembering them, we tramp along the dusty roads, or career down and struggle up hill on our bicycles. But driving is not always pleasurable, much depending on companionship and weather, in neither of which was Mr. Tigg Montague fortunate when he sped down to Salisbury accompanied by Jonas and a thunderstorm. Such a storm, and such a picture of it! The writing is not lurid, but the effect is. We hear the crash of the thunder and see the vivid play of the lightning. Is not this well-nigh perfect: "The eye, partaking of the quickness of the

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flashing light, saw in its every gleam a multitude of objects which it could not see at steady noon in fifty times that period. Bells in steeples, with the rope and wheel that moved them; ragged nests of birds in cornices and nooks; faces full of consternation in the tilted wagons that came tearing past—their frightened teams ringing out a warning which the thunder drowned; harrows and ploughs left out in the fields; miles upon miles of hedge-divided country, with the distant fringe of trees as obvious as the scarecrow in the beanfield close at hand,—in a trembling, vivid, flickering instant, everything was clear and plain." This is as faithful and clean-cut as a pre-Raphaelite picture, and more impressive.

There are many other striking passages worthy of quotation, more especially that in which is depicted the wood in which Jonas commits his useless murder, where the "vistas of silence" shuddered at the thud of his heavy stick.

It may be illusion, but there does certainly seem to me to be more of the countryside in *Chuzzlewit* than in any other of the novels, and something even of a country air is brought into the dim courts and dusty gardens of the Temple. Dickens was surely in a country mood when he penned these pages, which are, as a whole, so bright and wholesome, despite Pecksniff, Jonas, and Mrs. Gamp. Is it heretical to confess that to my mind, as the years go by, something of the grotesque humour of Mrs. Gamp is fading, and that the sinister side of the woman comes more to the fore? There is much that is really horrible in the drunken old harpy, who had no bowels of mercy, and who would have robbed a dying saint of his halo. On the other hand, Mark becomes more delightful every time we meet him; he shows no sign of aging or of altering in character, and it is a desperate temptation to make a pilgrimage to the "Dragon" in the hopes of finding a young and worthy descendant of Mark installed as mine host and ready to be "jolly" even under the depressing influence of a teetotal bench of magistrates. And to give vent to one more heresy, do not the American chapters make somewhat depressing reading? Even at the date when they were set down, they were a broad satire on the worst side of American life, and now that the satire has lost its sting it rings a little false, a trifle out of place in a novel, which otherwise is so close to reality. Indeed, we know that Dickens dragged the American trip in neck and crop, with an eye less to completing his work than to having another knock at those who were so angry at the rap he had already given them.

Through all and over all there is the portentous figure of Mr. Pecksniff, who to me has always been very real, but who, we are told by some critics, is a mere abstraction, a clothes-bag of typical bones, lacking flesh and blood. True it is that at the outset Dickens seems to have been hampered by his vision of a colossal exemplification of a hypocrite; the joints of his figure creak at first, but quickly they become loose and pliant, and Pecksniff grows into the arch-humbug, who deceives so many, himself included, for it is the essence of hypocrisy that the hypocrite is himself taken in. The villain who is conscious of his villainy is no hypocrite, but an actor who plays the part of a saint in order to disguise the sinner—a Joseph Surface, not a Pecksniff.

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Is a query permitted? If so, what is the meaning of—"And, O ye Pharisees of the nineteen-hundredth year of Christian knowledge!" Is not nineteenth century intended?

The re-reading of any great work of imagination drives home to one the fact that reader as well as writer is influenced by the mood of the moment. Dickens knew exactly what he meant by every phrase and description as he wrote it; but not until he turns to his work in after years does a writer realise how much or how little of what he had in his mind's eye has he expressed upon paper. And we, the readers, how much or how little do we ever grasp of the master's meaning? How much or how little do we see of what was present to the master's vision? What we do see varies with the varying moods in which we read, and so we come to the point that it is infinitely difficult this art of literary criticism, a mingling of impressionism and of cultivated judgment, a weighing in scales which vary in their accuracy from day to day, and so we arrive at the further point that time is the truest test of all—in fact, the only final one. If a writer appeals to and touches generation after generation there is greatness in him. Who to-day can read *Chuzzlewit* without being hit hard by its power, pathos, satire, and fun?

THE MARK TAPLEY CLUB

IN June, 1903, a club was organised in Middlesbrough under the above title, with the object that "every member shall endeavour to come out strong on all occasions, and try to make other people 'jolly.'" The members further undertake "to seek to the best of their ability to follow the shining example of unfailing cheerfulness, which Dickens has given the character of Mark Tapley," and every member must have read *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

The club is composed entirely of ladies, and comprises over sixty living in far distant parts of the Empire. Meetings are held periodically to discuss the work of the club, and a manuscript magazine was begun in November last for the benefit of members unable to attend the meetings. The badge of membership is a silver initial and the motto of the club is based on a remark of Mark Tapley, and reads: "Virtue is its own reward; so's jollity."

A social evening is held each winter. At the last a series of *tableaux vivants* were presented from *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Bleak House.* It is pleasing to learn that on the occasion all the members were jolly, and that the proceeds of the evening were given to the Crippled Flower Girls' Fund of Middlesbrough.

The club, however, lost a splendid opportunity of doing real and substantial credit to its name when it held its picnic indoors simply because of the rain. This surely would have been one of the chances Mark Tapley was waiting for "to come out strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable." In fact, it must have been an ideal day for the Mark Tapley Club's picnic.

The Honorary Secretary is Miss Amy Mahony, 9, Maple Street, Middlesbrough.

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THE "BLUE DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."

By CHARLES G. HARPER
AUTHOR OF
"THE BRIGHTON ROAD," "THE INGOLDSBY COUNTRY," "THE HARDY COUNTRY," ETC.
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

IN the third chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit* we are particularly introduced to an inn, the subject of an earlier allusion in those pages, the "Blue Dragon," near Salisbury. In what direction it lay from that cathedral city we are not told, whether north, south, east, or west; and we only infer from incidents of the story in which the inn is brought into relation with the London mail and coaching in general, that the "Blue Dragon" was at Amesbury, eight miles to the north of Salisbury, by which route the famous "Quicksilver" Exeter mail to and from London went, in the old coaching days, avoiding Salisbury altogether. The course of the narrative, the situation of an old mansion on the Wilsford road near Amesbury, generally pointed out as Pecksniff's

THE "GREEN DRAGON," ALDERBURY

home, and the position of Amesbury, all seem at the first blush to point to that fine old inn, the "George" at Amesbury, being the original of the "Blue Dragon"; and this old inn certainly was not only a coaching-house, but was what another claimant to the honour of being the real true original of the "Blue Dragon"—the "Green Dragon" at Alderbury—could never have been, a hostelry with accommodation sufficient for postchaise travellers such as old Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary.

The "George" at Amesbury is a house of considerable size and architectural character, and its beauties might fitly have employed the pencils of Pecksniff's pupils had that great and good man condescended to notice anything less stupendous than cathedrals, castles, and Houses of Parliament. As it was, however, the architectural studies of his young friends were made to contemplate nothing meaner than "elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from every possible point of sight," and lesser things were passed contemptuously by (chap. i.).

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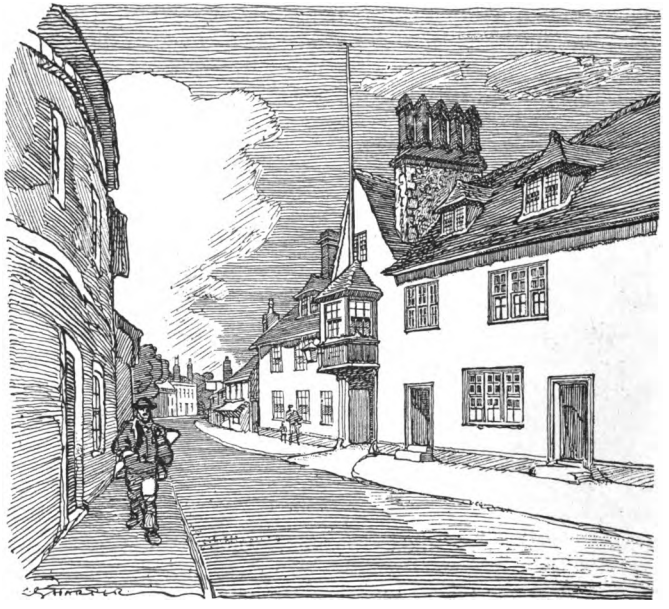
The "George," after the fine old church—that church in which Tom Pinch played the organ—is the chief ornament of Amesbury, and that it was the house meant by Dickens when he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit* is in the village an article of faith which no visitor dare controvert or dispute in any way on the spot. Like the small boys who do not say "Yah!" and are not courageous enough to make grimaces until safely out of arm's reach, we only dare dispassionately discuss the *pros* and *cons* when out of the place. It were not possible on the spot to object, "Yes, but," and then proceed to argue the point with the landlord, who confidently shows you old Martin Chuzzlewit's bedroom and a room with a descent of one step inside, instead of the



THE GEORGE INN, AMESBURY

"two steps on the inside so exquisitely unexpected that strangers, despite the most elaborate cautioning, usually dived in, head first, as into a plunging-bath."

But the truth is, like many another literary landmark, the "Blue Dragon" in *Martin Chuzzlewit* is a composite picture, combining the features of both the "George" at Amesbury, eight miles to the north of Salisbury, and those of the "Green Dragon" at Alderbury, three miles to the south. Nay, there were not so long ago at Alderbury those who remembered the picture-sign of the "Green Dragon" there, which doubtless Dickens saw in his wanderings around the neighbourhood. "A faded and an ancient dragon he was; and many a wintry storm of rain, snow, sleet, and hail had changed his colour from a gaudy blue to a faint lack-lustre shade of grey. But there he hung;

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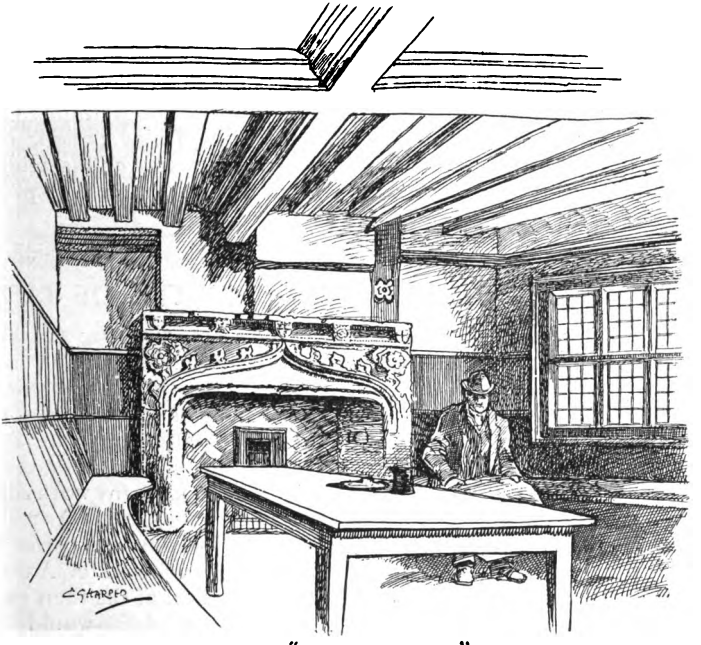
rearing in a state of monstrous imbecility on his hind legs; waxing with every month that passed so much more dim and shapeless that as you gazed at him on one side of the sign-board it seemed as if he must be gradually melting through it and coming out upon the other" (chap. iii.).

The sign has long since been replaced by the commonplace lettering of the present day, but it was then, in Dickens's own words, "a certain Dragon who swung and creaked complainingly before the village ale-house door," a phrase which at once shows us that if by the "Blue Dragon" of the story the "George" at Amesbury was intended to be described, it was a derogatory description of that fine old hostelry.



INTERIOR OF THE "GREEN DRAGON," ALDERBURY

This brings us to the chief point upon which the validity of this claim of the "Green Dragon" at Alderbury must rest. Dickens distinctly alludes to the "Blue Dragon" as a "village ale-house," and such it is and has ever been; while to the "George" at Amesbury that description cannot even now justly apply, and certainly it could never in coaching times, when in the heyday of its prosperity, have been so fobbed off with such a phrase. Moreover, we will do well to bear in mind that old Chuzzlewit and his companion did not put up at the inn—this "village ale-house"—from choice. The gentleman was "taken ill upon the road," and had to seek the first house that offered.

Those curious in the byways of Dickens topography will find Alderbury three miles from Salisbury on the left-hand side of the Southampton road. Half a mile from it on the other side of the way

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stands "St. Mary's Grange," a red-brick building in a mixed Georgian and Gothic style, built by Pugin, and locally reputed to be the original of Mr. Pecksniff's residence: a circumstance which may well give us pause and opportunity for considering whether Dickens had that distinguished architect in his mind when creating the character of his holy humbug.

The "Green Dragon," which we have thus shown to have at least as good a title as the "George" at Amesbury to be considered the original of the house kept by the genial Mrs. Lupin, friend of Tom Pinch, Mark Tapley, and Martin Chuzzlewit in particular, and of her fellow-creatures in general, does not directly face the highway, but is set back from it at an angle behind a little patch of grass. It is pre-eminently rustic, and is even more ancient than the casual wayfarer, judging merely from its exterior, would suppose; for a fine fifteenth-century carved stone fireplace in what is now the bar parlour bears witness to an existence almost mediæval. It is a beautiful, though dilapidated, work of Gothic art of the Early Tudor period, ornamented with boldly carved crockets, heraldic roses, and shields of arms, and is worthy of inspection for itself alone, quite irrespective of its literary interest.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE "BATTLE OF LIFE"

THE well-known anxiety of America to acquire anything associated with the magic of Dickens's name finds further illustration in the announcement that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has just acquired two manuscripts in the novelist's autograph. It need not be said that, apart from the exceedingly interesting case of autographs at South Kensington known as the Forster Bequest, which comprises practically the whole of the manuscripts of Dickens's longer books, any works of his in their original autograph form are now exceedingly scarce. As regards *Hunted Down*—one of Mr. Morgan's "lots"—there is, perhaps, a certain appropriateness in the manuscript being purchased for America, seeing that it was written for an American periodical at the then record price of £1,000. But the other—*The Battle of Life*—would have found a much more fitting home in this country. It was one of the novelist's Christmas books, although less known than several of his similar efforts. But we must watch the departure across the Atlantic of many literary treasures which we should like to keep with the best grace we can. The vigilance of the American collector is untiring, and when to this is added a very long purse, what wonder is it that he is so successful?

BRANSBY WILLIAMS POST CARDS

ADMIRERS of Mr. Bransby Williams's genius in portraying characters from the works of Dickens should possess themselves of the new series of post cards, picturing twelve of his most notable impersonations, which the Rapid Photo' Printing Co., of Bridgewater Square, E.C., have just issued. They are lifelike studies and excellently produced.

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DICKENSIAN HUMBUGS

By WOODFORD SOWRAY

I. IN GENERAL

IN all the wonderful gallery of character bequeathed to the world by the master for all time, none is more varied and complete, more true to Nature and to poor humanity, than the remarkable series of humbugs and hypocrites which point the moral and, in a literary sense, adorn the tale in nearly all his works. Next to Charles Dickens's love and tenderness for children and his intense sympathy for the poor and destitute, there is nothing more convincing to his readers than his intense hatred and exposure of shams—shams religious, shams political, shams social—every shade and grade of dissimulating humanity, from the pharisaical whine and snuffle of the red-nosed Stiggins, painted in crude strong colours with the ardent detestation of youth for religious pretenders, down to the bombastic platform twaddle of the Rev. Luke Honeythunder and the inflated conceit of Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Mayor of Cloisterham, "the biggest donkey in Christendom." What a gallery of portraits they are!—Stiggins, Squeers, Mantalini, Jingle (a merry humbug this), Pecksniff, Montague Tigg, Carker (hypocrite and villain combined), Chadband, Vholes, Uriah Heep, Littimer, Pumblechook, Podsnap, Silas Wegg, Veneering, the Rev. Luke Honeythunder, Mr. Thomas Sapsea, and others of minor note; also of the fair sex, Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig—humbugs or hypocrites of varying degrees, with divers methods and with divers objects. The feminine hypocrites are few; next to the nurses, perhaps the nearest approach to one is found in the amiable Miss Miggs, but there is neither subtlety nor consistency in her pretences—her shrewish temper and desire to make everybody uncomfortable are always uppermost. There is no oily deceit, she is all gall and vinegar. Again, there is Rosa Dartle; but here we see a woman of fierce passion and revengeful spirit, who cannot conceal her bitter animosity to Little Em'ly. So with others. We see Fanny Squeers, whose charms have made no impression on Nicholas Nickleby, showing her claws and petty feline spite, as might be expected in such sordid surroundings. But there is no mask; not even when she writes that delightful letter to his uncle Ralph, telling how the monster attacked her "poor Pa," and "one of the forms is steepled with his Goar." Why so few feminine hypocrites are limned by the master may be an interesting subject for discussion at Fellowship gatherings.

With this digression let us revert to the contemplation of the hypocrites Dickens drew of the sterner sex. But before I notice them individually, I should like first to place before you a few views from the master's pen of humbug and inconsistency in the mass, in systems, laws, and customs. Nothing in individual portraiture better shows how he abhorred shams and pretences than some of these passages. Remember that Dickens, in his struggle upwards from the blacking factory, with a keen relish for social recreation in his leisure, and his wonderful powers of observation, came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. To bitter personal experience of unjust and

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unequal laws, and to study of human character, its weaknesses, its foibles and conceits, he was presently able to add the valuable experience of studying the elect of the nation—the House of Commons. Here was a field of study indeed—and that he was a diligent student of our legislators of that day none who have read his works can doubt. No sooner had he well gained the public ear than he showed this eager desire to battle with shams. He has not got very far with *Pickwick* (which, recollect, was started as a humorous work depicting the adventures of cockney sportsmen), when he carries Pickwick, Winkle and Co. down to the scenes of his happy boyhood in the Medway valley. They meet jolly old Wardle, and go to Dingley Dell and witness the memorable match of Dingley Dell *v.* All Muggleton. *Muggleton!* an old-fashioned county town. "Ah! here's a chance," thinks the genial but earnest Boz, "to set my readers thinking as well as laughing!" And then, in a few caustic sentences, he describes Muggleton, "the ancient and loyal borough, mingling a zealous advocacy of Christian principles with a devoted attachment to commercial rights, presenting no fewer than 1,420 petitions against the continuance of negro slavery abroad, and an equal number against any interference with the factory system at home; sixty-eight in favour of the sale of livings in the Church, and eighty-six for abolishing Sunday trading in the street."

This is a picture of political humbug in the mass, and it was hardly overdrawn. Again, read the chapter describing the Eatanswill election, with the Hon. Samuel Slumkey shaking hands with the "twenty washed men," and kissing the six children-in-arms. The whole description of the Eatanswill election, told with delightful humour, is a sincere exposition of the humbug, the sham, the corruption of elections to Parliament in the olden days. Later in *Pickwick* he satirises the great and bumptious "unpaid" in Mr. Nupkins, exposes legal humbug by means of Dodson and Fogg and Serjeant Buzfuz, and strikes the first blow for the abolition of the Fleet Prison.

Dickens evidently had a poor opinion of the utility of the Houses of Parliament in his younger days. He is constantly referring to the neglect of the people by their hereditary and elected governors. The squabbles of parties, the wire-pulling, the waste of time in bombastic and inflated oratory, while numberless bad old laws needed reform or wiping out, and social reforms were sorely needed but persistently neglected, whilst Blues came in and Buffs went out—plenty of talk, floods of oratory, little attempted, nothing done. Sometimes he poked fun at pompous, pretentious legislators with genial or whimsical humour; sometimes, stirred by the scenes of misery and neglected child-life he depicted in his tales, he was roused to scathing denunciation of the humbug of such government.

In *Bleak House* he gives us some delightfully humorous passages on the humbug of party government. Turn to Chapter XII., describing the "brilliant and distinguished circle" at Sir Leicester Dedlock's place, Chesney Wold. Among the "brilliant" company there is—

"My Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock, with much gravity after dinner, that he really does not see to what the

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present age is tending. . . . He perceives with astonishment, that supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown, in the formation of a new ministry, would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle—supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost, and gone to pieces (as is made manifest to the patriotism of Sir Leicester Dedlock) because you can't provide for Noodle!

"On the other hand, the Right Honourable William Buffy, M.P., contends across the table with some one else, that the shipwreck of the country—about which there can be no doubt—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into alliance with Fuffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties Juffy, Kuffy, and Luffy, and you would have strengthened your administration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being, as you now are, dependent on the mere caprice of Puffy!

". . . It is perfectly clear to the brilliant and distinguished circle, all round, that nobody is in question but Boodle and his retinue, and Buffy and *his* retinue. These are the great actors for whom the stage is reserved. A people there are, no doubt—a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be occasionally addressed, and relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage; but Boodle and Buffy, their followers and families, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, are the born first-actors, managers, and leaders, and no others can appear upon the scene for ever and ever."

Going on to Chapter XL. of the same work, entitled, "National and Domestic," we find another passage in scathing contempt of this continual intrigue and manœuvre for place and power, pursued by the ruling cliques of that time, this political game of battledoor with the national welfare for shuttlecock. "England," says the author, "has been in a dreadful state for some weeks. Lord Coodle would go out, Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn't come in, and there being nobody in Great Britain (to speak of) except Coodle and Doodle, there has been no Government."

But at last Sir Thomas Doodle consents to "come in," and does "so handsomely, bringing in with him all his nephews, all his cousins, and all his brothers-in-law. So there is hope for the old ship yet."

Students of the master must continually realise how fully he utilised his life experiences from childhood upwards, however brief or casual, in depicting bad conditions and exposing shams and wrongs as well as in

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the mere delineation of character. *Bleak House* offers some of the best instances of this. The views of political life which I have quoted were doubtless formed from what he saw and heard in the Reporters' Gallery, compared with everyday life and the crying necessity for reform in all directions. The woes of the poor crossing-sweeper, the squalor and misery of Tom-all-Alone's and its surroundings, and the wide gulf between these and the empty orations of the well-fed Chadband, were as surely suggested by memories of his most unhappy life in the Hungerford blacking factory. But there was another crying evil, another national scandal which he was determined to attack, and that was the Court of Chancery as then constituted, and the woful condition of legal procedure generally. As shown to the world by means of the famous suit of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, which is the great feature of the book, this ancient institution for guarding right and preventing injustice was a gigantic humbug. We cannot doubt that Dickens was largely moved to attack this colossal imposition, and to throw a vivid light on the widespread misery and poverty resulting (whilst lawyers, glib and smug, of all grades battened and waxed fat at the expense of beggared suitors), by the experience of legal life he gained, short as it was, in his early youth. Read, again, the first chapter of *Bleak House* describing the famous case (bearing in mind that, as the Preface states, "everything set forth in these pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true and within the truth"); read the descriptions of poor little Miss Flite and "the man from Shropshire" and their experience of the Courts of Chancery; then, by way of contrast, study Mr. Conversation Kenge; also that other legal harpy, Mr. Vholes, as depicted in Chapter XXXIX., "Attorney and Client," and finally the ending of the great case, the "monument of Chancery practice," as Kenge puts it, on which Patience has sat a long time (as Allan Woodcourt remarks). Read these, and you will say that here Dickens attacked perhaps the greatest sham of his time—the legal sham—and struck the first blow for one of the greatest reforms of the century.

Once more, we have the scathing denunciation of the ways and methods of Government illustrated forcibly in *Little Dorrit*. Here, again, depicting a Government Department which he happily calls the Circumlocution Office, he forcibly and without exaggeration shows us the machinery of Government in a state of hopeless helplessness, incompetent officials bound hand and foot by musty precedents, ancient routine, and dignified but useless formalities, familiar to us all to this day under the term of *red tape*. All Dickensians know well the famous chapter, "How not to do it," in which the master gave us so effective a picture of these evils, and the manners of the well-paid irresponsibles who did not do it, and could not do it, and probably did not know what had to be done. These, under the name of the "Tite Barnacles," have been pictured for us for all time. It is true that in fifty years since *Little Dorrit* was written much improvement has been effected in the Civil Service, the greatest reform being the introduction, in 1870, of open competition for posts of every grade in the Government service (except in the Foreign Office), from boy sorters in the Post Office to superior clerkships at the Treasury. While, however, it is an

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ever-recurring complaint that red-tape methods and circumlocution still flourish in many Government Departments, I am decidedly of opinion that these are sometimes actually created or increased by Parliament itself. In other cases these evils are due to shrewd officials seeking to "magnify their department" with a view to their own betterment, and "thereout suck they no small advantage." On the whole, we recognise that in the service of the Crown, as in Parliament itself, and, as in legal matters, Chancery procedure, the fitness of magistrates, imprisonment for debt, workhouses, poor law, hospital nurses, the administration of charities, factory legislation, education and social conditions generally, in which sham, humbug, imposition—moral fraud—flourished unchecked, the magic pen of Charles Dickens was the source and inspiration of much of the good that has since been achieved, and of the efforts that are yet being made for the betterment of our race and nation. I confess that in my younger days I have, on reading passages from the works such as those quoted, felt that we all, Government and people, are the most stupendous humbugs as a nation that a far-seeing Providence has ever made powerful and great; but again I reflect that, as Dickens once said, we are all merely human. Reading the works now, we can realise how much has been done since they were written; also that the social reformer has, and always will have, an uphill battle to fight. He will always encounter Hypocrisy, Self-Interest, Ignorance, and Prejudice, Calumny, Jealousy, and Intrigue, with Corruption (of sorts) striving to outflank him on either hand, and Sloth and "Don't Care" as dangerous as any, hanging in the rear. Charles Dickens encountered all these, and triumphed over them, and the good work he did for the people will carry his name down through the ages to countless millions with grateful, well-earned benedictions.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

V

GENIUS and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
New writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old
In gentle Goldsmith's life I here unfold;
Thro' other than lone wild or desert gloom,
In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold,
O friend with heart as gentle for distress,
As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind
The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded misery
In garret toil and London loneliness
Than in cruel islands mid the far-off sea.

March, 1848. JOHN FORSTER.

Dedication to his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith."

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FORSTER'S HOUSE AND ITS THREATENED DEMOLITION

THE demolitions on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields have turned the attention of the curious in these matters to a house of the greatest literary and historic interest. We refer, of course, to the house John Forster occupied in the thirties, forties, and fifties. He moved into his chambers there when he was twenty-two years of age, and just before he published his *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth.* Sir Leslie Stephen and others have improved our notions of biography since Forster's day, but no one has made the art more popular. He was living there when he flirted with the sentimental "L. E. L.," when he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and when he succeeded Dickens as editor of the *Daily News.* It was there that he laid the foundation of his library of eighteen thousand volumes and his collection of pictures, both of which he bequeathed to the nation; and it was there also that he first earned fame as the "harbitrary gent" he undoubtedly was. What is more interesting still, it was in this house that he used to entertain the novelist on some of his visits to town after Dickens had shaken its dust from his feet; and "Boz" has left us in his letters a pleasant glimpse of his running up to town from Broadstairs to dine at friend Forster's, and read to an admiring circle of cronies the manuscript of a certain immortal story called *The Chimes.*

The house is pretty grimy now. It has a dash of portentous picturesqueness as you approach it through the public gardens in front, and though it is topped by an ugly telephone staff and the roof of a big electric generating station at the back, it retains something of the old stateliness that made it a fitting home for a burly biographer. There are two houses, with a joint porch, and Forster's was the one on the right. A ritualist, looking at the six tall pilasters up the front might compare them to the six candles on the high altar of some dim old Roman cathedral; but there all church comparisons would end. The place has not improved since it became the lair of lawyers and accountants, and the "fore-shortened allegory" that used to adorn the first-floor ceiling has been hacked about and smudged over with lime. It was in this room, to quote "Boz" himself, that you might once hear "a sound at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wineglasses." Dickens also made the house serve for old Tulkinghorn's chambers, and it suits the character nowadays more than ever, for it has the loftiness of Dombey senior and the grimness of that unsavoury prototype of Bunthorne, Arthur Gride. There is a good photograph of the premises in the late F. G. Kitton's book on *The Dickens Country*, and brief as that book is in detail, it is likely long to hold a place as the best guide to those parts of town that the novelist touched. Fortunately, the scheme of alterations for the new thoroughfare of Kingsway and its tributaries does not touch John Forster's house, so the famous landmark seems pretty safe for some years yet.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

May 1.—"Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month."—*Pickwick Papers.*

May 2.—"No man who can read ever looks at a book, even unopened on a shelf, like one who cannot."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

May 3.—"It is to little familiar things, suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement."—*In Memoriam—W. M. Thackeray.*

May 4.—"What on earth is the use of giving a man coals who has nothing to cook, or giving him blankets when he hasn't a bed, or giving him soup when he requires substantial food?"—*Sketches by Boz.*

May 5.—"Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

May 6.—"Painters always make ladies out prettier than they are, or they wouldn't get any custom."—*Oliver Twist*—Mr. Bedwin.

May 7.—"A man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him."—*David Copperfield.*

May 8.—"When a man says he's willin', it's as much as to say that man's a waitin' for a answer."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Barkis.

May 9.—"I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers."—*Bleak House*—Mr. Jarndyce.

May 10.—"It will be generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

May 11.—"My experience teaches me that most of the people I know would do far better to leave marriage alone. It is at the bottom of three-fourths of their troubles."—*Bleak House*—Mr. Tulkinghorn.

May 12.—It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to contemplate the mask he wears."—*American Notes.*

May 13.—"You women are so kind, and in your kindness have such wise perception; you know so well how to be affectionate and full of solicitude without appearing to be; your gentleness of feeling is like your touch—so light and easy that the one enables you to deal with wounds of the mind as tenderly as the other enables you to deal with wounds of the body."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Tom Pinch.

May 14.—"The changes of a fevered room are slow and fluctuating, but the changes of the fevered world are rapid and irrevocable."—*Little Dorrit.*

May 15.—"Half the misery and hypocrisy of the Christian world arises (as I take it) from a stubborn determination to refuse the New Testament as a sufficient guide in itself, and to force the Old Testament into alliance with it, whereof come all manner of camel-swallowing and of gnat-straining."—Letter to Mr. Frank Stone.

May 16.—"In the majority of cases conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching, and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

May 17.—"What a blessed thing it is—living in a wale—to be contented!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mrs. Gamp.

May 18.—"Breakings-up are capital things in our schooldays, but in after life they are painful enough."—*Pickwick Papers.*

May 19.—"Go in and win—an admirable thing to recommend, if you only know how to do it."—*Pickwick Papers.*

May 20.—"Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There's no better rule."—*Great Expectations*—Mr. Jaggers.

May 21.—"The affections may not be so easily wounded as the passions, but their hurts are deeper, and more lasting."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

May 22.—"Mature affection, homage, devotion, does not easily express itself. Its voice is low. It is modest and retiring, it lies in ambush, waits and waits."—*David Copperfield*—Miss Lavinia Spenlow.

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May 23.—"Argeyment is a gift of Natur. If Natur has gifted a man with powers of argeyment, a man has a right to make the best of 'em, and he has not a right to stand on false delicacy, and deny that he is so gifted; for that is a turning of his back on Natur, a flouting of her, a slighting of her precious caskets, and a proving of one's self to be a swine that isn't worth her scattering pearls before."—*Barnaby Rudge*—John Willet.

May 24.—"It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

May 25.—"We never know the full value of blessings till we lose them."—*Diary.*

May 26.—"It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's."—*A Christmas Carol*—Scrooge.

May 27.—"It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration."—*American Notes.*

May 28.—"The children that we were are not lost to the great knowledge of our Creator. Those innocent creatures will appear with us before Him, and plead for us."—*The Wreck of the "Golden Mary."*

May 29.—"If there were no such thing as display in the world, my private opinion is . . . that we might get on a great deal better than we do, and might be infinitely more agreeable company than we are."—*The Battle of Life.*

May 30.—"Even the glare and glitter of a court, the splendour of a palace, and the pomp and glory of a throne, yield in their power of conferring happiness to domestic worth and virtue."—Conclusion to *Sketches of Young Couples.*

May 31.—"The drinking should have begun in sorrow, or poverty, or ignorance—the three things in which, in its awful aspect, it does begin."—Letter to John Forster (criticism of George Cruikshank's "Bottle").

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

May 1. Portsmouth Branch: Concert arranged by Miss Blackmore.
,, 3. Shrewsbury Branch: Closing Meeting of the Session.
,, 4. West London Branch: Conversazione at St. Stephen's Church House, Bloemfontein Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., at 8 p.m.
,, 6. Needlework and Charitable Guild: Social Gathering at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C., at 7 p.m. Musical Programme and Dancing.
,, 6. Edinburgh Branch: Conversazione.
,, 10. Liverpool Branch: Monthly Meeting.
,, 10. Durban Pickwick Club: Musical and Literary Evening.
,, 12. Brixton Branch: Conversazione.
,, 13. Visit to Staple Inn. Conducted by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold.
,, 17. Durban Pickwick Club: Papers on "Wilkins Micawber," by Mr. S. Churchyard, and on "Tony Weller," by Mr. L. Eweling.
,, 17. Brighton Branch: Conversazione at Steine House.
,, 24. Needlework and Charitable Guild: Meeting at St. Bride's Institute, 7 p.m.
,, 31. Liverpool Branch: Meeting at Common Hall, Hackins Hey. Address by Dr. Edgar Brown.

PICKWICK PICKINGS.*

THIS little work will form an interesting addition to collections of Dickensiana or Pickwickiana, but it would be difficult to know on what other grounds to recommend it. It consists of a quotation from *Pickwick* for every day in the year. A *Pickwick* birthday-book would be interesting, but in this case the compiler does not seem to have exercised much ingenuity in selecting the quotations. In too many there is no "point."

* *Daily Pickings from Pickwick.* Compiled and arranged by Florence Dalgleish. London: John Long.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

OUR closing meeting of the season—the third annual conversazione—which was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., on April 5th, was a splendid success. The gathering numbered between 300 and 400, the musical programme was excellent, and everything went off as well as possible. The songs by Miss Cissie Rose, Mr. Richard Nitschke, and Mr. Howard Poole were delightfully rendered, and were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. George Schneider pleased and amused the audience with a couple of humorous songs. Miss Margaret Gyde, A.R.A.M., played two pianoforte solos with all her admirable skill. Mr. John Tosceine gave a splendid recital of the story of "Richard Doubledick"; and Miss Jessie Pearse and Mr. Howard Rose both gained hearty applause for their recitals, "Sydney Carton" and "The Marchioness" respectively. Mr. Fred Courtenay admirably carried out the duties of accompanist. Mr. James E. Palmer was in the chair. During the evening Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester branch, conveyed to the members present the good wishes of their Fellow-Dickensians in the North. Intervals were provided for refreshments.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE chief item of interest to record is the "Old Folks' Tea" given at Stamford Hill on the 29th April, which was a great success in every way. The old people were gathered from the surrounding neighbourhood irrespective of denomination. There was an abundant supply of good food provided, including beef, bread and butter, cake, and as much tea as was required. A paper bag was provided for each guest to take away what they were unable to eat, and many were so utilised. After tea the flowers which had decorated the tables were distributed among the guests, who then settled down to enjoy the entertainment provided, during which the men smoked cigarettes and tobacco supplied by some members of the council who were present as helpers.

Mr. Sidney Marriott acted as chairman; and amongst those who provided the entertainment were—Messrs. H. Rose, R. Allbut, B. W. Matz, G. Brown, G. Feistal, and Miss F. Nicholls. Miss Blake and Mr. H. V. Miniken acted as accompanists. The Rev. J. Lenthal Davids, Vicar of St. John's, who so generously placed the hall at the disposal of the Guild, addressed the guests, and called for a vote of thanks, which was heartily responded to.

Those old folk who were unable to attend through illness or other causes had their share of food sent to their homes, and all the men were presented by Miss Elliott with a packet of tobacco on leaving.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

ABOUT one hundred and fifty members of the Sheffield branch assembled at the Cutlers' Hall on April 14th, and participated in a most enjoyable evening. Mr. R. W. Dodsworth presided. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. W. Padmore, gave a capital report of his visit to Chigwell and the Fellowship's headquarters. Recitals were given by Mr. C. R. Smith, "Lady Dedlock's visit to the Cemetery with Jo"; by Miss H. Roberts, "Belinda's Letter"; by Mr. T. W. Padmore, "Mr. Weller's visit to Brick Lane"; and by Miss Carr, "The Death of Sydney Carton." Mr. T. W. Padmore also gave a reading of "Bob Sawyer's Party."

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ROCHESTER BRANCH

THE annual meeting of the above branch took place on April 20th at the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, under the presidency of the Deputy-Mayor (Alderman W. J. McLellan). The report read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. F. Cobb, showed that the prosperity of the branch had been well maintained, and that there are now 134 members, nearly double the number on the books at the commencement of the session. Eighty trees had been planted on the road to Gadshill Place, at a cost of £31 15*s.* 6*d.* to the Dickens Memorial Tree Fund. Alderman McLellan was elected President of the branch in succession to the late Dean Hole. At the conclusion of the business portion of the proceedings Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary of the Fellowship, read a paper on "Dickens, the Glorified Reporter," which was exceedingly interesting. Mr. Ley referred to the "heretics" and "critics" of Dickens, and remarked that their attitude towards Dickens seemed to resemble that which the fox assumed towards the grapes. He then dealt at length with the criticisms of the novelist which had appeared during the recent discussion in the *Brighton Herald.* Giving way to none as a lover of Dickens, he admitted that the great novelist did lack powers of construction. He argued, too, that Dickens's humour was often farce and caricature, but submitted that farce and caricature were legitimate forms of art. He admitted that much of Dickens's pathos was unsuccessful, because of a palpable striving after effect, but pointed out that this arose from the very sincerity and earnestness of the author. And admitting all these things, he asked what it was that still made Dickens the world's most popular novelist, finding the answer, of course, in the fact that in all his books was to be found the noblest of all lessons nobly taught—"Love thy neighbour as thyself."

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT BRANCH

MR. ROLLAND TAYLOR, a local enthusiast, gave an admirable rendering of "The Schoolboy's Story" on Friday, April 7th, and Miss Bocker, a reading of "The Boots at the 'Holly Tree.'" Owing to the absence of several speakers the discussion was somewhat short. Mr. S. B. Askew presided.

The Annual Social was held on Friday evening, April 8th, at 7.30 p.m., at Rodway's Restaurant, Horsefair. Mr. A. Capel Shaw (President), ably supported by Mrs. and Miss Shaw, received the guests, which included members and friends. The friends were requested to come wearing some device or token symbolic of a Dickensian title or character, and a prize was given to the best device. The scheme was most successful, and the ingenuity of the badges were admirable. The prizes were awarded to Mrs. Yoxall—who wore suspended by a ribbon a miniature loaf, a ginger-beer bottle, and a little Inn=*Eatanswill Independent*—and Mr. Martin, *Nicholas Nickleby* (Nickel ASS, Nickel BEE—a very good representation of the ass and bee in nickel). The programme also included music and refreshments; excellent songs were rendered by Miss Alice Low. The meeting ends the present session.

SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH

AN appreciative audience attended the concluding meeting of the season of the above branch held on April 12th, the President of the branch, Dr. A. Graham, occupying the chair. The entertainment was of a high-class character, the musical portion being exceptionally good. Mr. J. R. Smith, in a short address, drew attention to the good work which had been accomplished through the writings of Dickens, and made mention of the many phases of his works. Reference was made to the efforts of Miss Moody (Hon. Secretary) in connection with the local branch, and a presentation of an *edition de luxe* of Langton's *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens* was made to her by Mr. J. R. Smith, Vice-President.

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FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE third and last meeting of the session of the above branch was held at the Forest Gate Public Hall, on Wednesday, April 19th, when the Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear a selection of recitals from the works of Dickens, by Mr. John Toscenie.

The Chairman, in introducing Mr. Toscenie, paid a warm and glowing tribute to the power and influence of the master, assuring the audience that the pleasure they were looking forward to that evening was as nothing compared to the continual pleasure and profit they could derive from the reading of a chapter from any of his works to their families by their own fireside; and he rejoiced to think that Charles Dickens was a great moral teacher whose wholesome influence was counteracting in no small measure the evil effects that were wrought by the reading of so much cheap and trashy literature that unfortunately was so prevalent at the present day.

Mr. Toscenie met with a most flattering reception, and from beginning to end held the audience spell-bound. The following was the programme: "Our Next-Door Neighbours," "The Goblins who Stole a Sexton," "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," "A Child's Dream of a Star," "Miggs and the 'Prentice Knight," and "Dr. Marigold."

Arrangements are already in hand for an outing to the Maypole at Chigwell, on Thursday, June 15th, when it is hoped that many Dickensians will join the Forest Gate branch on that day, further particulars of which will be announced in *Household Words*.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THE Lesser Colston Hall was crowded on April 3rd, on the occasion of the annual musical and dramatic performance by the members of the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society. The chief feature of the evening was a presentation of the famous "Bardell *v.* Pickwick Trial," from *Pickwick Papers*, but the "case" was preceded with a number of miscellaneous items. "Mr. Bumble's Courtship," from *Oliver Twist*, was recited in capital style by Mr. Theo. Jones. On the whole, "the trial" was very creditably produced. The costumes and the mannerisms of all "in court" were as realistic as the circumstances justified, or one could expect to witness. The characters were represented as follows:—Serjeant Buzfuz, Mr. G. Rennie Powell; Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, Mr. C. Andrews; Sam Weller, Mr. Fred Down; Serjeant Snubbins, Mr. S. Harvey; Mr. Skimpin and Mr. Phunky, Mr. Theo. Jones and Mr. W. H. Chidgey respectively; Mr. Justice Stareleigh; Mr. A. J. Tonkin; Miss Elizabeth Cluppins and Mrs. Susannah Sanders were respectively Mrs. A. J. Tonkin and Miss Bruford; Mrs. Bardell, Mr. S. Button; Mr. Pickwick, Mr. C. W. Birth; Mr. Tony Weller, Mr. F. J. Giddings; Mr. Perker, Mr. F. T. Tonkin; Foreman of the Jury, Mr. E. R. Wilkinson; the chemist, a juryman, Mr. G. F. Butler; and Master Tommy Bardell, Master A. G. W. Tonkin. During the interval the President of the Society, the Rev. A. N. Blatchford, made a few remarks, commending the object of the Society and of the entertainment, which was to provide funds for the "Guild of Poor Things."

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

THE last meeting of the session took the form of a social gathering, held on 27th April at the Queen's Hotel, at which 150 members and friends were present. Mr. Harry Furniss, the President, presided, and delivered a spirited and interesting address. He dealt with the work the Fellowship was doing, and said it was what "Charles Dickens would have liked those who loved him to do, to do good to others."

An interesting programme was carried out, including very fine recitations by Miss Freda Allison, Dickens impersonations by Mr. Scotcher, an excellent little sketch by Mrs. A. Cruttenden, and a reading by Miss Elworthy.

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PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE ante-penultimate concert took place on Monday, April 10th, at the Albert Hall. The progamme was arranged by Mrs. Bothwell Barron, and comprised some of the best professional and amateur talent in Portsmouth. It opened with a pianoforte solo, "Scotch Airs," by Mr. R. H. Turner, M.A., Madame Sara Anderson did justice to the expressive ballad by Barnby, "When the tide comes in," and her voice sweetly blended with that of her daughter in the duet, "The Land of Yesterday." Miss Violet Anderson also sang "Song of the Morning"; and Mrs. G. W. Allen's items—"Idle Words" and "The Kerry Dance"—met with prolonged applause. Messrs. Guard and Wassell took part in the well-known duet, "Love and War," and their solos met with much favour. Charming violin solos were given by Miss Winifred Gourd. The recitations by Mr. Washington Allen fairly brought down the house. The impersonation of the characters in the scene from *The School for Scandal* was particularly clever.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

THE annual meeting was held on Friday, April 7th, under the presidency of Mr. W. H. Vaughan, Chairman of the Council. The annual report, submitted by Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Hon. Secretary, showed that there had been an addition of thirty new members. Sir W. H. Bailey was re-elected President. The Vice-Presidents, Council, Hon. Secretary, and Hon. Treasurer were also re-appointed. Refreshments were served during the evening, and, after the formal business had been disposed of, an interesting programme of music and recitations was gone through. Mrs. Clay recited in excellent style, "Mr. Bumble's Courtship," and Mr. John Duxbury gave extracts from *The Chimes* and *The Bells*. He also contributed a delightful character sketch entitled "Old Farmer Grey." This meeting brought a very successful session to a close.

Mr. Duxbury, who is a member of this branch, is proceeding to the United States and Canada to give a series of elocutionary recitals during the early summer. We have no doubt he will be cordially welcomed by Dickensians on the other side of the Atlantic.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT appeared for the second time this season on the platform at the Working Men's Hall, Shrewsbury, on April 12th, and received a most enthusiastic welcome. The recital was under the patronage of the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hearn, and the whole of the profits from this and the previous recital will be devoted towards supplying food and an outing for as many of the poorest children of the town as the funds will allow. Mr. Speaight found ample scope for his great elocutionary and dramatic powers in a recital, in six chapters, from *David Copperfield*. He also caused intense amusement by reciting, at the close of the evening, "Mr. Winkle's Misadventures at Bath," from the *Pickwick Papers*.

YORK BRANCH

THE members of the Priory Street Y.M.C. Choir on April 11th gave a concert in the Peckitt Street Schoolroom in aid of the funds of the above branch. Councillor T. Anderson occupied the chair. An interesting programme was submitted, including part-songs, solos, and recitations.

CHESTERFIELD BRANCH

ANOTHER branch is in course of formation at Chesterfield. Mrs. E. Barnes, Devonshire Villa, Avondale Road, Chesterfield, is actively interesting herself in the movement.

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BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

A DRAMATIC performance in aid of the funds of this branch was given on March 25th, in the Lewisham Parish Church Hall, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Hearne, when Merrivale and Grove's three-act play, *Forget-me-not*, was produced before a large and appreciative audience. Mr. John Duggan was stage-manager, and Miss May Cole a most efficient accompanist.

The annual conversazione which preceded the last of the monthly meetings held by this branch during the session, was held at the Obelisk Hall, Lewisham, on April 14th. The Mayor of Lewisham (Councillor T. White, J.P.) presided, and contributed a recitation. Vocal and instrumental music and recitals were also contributed by Mrs. Foster, Miss May Cole, Miss Frances Innocent, Miss Edith Sayers, Miss Dorothy Mace, Mr. Fred. Courtenay, Mr. W. Curd, Mr. W. V. Wheller, Mr. John Duggan, Mr. Alfred Hearne, Mr. Herbert Palmer, and Mr. James E. Palmer. Refreshments were served during the evening. Major E. F. Coates, M.P., J.P., has been elected President of the branch, in place of Alderman W. Brown, J.P., who is leaving the district for Brighton on account of ill-health.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE fortnightly meeting of the above branch was held on April 6th, Mr. O. W. Gunn, Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. O. Lindsay, having unavoidably to postpone his paper on "Jo" (*Bleak House*), the President, the Rev. James Stevenson, M.A., gave a lecture entitled "In Far Lochaber," in which he vividly described that wild, romantic, and lovely region. Selections of Jacobite and Highland music were given by Miss M. Young and Miss J. J. Stevenson.

At the meeting of the above branch held on Thursday evening, April 20th, at 5, St. Andrew's Square, a paper was read by Miss I. M. Pagan on "Thoughts on the Dramatic Element in Dickens." Owing to the Easter holidays the attendance of members was not so large as usual, but those who were present had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting and enjoyable paper. Miss Pagan, who has adapted many of the great novelist's novels for stage representation, gave a critical survey of those works in their relation to the stage, and their fitness for such adaptation.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

THERE was a good muster of members at the meeting of this branch on April 12th, at Steine House. Mr. W. Adams presided. Miss H. Lloyd opened with a song, and Mr. F. W. Parks followed with a reading from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, dealing with the dinner-party at Todger's. During the evening Mr. F. J. Gauntlett gave, in his finished style, "The Death of Dora," and that matchless scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, where Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig fall out. The Rev. George Plumb appeared before the branch for the first time, and was highly successful with two readings, "Sam Weller's Valentine" and "Fagin in the Condemned Cell." Mr. G. H. Fowler assisted Miss Lloyd to diversify the programme with songs. The session will wind up with a conversazione at Steine House, on May 17th.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

A MEETING was held in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, on March 29th, under the chairmanship of Mr. C. P. Mitchell, when a most absorbing and instructive lecture, illustrated by excellent ancient and modern limelight views, on "Shakespeare and his Times," was contributed by Mr. W. R. Yardley. The lecturer is an enthusiastic worshipper of the immortal bard, and discussed the Baconian theory with almost scornful impatience. An interesting discussion, contributed to by Messrs. Gordon, Brown, Jaggard, Wallace, and others, brought the proceedings to a close.

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BRIXTON BRANCH

ON Thursday, April 13th, a sale of work took place at the Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, under the auspices of the ladies of the Needlework Guild. The Rev. A. Thurston Pain opened the sale, making a few appropriate remarks relative to the benevolent work of the Fellowship. A busy time ensued in the disposal of stock-in-trade, useful and ornamental. Miss Annie Cooper presided at the piano, and several songs were admirably rendered during the evening by Miss Ettie Critchley, Miss Knight, Miss Coutts and sister, Miss M. Grinyer, and Mr. E. Tate. Excellent recitations were also given by Mr. H. Grinyer and Mr. J. Skeen.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

DURING the month of March two very interesting and instructive meetings were held. On the 14th members read papers on "Famous Characters from Dickens"; Mr. H. R. Eade, Miss Dent, Mr. Bagshawe, Mrs. King, Mr. J. F. Gascoigne, and Mr. Overett ably contributing. Characters from *Great Expectations*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge* were dealt with, and graphic descriptions and opinions were given upon "Lovely Women of Dickens," Mr. Pickwick, and Sydney Carton.

On March 28th the Rev. S. G. Chambers favoured us with an extremely good lecture on "Dickens as a Reformer, Moral and Educational." The lecturer said that Dickens was a reformer of the quiet, yet powerful, kind. He did not set out to promulgate new principles, or spread abroad treatises and text-books. He showed up the moral and educational defects of his day in all their natural hideousness in order to arouse sympathy, which he certainly did, and thus laid the foundation sure and strong for a true reformation. Dickens's method was to attain the right by exposure of the wrong, and a creating of a sympathy in the hearts of men and women. It was a noble work, and was well done.

NEW YORK BRANCH

AT a public meeting held on April 1st a New York branch was successfully started. Forty members were enrolled, and it is confidently anticipated that this number will be increased to one hundred before the end of the month. The following officers were elected: Philip Verril Mighels, President; Emerson McMillin, Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, Frederick Taber Cooper, Miss Carolyn Wells, Champ S. Andrews, and Mrs. Clarence Burns, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. M. E. Ney, Secretary; and Miss Grace Furniss, Treasurer.

MANHATTAN (NEW YORK) BRANCH

THE first meeting of the Manhattan Branch was held on April 4th at the Hotel Astor. Mr. E. H. Crossby presided. The other speakers were Mr. C. F. Adams and Mr. C. A. Govan. Dr. L. G. Wilder, Mr. C. A. Govan, Mr. S. C. Coale, and Mr. C. F. Adams were elected members of a committee to draw up a constitution and suggest the names of persons suitable to hold office. The following officers were elected *pro tem.*: Mr. C. R. Keen, President; Mrs. C. O. H. Craigie, Secretary; and Mr. A. E. Squire, Treasurer. About one hundred persons were present.

WELLINGTON (NEW ZEALAND) BRANCH

A NEW branch of the Fellowship is being formed in Wellington (New Zealand), with Mr. Charles Wilson, the Government Library, Wellington, New Zealand, as Secretary.

TORONTO BRANCH

A MOVEMENT to form a second Canadian branch has commenced, with Mr. E. S. Williamson, 17, Maynard Avenue, Toronto, as Secretary.

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A LANTERN LECTURE ON BOZ

A MOST informative and interesting lecture was given by Mr. J. H. K. Todd, a member of the Fellowship, at the Camera Club, on March 27th. Mr. Todd gave his discourse the title of "Charles Dickens," and dealt with the many phases of the life and works of the novelist and scenes in the novels. An additional attraction was given to the lecture by a number of most excellent lantern slides of portraits, houses, scenes, and other pictures. Mr. Arthur Broughton during the evening impersonated Dickens's characters.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Old Rochester, No. 18 (illustrated guide to Dickensian Rochester, with plan). By Edwin Harris. Illustrated. 16 pp. Rochester: E. Harris and Sons. One penny.

A Tale of Two Cities. In Nelson's Sixpenny Classics. Cloth. London Nelson and Sons.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens's Method of Characterisation." By E. M. Heagan. *Young Journalist and Author*, April.

"The Six most Popular Characters in Dickens." Competition. *Household Words*, April 1st, 7th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th.

"Charles Dickens." By J. W. T. Ley. *Household Words*, April 22nd.

"Autograph Hunter's Trick: Charles Dickens Hoodwinked." *Household Words*, April 22nd.

"The Cheeryble Brothers: A Notable Revenge." *Household Words*, April 15th.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood." By George F. Gadd. Illustrated. *Manchester Quarterly*, April.

"Statuette of Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald. Illustration of. *Tatler*, April 19th.

"Hans Christian Andersen." By Arthur L. Salmon (with account of his visit to Dickens). *Great Thoughts*, April 8th.

References to same subject in *Evening News*, April 3rd; *Globe*, April 1st; *Academy*, April 1st.

"My Favourite Novel." By Albert W. Quill, M.A. (dealing chiefly with Dickens). *Dublin Daily Express*, April 7th.

The Lady Literary Society. Competition VI.: "Questions from Charles Dickens's Novels." *The Lady*, April 13th.

"The Great Shawkspear Mystery." By G. K. Chesterton (Dickens as a parallel). *Daily News*, April 15th.

"Dickens and Wilkie Collins." By Walter Jerrold. *Notes and Queries*, April 8th.

"Dickens's Fat Boy." *Manchester Guardian*, April 1st.

"Bumble as a Spendthrift." *Daily Mirror*, April 18th.

"The Sense of Humour." By R. Y. Tyrrell (in Dickens and others). *Academy*, April 15th.

"Gravestones in Cooling Churchyard." Illustrated in *Sphere*, April 29th.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

The Last Letter of Charles Dickens, written to Charles Kent, Wednesday, 8th June, 1870. London: Matthews and Mullins.

Dickens Series. Quotations. Illustrated. Packet of six. London: Philco Publishing Co.

Mr. Bransby Williams, in characters from Dickens's novels. A series of twelve cards, *2d.* each. London: Rapid Photo' Printing Co.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

BRANCHES AND WINTER PROGRAMMES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I was very pleased indeed to see a letter from our worthy Secretary in the February issue of the *Dickensian* soliciting information with regard to the working of the various branches of the Fellowship, and inviting suggestions for the future working of those branches.

It is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, for since we have formed "a common bond of friendship" having the same ideals and objects in view, nothing can be more interesting to all of us than a knowledge of how the branches of the Fellowship are conducted, and I sincerely trust that this good feeling will be continued and strengthened through the happy medium of the official organ of the Fellowship—the *Dickensian.*

As Mr. Yoxall truly says, concerning the working of our own particular branch, "the arrangement does not altogether meet the requirements of all our members." This, it must be distinctly understood, is due, not to any antagonistic spirit on the part of any particular member or members, but rather to the fact that some are of opinion that there is room for improvement in the working system upon which the branch is at present conducted. No doubt there are members of other branches who hold similar opinions, and it is with the object of encouraging a general discussion on any suggestions that may be brought forward by members that our Secretary has consulted the medium of the *Dickensian.*

In the first place, it appears to be generally admitted that twenty minutes (the allotted time, Rule iv.) is not reasonably sufficient for the reading of a paper. It does not allow for a proper sifting of a given subject, and often papers either appear disjointed or terminate abruptly, owing to a forced condensing put upon the lecturer. Could not this be remedied by extending the time from *twenty* to *forty* minutes for the reading of papers? To my mind it seems only reasonable and fair that sufficient time should be allowed those members who are willing to give the necessary time and pains to the preparations of papers, in order that they may be in a position to discourse somewhat thoroughly upon their chosen subjects.

Another question upon which there appears to be some diversity of opinion is whether or not there should be more than *one* paper for each meeting. In this connection I am of opinion that one is sufficient, and that if to the name of the lecturer of a given paper there be appended the name of a person who is willing to criticise that paper it would be most beneficial all round, for not only would the lecturer have sufficent time to discourse upon his subject, but criticism of the same would be ensured.

Further, it is thought that meeting only once a month is not frequent enough. On the one hand, those who are deeply interested in the Fellowship have an inclination for meeting either weekly or fortnightly, while, on the other hand, those who are not so particularly interested are apt to become indifferent as to whether or not they attend the monthly meetings. Under these circumstances would it not be well to adopt the suggestion, say, for a bi-weekly meeting? I cannot illustrate this point better than by stating that, owing to some unfortunate circumstance which presented itself at the last moment and over which we had no control, we were obliged to abandon altogether our birthday celebration, thus causing a lapse of two whole months between two meetings. Considering that there are only about eight meetings in all (two of which are generally social), it is obvious that such a lapse as that above mentioned is detrimental to the best interests of the Fellowship. I remain, sir, yours very faithfully,

HORACE E. MOORE.

138, CHURCH HILL ROAD, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM,
25th April, 1905.

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FROM A DRAWING BY W. BOUCHER WHICH APPEARED IN "JUDY," 22 JUNE, 1870

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. JUNE, 1905. No. 6.

WHEN FOUND——

THE ninth of this month will be the thirty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dickens, and in our present number will be found much to remind readers of the fact, if that were necessary. His death came as a national calamity to the whole of the English-speaking race, and inspired hundreds of articles of eulogy in the newspapers and magazines. Looking through some of these to-day, it is astonishing how faithfully they reflect the current estimate of the great man's genius. There is scarcely an instance where the flight of time would have made it necessary to temper the expressed opinion or view with any qualification. Dickens's books were appreciated and admired at he time of his death for the very reasons that they are admired and appreciated to-day, and will continue to be. There have been several plebiscites taken by librarians and others recently as to who is the most popular writer to-day. As will be seen on another page, Dickens is still the favourite.

* * *

From the huge mass of articles we reprint the one from the *Spectator* of June 11th, 1870. The writer's statement that Dickens was the greatest humorist which England ever produced, not excepting even Shakespeare himself, created no little astonishment at the time, and was challenged in more than one contemporary journal. It brought forth a letter from J. Hain Friswell, which we also reprint. Mr. Friswell was so proud of his letter that he printed it at the end of an article on Dickens, which formed one of a series in a book called *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*, together with an extract from an American paper, which was in execrable taste. The book had a short life, as Sala brought an action for libel against its author, and it was suppressed.

* * *

In connection with the celebration of the diamond jubilee of the Ragged School Union, held last month, it is interesting to note that it was at the instigation of Baroness Burdett-Coutts that Charles Dickens made inquiries into the working of the first ragged schools, nearly sixty-two years ago. In a letter to the late S. R. Starey, one of the founders, he suggested certain principles, which may be taken as those on which the Society was founded. Briefly they were sympathy with the children of the slums, godliness on broad elemental lines, and cleanliness in the widest sense. The Baroness, who happily is still with us, has continued her active interest in the Society all through.

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Readers, by the way, will remember that it was to the Baroness (then Miss) Burdett-Coutts that Dickens dedicated *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was appearing in parts at the time.

* * *

The picture forming the frontispiece to the present issue is from a drawing by W. Boucher, which appeared in *Judy* on June 22nd, 1870. It is undoubtedly one of the best of the scores of similar memorial pictures which filled the papers at the time. The illustration appearing on page 147 is one of those memorial portraits then fashionable. On page 157 is a reproduction, from a photograph, of the room in the châlet in which Dickens did his writing. It was taken by Edward Banes, two days after Dickens's death, by request of the family. The original is now in the possession of the Forest Gate branch of the Fellowship, and was presented to it by Major G. E. Banes, M.P., on becoming a Vice-President of the branch. While a boy at Chatham and Rochester, Major Banes knew Dickens and many of his companions, and the photo is one of many mementos which he possesses of "the great master," as he calls him.

* * *

There seems to be an impression among some members of the Fellowship that *The Dickensian* has superseded *Household Words* as the official organ of the Society, and several members have written to Mr. Ley asking how they are to obtain information as to summer outings, etc., and complaining that no notice of such functions has appeared in *The Dickensian*. In view of this evident misunderstanding, it may be well to point out that *Household Words* is still the weekly organ of the Fellowship, and that if members desire to keep in touch with the Society's doings, it is essential that they shall subscribe to that paper. For instance, on June 3rd there is an outing to Hampstead, and even if *The Dickensian* appeared on June 1st, this would be too short a notice. A weekly organ is indispensable, and it cannot be too strongly urged upon members that it is desirable that they should regularly subscribe to *Household Words*.

* * *

Last month we recorded the fact that the manuscript of *The Battle of Life* had been purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Now information comes from New York that the manuscript of *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* has been sold in that city for £1,060, the purchaser being Mr. George D. Smith.

* * *

Our cover design this month is that of *Dombey and Son*, used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts. It is one of "Phiz's" most delightful pieces of work in this direction in every way. It is so full of humour, character, and whimsicality as to be well worth pondering over and studying.

* * *

Owing to pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over two interesting letters on Mr. Harper's article on "The Blue Dragon." We hope to publish them next month. THE EDITOR.

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THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS ON SOCIETY*

THE greatest humourist whom England ever produced—Shakespeare himself certainly not excepted—is gone; and though we have no intention here of making one of those hasty estimates of his great achievements which journalists too often compose in haste to repent at leisure, it seems the fittest of all moments to draw attention to one of the least calculable of all effects of a great humourist's career, the wonderful influence his writings have exerted in softening the strong lines of demarcation between the different classes of English society, and the extraordinary stimulus they have thereby given to the various great efforts of the day for ameliorating wretchedness and reclaiming crime. That humour which so delighted in the grotesque as almost to make oddity a condition of the humourist's favour, should tend so powerfully as Mr. Dickens's humour has tended to soften the worst moral grotesquerie of society, is certainly curious enough. But so it unquestionably is. We may trace to *Oliver Twist* not only the first great wave of interest in the dangerous classes,—for the wonderful descriptions of Charley Bates, the Dodger, and the other young thieves whom the funny old gentleman educated in the art of picking pockets, undoubtedly produced the first movement for reformatory schools,—but also the first great attempt on the part of the public to discriminate between the wholesome severity of the Whig poor law and the vulgar selfishness of parochial cruelty. The gentleman in the white waistcoat who wanted to apprentice Oliver to the cruel sweep may be said to have been an incarnate protest by Mr. Dickens against that vulgar and fatal misinterpretation of the Whig policy which has since caused so dangerous a reaction against it; and Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney to have been his literary warnings against that selfish and wicked neglect of our workhouses, and especially the workhouse hospitals, which was two years ago revealed, to the horror and disgust of the public, in the reports of the *Lancet* and other papers. So, too, his Dotheboys Hall, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and especially his terrible picture of Smike, the lad starved and beaten into partial idiocy, gave the first great impulse to that indignant love for the young, and the pity for their helplessness, which in later times has almost passed into a worship of children. And yet Mr. Dickens has not only never been a professional philanthropist, but he has exerted his great powers to the utmost to ridicule professional philanthropy. In his very last work, which is, we deeply regret to learn, like Mr. Thackeray's last work, a mere fragment, though one in which his great powers seem to have caught some of the glow and freshness of his youth, the sketch of Mr. Honeythunder, the professional advocate for universal brotherhood, promised to turn out one of his greatest satirical pictures. Nobody can forget the ridicule he poured on Mrs. Jellyby and her flannel petticoats for the African missions, or the bitter severity with which he criticized the cut-and-dried certificated schoolmaster (Bradley Headstone) in *Our Mutual Friend*. All he has done to soften the sharp

* "Charles Dickens," reprinted from the *Spectator*, June 11th, 1870.

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distinctions between class and class has been done without any weakness at all for the technical agencies which, no doubt, in some greater or less degree, have been instrumental in accomplishing it. It was the great triumph of his humour to sharpen the vision of mankind for hideous moral contrasts which he knew as little as any of us how to remove; and for the systematic methods of attacking which he had even less taste than most other men,—his genius, like most other geniuses, revolting against system, and the conventional types it tends to produce.

Nor was it chiefly, we apprehend, even by direct pictures of poverty, misery, and crime that Mr. Dickens effected so much in the way of alleviating the harsh contrasts of English society. Humour,—in his case certainly, and we believe it has almost always been so,—is a great solvent of all exclusiveness and intolerance, a great enemy to social, to intellectual, to moral, to religious bigotry—so great that it sometimes tends even to obliterate the distinctions between good and evil altogether. How is it possible to think of hypocrisy without a laugh when we recall the image of Mr. Pecksniff, and how is it possible heartily to hate that which gives us so inexhaustible a fund of amusement? How is it possible not to be tickled by a man who speaks of his daughters' names with so much piety?—"'Charity and Mercy, Mercy and Charity,' said Mr. Pecksniff, 'not unholy names, I hope. Charity, my dear, when you give me my bed-candlestick to-night, remind me to pray for Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injury.'" And how can one see the same traits in real life, even in that confused and far more imperfect form in which we find them in real life,—not illuminated and separated from all the alloy of commonplace fact by Mr. Dickens's genius,—without a touch of the genial feeling which they excited in us in the pages of the great humourist? After making acquaintance with Charley Bates and the Dodger, the present writer, then a boy, distinctly remembers that his horror of theft experienced a vast diminution, nor was it without admiring sympathy of the purest kind that he read the account of the Dodger's imperturbable coolness in the dock, where he reserves his defence on the ground that his attorney is breakfasting "with the Wice-President of the House of Commons." The only vices the popular horror of which Mr. Dickens does not to some extent diminish by his humour, are those in which he finds no humourous aspect, such as the cruelty of Squeers. Yet even Quilp, who is pure cruelty, and Sally Brass, who, towards her poor little starved servant, at least, is cruelty personified in a very horrible form, are so painted that we cannot altogether avoid the impression that their cruelty is a grotesque caprice of nature, horrible in itself, but hardly more detestable than the freaks of a cat with a captive mouse. And, no doubt, to some degree this effect of humour in diminishing the horror we feel for the actual victims of vice and sin is perfectly just. The difference between our disgust for our own sins and the far greater disgust we feel for sins of which we know nothing, is almost all ignorance, and the humourist who makes us see that the latter are as natural to those who indulge in them as ours are to us, teaches us nothing but the truth.

At the same time, it cannot be denied, we think, that if all the world

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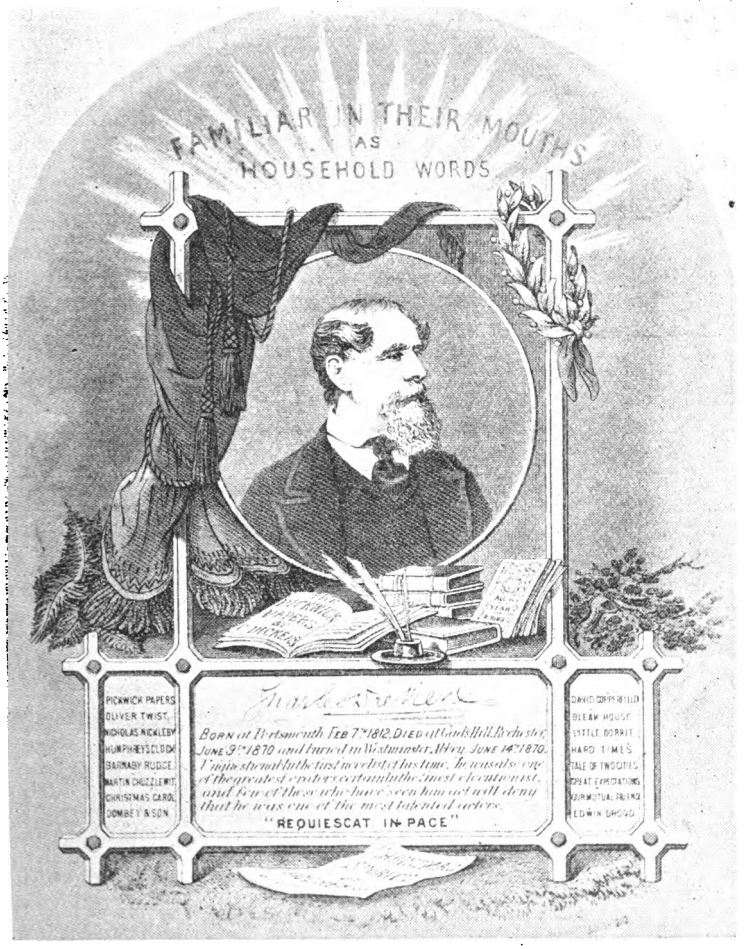
were thoroughly imbued with Mr. Dickens's morality, the result must be not merely this perfectly just modification of feeling towards all types of evil of which little or nothing is familiarly known, but a tendency also to a specific preference for some failings over others, which is due to the particular type of Mr. Dickens's own character. Undoubtedly



Mr. Dickens looked with a more than approving eye on all the aspects of jollity, even though accompanied, as they so often are, with self-indulgent weaknesses; and with a detestation perfectly morbid on those meaner and harsher elements in human nature which are fatal to jollity. Mr. Wardle, and Bob Sawyer, and Ben Allen, and John Brodie, and Mr. Richard Swiveller, and Messrs. Weller, senior and junior, and Mr. Pickwick himself, and a host of other favourites of the

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novelist's are admirable chiefly for their powers of enjoying drink and meat and stolen kisses and general hilarity. Nobody will enter into Dickens completely without losing something of religious and moral intensity, and catching something of suspicion of all the austerer types of character. His pictures of the Shepherd, of Mr. Chadband, of Mr. Honeythunder, and Mr. Murdstone, are balanced by no pictures of an opposite tendency, and it can hardly be denied that the great humourist's private creed was very much contained in the precept to be genial with all men except such as are ungenial themselves, who may very likely be hypocrites, and if they are not, are almost worse in their stony-heartedness than if they were. He was far too fond, also, of pushing his doctrine of geniality to the point of sentimental falseness, and even in his latest picture of the Minor Canon who so laboriously pretends to need spectacles in order to pay an implicit compliment to his aged mother's sharp sight, he has shown us that his own moral ideal was not quite simple and natural on the sentimental side of his nature.

Still, the deficiencies, such as they were, in Mr. Dickens's literary morality have really done far less to relax the moral ideal of society unduly, than his marvellous powers as a humourist have done to teach us how unduly stringent it has often been through mere ignorance. He has taught us by his humour, as nothing else could have taught us, how full to overflowing what is called "vulgar" life is of all the human qualities, good and evil, which make up the interest of human existence. His delight in the grotesque has done far more than ever Mr. John Stuart Mill by any philosophical defence of liberty could do, to make us tolerant towards individual eccentricity of almost every shade, and even to teach us to pet it with something like parental fondness. And he has given a greater impulse than any man of his generation to that righteous hatred of caste-feeling and class-cruelty which more and more distinguishes modern society, though he did not quite rise perhaps to that "enthusiasm of humanity" which some regard as the essence of Christianity itself.

SHAKESPEARE AND DICKENS*

(*To the Editor of the "Spectator"*)

SIR,—In your admirable "Topics of the Day," in which there is always so much to agree with, I find a note (June 11) which astounds me. In the greatest gift of genius—humour—you place Dickens beyond Shakespeare. "He is the only English writer of whom it can be truly said that in any one line in which Shakespeare *was not only great, but at his greatest*, this other was greater than he. But as a humourist we think this is true of Dickens." You then cite Mrs. Gamp and Juliet's nurse as parallels; they seem to me quite distinct; one is a mere hireling by the job, the other an adherent of the family, a woman of some position, a duenna of an humble sort. But take Mrs. Quickly, Gossip Quickly, and Mrs. Gamp, and then say which is the greater, broader, more natural character? Or, take Sam Weller, and compare him with Shakespeare's greatest, Sir John Falstaff? Why in fifty years the fun of the one may be past and forgotten, a sealed language, an *argot* which only contemporaries could understand; while certainly Falstaff will be as alive in fifty centuries as he is now. Shakespeare works *ab intra*,

* Reprinted from the *Spectator*, June 18th, 1870.

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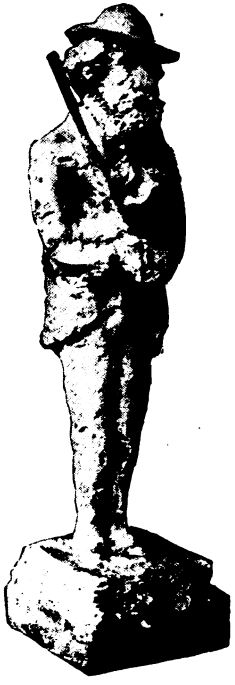
and paints human nature ; Dickens *ab extra*, and gives us particulars and classes. Has Dickens any one character to compare in *truth*, not with Falstaff, but with either Nym, Pistol, Pompey in *Measure for Measure*, Maria, Sir Toby Belch,—not to fly at more subtle characters and higher game, Touchstone and the Fools in *Lear* and *Twelfth Night?* And with all reverence for the great author just dead, whom I knew both in books and in the flesh, has he drawn any characters at all superior, or even equal, to Partridge, Parson Adams, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim,—not to go abroad, and call up Sancho Panza?

Comparisons are perhaps at this time more odious than even in the proverb, but Dickens when alive complained that he had been spoiled by his critics ; and his worst enemy, if he had any, could not injure him more than a false elevation.

I am, sir, etc.,

J. HAIN FRISWELL.

[Mr. Friswell does not understand our criticism. We do not believe, as we have elsewhere maintained, that Dickens ever drew a *real* character. Mrs. Gamp is—in a very true sense—though it sounds paradoxical, but we have explained our meaning elsewhere, his highest idealism. Shakespeare hardly ever created a character that was not real in its whole basis. But *as a feat of humour*, we do seriously hold that Mrs. Gamp stands above Shakespeare's greatest efforts in the same direction,—even, and no doubt that is an enormous 'even,'—even Sir John Falstaff. Whether or not Mrs. Gamp may be unintelligible to posterity seems to us entirely irrelevant. *We* can understand her, and can also understand Shakespeare's highest feats of humour, and are therefore perfectly competent to compare the relative successes of the two.—Ed. *Spectator*.]



MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S STATUETTE OF DICKENS

AMONGST Mr. Fitzgerald's many accomplishments is that of a sculptor, and in his London house are to be seen many busts and figures, executed by himself, of his old friends of days gone by, such as Carlyle, Thackeray, Forster, and others. Of Dickens, his favourite, he has done several, one of which is at Rochester, and another at Bath. By his courtesy we are able to give a picture of his statuette representing "Boz" in his habit as he walked at Gadshill. The costume was his favourite one, highly countrified. His friends will recognise the peculiar roguish or "knowing" fashion in which his hat was set on ; also the energetic way of carrying his stick. It is this manner, in which he went for his country walks, that Mr. Fitzgerald has aimed at reproducing.

The statuette is destined for one of the Dickens towns.

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DICKENSIAN HUMBUGS

By WOODFORD SOWRAY

II. IN PARTICULAR

HAVING viewed, in a previous article, our subject in general, let us now take it from another point of view—not shifting the camera, but merely adjusting the focus—and glance at some of the individual characters in the Dickensian gallery of humbugs and shams. First of all, you will at once recall to the mind's eye the "prim-faced, red-nosed man with a long, thin countenance, and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye, wearing very short trousers and black cotton stockings, like the rest of his clothing, particularly rusty." You will observe that in every case Dickens gives us a detailed and suggestive portrait. Behold Mr. Stiggins! whom we first meet seated in a high-backed chair by a brightly blazing fire in the bar-parlour of the "Marquis of Granby," engaged in the pleasing domestic occupation of making toast, and refreshing himself from a glass of reeking hot pineapple rum and water. The elder Weller arrives and gives Sam a further view of the deputy-shepherd's powers—"Good hand at accounts—borrows eighteenpence on Monday, and comes on Tuesday for a shilling to make it up half a crown; calls again on Vensday for another half a crown to make it five shillings; and goes on doubling till he gets it up to a five-pound note in no time, like them sums in the 'rithmetic book 'bout the nails in the horse's shoes, Sammy." Mr. Stiggins leaves the inn finally that night with several most indubitable symptoms of having quite as much pine-apple rum and water about him as he can comfortably accommodate, leaving the two Wellers discussing the practicability of driving him away; and you will remember Sam's views on the question—"If I was the properiator of the 'Markis o' Granby,' and that 'ere Stiggins came and made toast in *my* bar, I'd pison his rum and water, but I wouldn't be too hard on him at first. I'd drop him in the water-butt and put the lid on, and if I found he was insensible to kindness I'd try the other persvasion."

Later in the story Dickens further delineates this rum-drinking, religious humbug in the well-known scene of the tea-drinking gathering of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, held in a large room pleasantly and airily situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder. The humorous account of this meeting and the committee's report you all know well, and I need not particularise them in detail. It is all in Dickens's inimitable style, though the humour is broad and somewhat crude. Such a satire on religious and temperance imposture would fail to convince in these days, and we must admit that, though impostures still flourish and find their dupes, and I suppose always will, such vulgar and impudent impostors as Brother Stiggins would nowadays be impossible.

However, when we read and laugh over these chapters of *Pickwick* to which I have referred, as well as those later ones describing Stiggins's visit to the Fleet Prison, when he partook of that "go o' wanity warm," and his last visit to the "Markis o' Granby" in search of a little more of the same liquor, whence he is violently expelled with sundry power-

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ful kicks by the indignant old Weller, when, I say, we read these again and again, as many of us do, and laugh and ponder over them, we are reminded that as regards the drinking propensities of this character we have much improved. That ministers of religion occasionally give way to the drink temptation, and disgrace their cloth, we know well. But such cases are few, and the end is inevitable. Public opinion has greatly changed in this matter, our social habits and customs have altered, and a minister of religion who tipples is practically impossible. Dickens has been bitterly attacked for his delineation of Stiggins, and accused of ridiculing religion, but these charges are completely refuted in certain passages of his Preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, which I have not space to quote here. It may be observed that the name of Stiggins is still applied, not always suitably, to those who seek to regulate public amusements, or promote temperance legislation.

Mr. Chadband is another type of the religious humbug. He is depicted as a fat, unctuous, oily, self-satisfied pretender, dealing in ludicrously inapt similes, and pouring forth dull platitudes with the smug pharisaism of his tribe. Just as *rum* is the touchword in describing Brother Stiggins, so in depicting the Rev. Mr. Chadband, the characterising idea is—*oil*. He is a "large yellow man with a fat smile and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system." He describes himself as a vessel, and is rather a consuming vessel, the persecutors say a *gorging* vessel. When he visits Mrs. Snagsby's domicile for tea, and the inevitable discourse, "excellent provision is made of dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, tongue, and German sausage, and delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley; not to mention new-laid eggs, to be brought up warm in a napkin, and hot buttered toast. . . ." Mr. Chadband, after the usual windbag moralisings of his tribe, "sits down and lays about him prodigiously. The conversion of nutriment of any sort into *oil* of the quality already mentioned appears to be a process so inseparable from the constitution of this exemplary vessel that in eating and drinking he may be said to become a kind of considerable *oil mills*. On this evening in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, he does such a powerful stroke of business that the warehouse appears to be quite full when the works cease." Dickens's love for whimsical similes is so aptly used for this character, and referred to ever and anon, that we can never dissociate Chadband from oily hypocrisy.

But there is another difference in the delineation of these two religious (or in reality irreligious) humbugs. Stiggins is not wordy, nor given to long exhortation; he is almost a sententious humbug. Chadband (when well oiled) goes like an eight-day clock, and with similar monotonous repetition. As a witty Irish writer once said of a cabinet minister now gone from us, "He is smoothly flowing in speech as the sand in the hour-glass is flowing; finely sounding, as a big drum is sounding; but generally as dry as the sand and as hollow as the drum."

Read the samples of his filling up of words delivered at Mrs. Snagsby's tea-parties in Cook's Court. You may hear the same sort of thing—with slight variations in style and subject—in many places of worship to this day. It is one of the reasons why in more intelligent communities they are gradually becoming more empty. It is called "preaching."

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"My friends," says the oily one, "peace be on this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No." And so on. This favourite device of windbags of asking questions on insignificant points with self-evident answers, is in some circles vastly admired, but to the thinking majority it is surely either vexatious and irritating, or a direct incentive to slumber.

With this we will leave the humbugs who use sacred things and religious sentiments for their own sordid ends. Of the Rev. Luke Honeythunder, in *Edwin Drood*, I will here say little. He is a platform orator of the blatant, blustering, bombastic sort, noisy and pretentious; the type who want to make us all good by force, and drag us into sweetness and light by the scruff of the neck; the type who, as Dickens puts it, seem to be perpetually saying: "Curse your souls and bodies, come and be blessed!" These are not exactly humbugs, but mistaken enthusiasts.

We now come, though for a brief glance, to the social humbugs.

Let us in fancy take a run down the South Western line (or should I say by coach?) to the old cathedral city of Salisbury, and pay a visit to the famous Mr. Pecksniff, seated by the fireside with those artless daughters, Charity and Mercy. Pecksniff is, perhaps, more familiar in our mouths—a household word—than any other humbug in the Dickensian gallery. He does not ape religion, but is prone to glib, unctuous moralising, and to posing as a meek, much injured martyr of benevolent intentions and unselfish aims, whenever his real aims are laid bare. He purrs like a cat hoping for titbits when his schemes prosper; he is bland, benign, effusive to Martin Chuzzlewit, who, as a pupil, is profitable to him, until Martin finds that he is an impostor as an architect, and can teach him nothing. He is patronising and fatherly to poor Tom Pinch till he finds the latter, simple and honest, stands in his way; and then, again like the cat, he shows his claws, and turns Tom out of the house with subtle vindictiveness, but with an outward air of injured innocence and paternal forgiveness, holding forth on Tom's base ingratitude and deceit. There are many honest Tom Pinches, but still more wily Pecksniffs in the world.

But though, as the book says, "a moral man, a grave man, a man of noble sentiments and speech," there is no pretence about Mr. Pecksniff when his pocket is in question. You remember the incident of Chevy Slyme and Montague Tigg, both hard up, trying to negotiate a small loan from the astute moralist. "Perhaps you would rather *not* lend Slyme five shillings," says Tigg. "I would *much* rather not," rejoins Pecksniff. "Egad!" cries Tigg, as though it had just occurred to him, "it's very possible you may be right. Would you entertain the same sort of objection to lending *me* five shillings now?" "Yes, I couldn't do it, indeed," said Pecksniff. "Not even half a crown, perhaps," says Tigg. "Not even half a crown." "Why then we come," says Mr. Tigg, "to the ridiculously small sum of eighteenpence, ha! ha!" "And that," said Mr. Pecksniff, "would be equally objectionable."

There never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff; he is a most exemplary man, fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy-book. "His

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very throat was moral." You saw a good deal of it, and it seemed to say, "There is no deception about me, ladies and gentlemen; a holy calm pervades me." His person was sleek, his manner soft and oily. Everything about him, to his plain black suit and dangling double eye-glass, cried aloud, "Behold the moral Mr. Pecksniff!" We get at once an excellent insight into his character in the opening scene after Charity and Mercy have comforted his bruises with applications of pickled brown paper, to what Charity calls the *knobby parts* of her parent's anatomy. I refer to the sham benignity and "forgiveness of wrong," displayed in the parting with John Westlock.

This snivelling assumption of a magnanimous forgiving spirit, and of meek, saintly endurance of injustice, is over and over again depicted, *e.g.* when old Chuzzlewit at first treats him with scorn and suspicion, and the unctuous hypocrite suggests that "it arises from a cold in the head, or is attributable to snuff, or smelling-salts, or onions, or anything but the real cause." The same mock assumption of wounded dignity appears when he turns young Martin out of his house in order to worm himself into the old man's favour, and when, later, he expels poor Tom Pinch because *he* at last has seen him in his true colours. His attempt to ingratiate himself with Mary Graham is still more repellent. Moreover, like all his tribe, he is virtuously indignant at seeing in others the very failings conspicuous in himself, though more excusable. *He* makes his living by dubious means, by artifice and pretence; *he* gets pupils with much profit to himself, and even takes to himself the credit of young Martin's plans of the grammar school. But listen to the sainted man's denunciation of Mrs. Todgers, the boarding-house-keeper, whom he forces to admit having worn a double face (as he calls it) to please her lodgers. She pleads that she must preserve peace among them, and keep her connection together, and the profit is very small. "The profit!" cries the arch-humbug. "The profit of dissimulation! To worship the golden Calf of Baal for eighteen shillings a week!" "Don't be too hard upon me, Mr. Pecksniff, in your own goodness," says the poor widow. "Oh, Calf, Calf!" cries the saint mournfully. "Oh, Baal, Baal! Oh, my friend Mrs. Todgers! To barter away the precious jewel, self-esteem, and cringe to any mortal creature for eighteen shillings a week!"

This canting hypocrite, who does the most heartless things "as a duty to society," and for his own sordid ends, and forgives wrongdoing in nobody but himself, is perhaps the best delineation of a plausible sham in the whole gallery.

Who is this surly, brutal, ill-favoured object, ill-formed of body, minus an eye, with cruelty and sordid greed writ large upon him, who now comes within our mental vision? This is the never-to-be-forgotten Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. "The blank side of his face," to quote from the book, "was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which time his expression bordered closely on the villainous." His hair was very flat and shiny, with ends brushed stiffly up, assorting well with his harsh voice and coarse manner; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black, with coat-sleeves a deal too long and trousers a great deal too short. We discover him at the "Saracen's Head,"

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on Snow Hill, with a wretched little boy he is taking down to Yorkshire in a state of abject fear and misery. He is doing nothing that Squeers can beat him for, so he boxes his ears and tells him not to do it again; gives him more blows because he sneezes, and threatens to murder him if he cries; then on the entry of Nicholas, whom he pretends not to see, is found giving benevolent kindly advice to the poor child. As to the scenes at Dotheboys Hall, the description of Squeers's return to the school from London, the wretched condition of the unhappy boys and their cruel treatment, the absurd pretences of teaching them, the sordid brutality of the man all through (while taking all care for his own creature comforts), the treatment of Smike, and the final scene of his well-deserved chastisement by Nicholas—all these, admirably told with rare mingling of pathos and humour, you must all know too well for me to detail even in part. Revolting as it is, the picture was not overdrawn. Nay, so true to life was it, that as Dickens says in the Preface, more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster thought himself the original of Squeers, and one worthy threatened an action for libel, while another contemplated a journey to London, for the express purpose of committing an assault and battery on his traducer. But like other evils which the master laid bare with his magic pen, this one, since *Nicholas Nickleby* was written, has virtually been rooted out. Ignorance, imposture, and brutal cupidity, as typified in this coarse hypocrite Squeers, would be impossible in this day. On the whole this type of humbug is not only distinct, it is extinct. Compared with Pecksniff he is quite dissimilar. True, they both *take in* pupils in both senses, but Squeers wears little disguise. He is not smooth and oily, there is no subtlety about his methods; he wears no mask, indulges in no glib moralising, and assumes not the virtue of meekness and benign forgiveness. The Squeers type of humbug is dead, and if it existed would impose on no one; the Pecksniffian humbug is still very much alive in one way or another, and still imposes on many.

The theme grows as we study it, and turn from one familiar page to another. And yet it is far from exhausted. Other portraits in the gallery will merit attention, notably the 'umble Uriah and the pompous windbag Pumblechook, the plausible Tigg, the crafty Carker, the sanctimonious Littimer, the wily pretender Silas Wegg, and the conceited ignoramus Thomas Sapsea—the last of the series limned by the master's pen.

BOZ AND BATH*

THIS is an interesting little work, which deals exhaustively with Dickens's association with "the Queen of the West." There are few towns outside London which have so many Dickensian, and, of course, particularly Pickwickian associations as Bath. Dickens himself stayed there often. It was in Landor's House, in St. James's Square, that Little Nell was born; it was here that Mr. Pickwick "drank the waters" and played whist; and it was here that Mr. Winkle so innocently raised the wrath of Mr. Dowler. The only wonder is that the subject has not been dealt with in book form before. However, no one could have done it better than Mr. Fitzgerald, and his little book, which contains many excellent illustrations, should be heartily welcomed.

* *Boz and Bath: His Account of the Gay City, and of its Men, Women, and Places.* By Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. *Bath Chronicle* Offices, 1*s.* 6*d.*

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POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

VI

IN MEMORY

THERE swept a sigh of sorrow universal
From melancholy Medway's mournful strand,
Upon the nightwind's desolate dispersal,
To float along the land.

The closing eve had had no shade of sorrow;
In silver haze we saw the planets swim;
But when the sun arose upon the morrow,
We felt the dawn was dim.

With grief-drown'd eyes we read—how briefly stated!—
That he was gone—the man of pure renown:
As if some bark, with our best treasures freighted,
Had in the dark gone down!

'Twas but a whisper, yet more widely sounding
Than the hoarse guns that for dead warriors roar,
A thrill electric circled all surrounding,
And spread from shore to shore.

And that sad circle stretching, still unbroken,
Around the world to utmost regions sped,
And tears were shed, where'er our tongue is spoken,
To know Charles Dickens—dead!

Within the Abbey let him take his slumber,
Make room, oh great ones of the Long Ago;
In your grand roll Charles Dickens thus to number,
Ye smile, blest shades, we know!

Not his the coronet, or ermine legal,
No herald-blazoned office in the state!
Without a title, to the Council Regal
But summoned when too late.

Here lay him down: the dust where he reposes
Is glorious dust of the illustrious dead:
And where he lies shall blossom God's rare roses
When sounds the summons dread!

Calm be his sleep—despite warm tears above him—
Who loved the weak, and never feared the strong,
Whose page was pure, who made all good hearts love him,
Who felt for others' wrong.

Yet though he sleeps lamented of a nation,
The good he did for us shall ne'er decay;
They live—the beings of his fine creation—
To make us glad for aye!

June 25th, 1870. "FUN."

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DICKENS'S POPULARITY
IS IT ON THE DECLINE?

By J. W. T. LEY

WE have been told several times lately that Dickens's popularity is on the wane. Mr. Arnold Bennett informed us last November that the handful of literary experts who ultimately make or unmake reputations had decided against Dickens, whilst a gentleman who signed himself "Scrogs" asserted in the *Brighton Herald* still more recently that "the handful of adoring admirers calling itself the Dickens Fellowship form, as it were, the only breakwater against the coming tide of opinion which threatens to make his reputation a mere memory in the oblivion of the things that have been." I dare say that Mr. Bennett and "Scrogs" will welcome as evidence in support of their contention the report of the Librarian of Newport, Monmouth, that "the star of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and others is undoubtedly waning." Yet this, I am bold enough to assert, is the only piece of evidence that they can produce. A writer in the *South Wales Echo* remarks that "what Newport reads is pretty much what all parts of England and Wales read from the free libraries," but this is merely an assumption, for which there can be but little, if any, justification, and rebutting evidence is at hand.

In compliance with a request from the editor of the *Bristol Evening Times*, the Librarian of Bristol has just compiled a list of the twenty-four most popular novels in the Bristol free libraries. In that list two of Dickens's books appear. The most popular novel in Bristol is *David Copperfield*, and next to that comes *A Tale of Two Cities*, whilst two of Scott's books occupy third and fourth places, and one of Thackeray's fifth. Lytton, however, is not represented. This may be fairly taken as an answer to the *South Wales Echo*, even if there were no corroborative evidence. But the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* has just taken a poll of its readers with a view to ascertaining the twelve most popular novelists in that town, and here again Dickens easily heads the list, whilst Scott is second, Thackeray fifth, and Lytton seventh. Further, *Household Words* has just taken a vote amongst its readers in order to ascertain the six most popular characters in Dickens's works. No fewer than one hundred and thirteen characters received votes, and these were representative of eighteen books, which is evidence, I think, that the readers of *Household Words* read their Dickens thoroughly. Thus it seems that Newport cannot, after all, be taken as fairly representative of the reading tastes of the people of the United Kingdom.

That Dickens is as popular in America as any other novelist, I do not think any of his detractors will be prepared to deny; but it may be questioned by some, perhaps, whether he is read extensively in some other parts of the world. And so it is interesting to note that one of the Melbourne newspapers has this year taken a poll of its readers, with the result that *David Copperfield* has been found to be the most popular novel, whilst *A Tale of Two Cities* appears tenth on the list,

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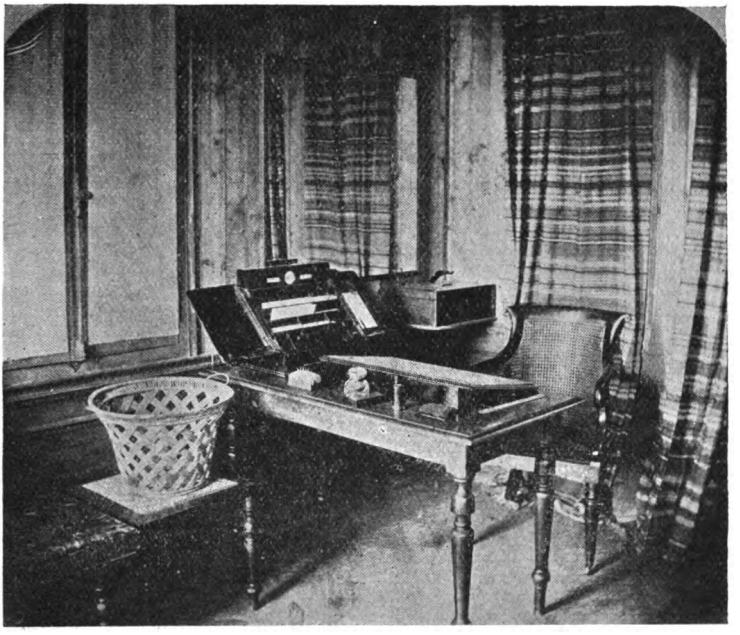
and *Pickwick* eleventh. Here, again, *Vanity Fair* came second, and *Ivanhoe* third; but Lytton was not represented. All this is surely indicative that Dickens's popularity is not showing any very marked decline.

We are told continually that the public estimate of a writer or of a man must not be taken as final, and this to an extent is true; but it must be remembered that thirty-five years have passed since Dickens was laid to rest, and so it seems to me that if "the handful of literary experts who ultimately make or unmake reputations" really have decided against him, they have a formidable task in front of them.



THE ROOM IN WHICH DICKENS LAST WROTE
From a photograph by Edward Banes, taken, by request of the family, two days after Dickens died.

Finally, "Scrogs" writes of the Fellowship as a "handful of adoring admirers." Without quibbling as to his tautology, let me admit that the Fellowship is, after all, only a "handful" of Dickens's admirers. The fact is that a membership of near 8,000 is not absolute proof of the novelist's popularity. Indeed, a writer in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* is right when he says that a membership of this size is not representative of the popularity; but it is quite fair to point out that the Fellowship is not three years old, and that it has never advertised itself or touted for members. And in view of these facts, its size is, at any rate, good evidence, if not conclusive proof of Dickens's popularity.

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

June 1.—"What joy and cheerfulness it wakes up within us, to see all nature beaming in brightness and sunshine."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

June 2.—"It isn't the waistcoat that I look at. It is the heart. The checks in the waistcoat are but the wires of the cage. But the heart is the bird. Ah! How many such birds are perpetually moulting and putting their beaks through the wires to peck at all mankind!"—*Old Curiosity Shop*—Mr. Sampson Brass.

June 3.—"Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectations."—*Great Expectations.*

June 4.—"There is sometimes an odd disposition in this country to dispute as improbable in fiction what are the commonest experiences in fact."—Postscript to *Our Mutual Friend* (first edition).

June 5.—"Whatsoever fashion is set in England is certain to descend."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

June 6.—"If, as the poet informs us, England expects every man to do his duty, England is the most sanguine country on the face of the earth, and will find itself continually disappointed."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

June 7.—"If we try to do our duty by those we employ . . . we know that we do right. Their doing wrong cannot change our doing right, and that should be enough for us."—*Letter to Mr. W. H. Wills.*

June 8.—"A sullen, obdurate disposition is of all tempers the worst."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Murdstone.

June 9.—"I would rather that my children, living after me, trudged in the mud, and knew by the general feeling of society that their father was beloved, and had been of some use, than I would for them to ride in their carriages, and know by their banker's books that he was rich."—*Speech at Hartford, U.S.A.*

June 10.—"I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."—*Hunted Down.*

June 11.—"A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other."—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

June 12.—"Confinement and anxiety will subdue the stoutest hearts."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

June 13.—"To make one's sweetheart miserable is well enough and quite right, but to be made miserable one's self is a little too much!"—*Barnaby Rudge*—Dolly Varden.

June 14.—"When you are looking on a pair of the most delicious lips in the world, and see them gently break into a roguish smile—if you are very near them, and nobody else by—you cannot better testify your admiration of their beautiful form and colour than by kissing them at once."—*Pickwick Papers*—The Bagman.

June 15.—"Mrs. Joe had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and some people do the same by their religion."—*Great Expectations.*

June 16.—"It's a devil of a thing when relations fall out and disagree."—*Old Curiosity Shop*—Dick Swiveller.

June 17.—"To remember happiness which cannot be restored is pain, but of a softened kind. . . . In the most chequered life I firmly think there are so many little rays of sunshine to look back upon, that I do not believe any mortal (unless he had put himself without the pale of hope) would deliberately drain a goblet of the waters of Lethe, if he had it in his power."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—The Merry-faced Gentleman.

June 18.—"What the poor are to the poor is little known, excepting to themselves and God."—*Bleak House.*

June 19.—"Not an orphan in the wide world can be so deserted as the child who is an outcast from a living parent's love."—*Dombey and Son*—The Aunt.

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June 20.—"A generous nature is not prone to strong aversions, and is slow to admit them even dispassionately, but when it finds ill-will gaining upon it, and can discern between-whiles that its origin is not dispassionate, such a nature becomes distressed."—*Little Dorrit.*

June 21.—"Love is very materially assisted by a warm and active imagination, which has a long memory, and will thrive for a considerable time on very slight and sparing food. Thus it is that it often attains its most luxurious growth in separation, and under circumstances of the utmost difficulty."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

June 22.—"To trust a man, as one of a body of men, is to place him under a wholesome restraint of social opinion, and is a very much better thing than to make a baby of him."—*Letter to Mr. Edmund Ollier.*

June 23.—"It is curious to trace the savage in the civilised man, and to detect the hold of some savage customs on conditions of society rather boastful of being high above them."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

June 24.—"There ain't a magistrate goin' as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

June 25.—"Every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good, and impressible for evil, and it is in the nature of things that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men."—*Speech at Birmingham.*

June 26.—"The word 'dear' among girls is frequently synonymous with 'wretch.'"—*Sketches by Boz.*

June 27.—"What I want, is frankness, confidence, less conventionality, and freer play of soul. We are all so dreadfully artificial."—*Dombey and Son*—Mrs. Skewton.

June 28.—"Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on earth in the night season, and melt away again in the first beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

June 29.—"The sun does not shine upon this fair earth to meet frowning eyes, depend upon it."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—The Merry-faced Gentleman.

June 30.—"Love, eternal and illimitable, not bounded by the confines of this world, or by the end of time, but reigns still, beyond the sea, beyond the sky, to the invisible country far away."—*Dombey and Son.*

A REMINISCENCE OF DICKENS

By JOHN COLEMAN

CHARLES DICKENS, then in the zenith of his fame, lived exactly opposite to us. He used to turn out pretty punctually between one and two, either with a pony and trap or on horseback; and as I generally timed my so-called lunch for the occasion, I was nearly always in evidence when he turned out. At that time he was a young, handsome fellow, and seemed to know it. There was an abounding vitality about him. His eyes were bright, his hair long and wavy, his whiskers luxuriant. His costume was peculiar and pronounced. It might have been my fancy, but the deserted street seemed to wake up into life and animation when he came forth. I used to stand open-mouthed, gazing with wonder and delight at this glorious and exuberant creature, reverently taking off my hat to him just as I should have uncovered to the Queen. Becoming quite accustomed to my unsophisticated homage, he invariably smiled and gave a nod of recognition as he went away.

Once Macready came out with him. When he caught sight of me, he whispered to Dickens. They both laughed as they drove off, little dreaming the pain their laughter left behind. This visit of Macready put a stop to my innocent pleasure, for I thought he recognised me. I couldn't keep away from my idol altogether, but I used to slink away whenever I saw Macready.—From *Fifty Years of an Actor's Life.*

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DICKENS TO CHARITY'S AID

By B. W. MATZ.

THE name and fame of Dickens contributed substantially towards the success of the Grand Historical Bazaar in aid of the Westminster Hospital held on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last month in Dean's Yard, Westminster. Mrs. Henry F. Dickens, the wife of the President of the Fellowship, and her daughters presided over a stall which had been built as an exact replica of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and was well stocked with old furniture, brasses, pewter, china, clocks, candlesticks, snuffers, armour—in fact a wonderful assortment of those things which went to the equipment of the famous abode of Little Nell and her grandfather. In addition there was a unique array of original editions of Dickens's works in parts, autograph letters, MSS., rare pamphlets, relics of Dickens, such as his pen, seal, spoons, etc., plays and play-bills, and many items too numerous to mention, besides a quantity of modern editions, in all of which a thriving trade was done for the benefit of the hospital.

Mrs. Dickens, dressed as the character of Miss Montflathers, Mrs. Hawksley (*née* Dickens) as the Marchioness, Miss Olive Dickens as Little Nell, Miss Elaine Dickens as Mrs. Jarley, added to the reality of the scene. It was by general consent the most attractive and interesting of all the stalls; indeed it wasn't a stall, it was a real shop. The reality of it all, and of Dickens's creations, was unconsciously voiced by a lady who stopped in front and exclaimed, "Well! we know what this is and who the personages are. There's Little Nell, there's the Marchioness," and so on; and seemed quite pleased to find among all the grand dresses of kings, courtiers, and notables of England's history, whom she apparently had been unable to identify, somebody she really knew. A feature of the third day was an exhibition of Dickens relics, and although upon a small scale, it was remarkably interesting. Miss Hogarth had lent the empty chair, made familiar through Luke Fildes's picture, and the MS. of *The Cricket on the Hearth;* Mr. Dickens, K.C., the desk on which many of the works were written; the copy of *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands* presented by Queen Victoria, containing the inscription: "To Charles Dickens, from Victoria Reg., March 9th, 1870"; the silver snuff-box presented by Mr. Giles to "The Inimitable Boz"; two frames containing the MS. of Dickens's own shorthand system as he taught it to Mr. H. F. Dickens in his youth; two MS. poems written for the amusement of his children, portraits, letters, etc. Mr. John F. Dexter sent some of Phiz's original drawings and sketches for *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* and some of Cruikshank's for *Oliver Twist* and *Sketches by Boz.* There was also a copy of the portrait of Dickens sitting writing at the very desk on exhibition, inscribed in his own hand to Edmund Yates, the Court suit Dickens wore when he visited the Queen, and many other interesting and valuable exhibits which probably never before were publicly shown, nor ever will be again.

Throughout the whole of the three days "The Old Curiosity Shop" was besieged by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd. And so the fame of Dickens can give aid to those good causes which he himself helped so often and wonderfully during his lifetime.

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VISIT TO STAPLE INN

THE first of our summer rambles in Dickens-land was held on Saturday, May 13th, when a party of about one hundred visited Staple Inn, by kind invitation of Mr. T. Cato Worsfold. A meeting was held in the ancient hall of the Inn. Mr. James E. Palmer presided.

Mr. Worsfold gave an interesting lecture on the history of the famous Inn. Speaking of Dickens's associations with it, through *Edwin Drood*, he quoted the novelist's descriptions of the place from that book. He solved the mystery of "P. J. T." which so puzzled Dickens, explaining that these letters, which still are to be seen

MR. GREWGIOUS'S CHAMBERS

over what was Mr. Grewgious's chambers, stood for "Principal John Thompson," who presided over the Inn for two terms in 1747. Among the famous worthies of the Inn was mentioned the great Dr. Johnson, who moved there on March 23rd, 1759, from Gough Square, Fleet Street. It is said that the great lexicographer lived at No. 2, and it was during his residence here that he wrote *Rasselas*.

Mr. Worsfold presented each member of the party with two interesting souvenirs—one a picture of Grewgious's house, which, with his permission, we are able to reproduce, and the other a picture of an old way-bill announcing that a stage-coach started every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for York, from the Black Swan, Houlbourn, for York, performing the whole journey in four days, "if God permits." This is dated June, 1706.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

IT has been decided to visit Portsmouth on Saturday, July 8th. The party will avail themselves of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's excursion, the return fare for the day trip being 4*s.*, and for two days (to return on the Sunday), 5*s.* 6*d.* The train will leave London Bridge at 7.5 a.m., calling at New Cross at 7.10. The party should be a large one, for Portsmouth possesses deep interest to the Dickensian. "Boz" was born in the town, and his birthplace is now fitted up as a Dickens museum, and of course the associations of Vincent Crummles and Nicholas Nickleby with the town are well known. Arrangements will be detailed fully in *Household Words*.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE Guild held a most successful social on Saturday, May 6th, at St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street. There was a large attendance. A capital programme was contributed to by Miss Margaret Gyde, A.R.A.M. (pianoforte solo), Miss Tyrrell, Mr. James E. Palmer, and Mr. T. Le Ryt (songs), and Mr. Philip Astere (recital). A most interesting feature of the evening was a drill by two children, who have been treated for paralysis by "The Tiny Tim" section of the Guild. Florrie Harrison, a pretty little girl, performed a hoop drill with an ease which made it difficult to realise that two years ago she was given up by the doctors as hopelessly paralysed in both legs. Master Willie Parker went through a dumb-bell drill with remarkable agility—all the more remarkable from the fact that until three months ago he had never put his heels to the ground. These two cases speak volumes for the usefulness of the work done by the Guild.

The greater part of the evening was given up to dancing, which was indulged in until very close upon midnight with much enjoyment and appreciation.

Much kind and substantial help has been received during the month. Mr. F. Sydenham Clarke (one of the oldest members of the Fellowship) has been a true friend. He has supplied all we asked for in a previous issue. A melodeon has gone to our bedridden protégé; two boxes full of "brewer" caps, a handsome "crawling rug," and a splendid rocking-horse have been received for the "Tiny Tim" section; while a generous gift for the immediate relief of a case of terrible privation has also come from this kind friend. Now, almost as we write, comes a letter from Dr. Colles, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., saying he will at all times be glad to render such assistance as lies in his power. For all these kindnesses we offer our sincere thanks and feel that May has been a red-letter month for the Guild.

BRIXTON BRANCH

THE annual conversazione of above was held on Friday, May 12th. The chair was occupied by the President of the branch, Mr. P. A. Jones, and among the many visitors present was Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary of the parent Society. An enjoyable programme was provided. Piano solos and songs effectively rendered by Miss Bones, Dickensian recitals (given in splendid style) by Mr. William Miles ("Mr. Winkle's Misadventures at Bath" and "Mr. Bumble's Courtship"), followed by Mr. Howard Rose ("Richard Doubledick" and "The Marchioness"), Mr. Douglas ("Old Cheeseman"), and Mr. J. S. Baines ("Boots at the Holly Tree Inn"). During the evening the Chairman reported the results of the working season of the Little Dorrit Society. These were altogether satisfactory. A liberal donation had been allotted to the Herne Bay Convalescent Home, and several tons of coal distributed to the poor of the locality during the winter.

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TORONTO (CANADA) BRANCH

A BRANCH of the Society was organised at the Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto, Canada, on the 9th of May, under the most favourable auspices, and with an initial membership likely to exceed one hundred. Mr. Williamson briefly explained the rules and objects of the Fellowship, and a resolution was at once passed in favour of establishing a local branch, all present expressing their intention of becoming members. It was decided to make the minimum subscription 25 cents, from date of organisation until October next, and thereafter 50 cents per annum. The following officers were elected, to hold office until October, 1906:—Hon. President, Prof. Goldwin Smith; President, Mr. E. S. Williamson; Vice-Presidents, Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. James L. Hughes, Mr. W. Houston; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Miss M. Pennell; Council, Mrs. R. A. Donald, Miss Windeat, Mr. J. J. Follett, Mr. J. B. Harris, Mr. G. L. McCrea, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, Mr. Frank Yeigh.

The branch is particularly strong in the *personnel* of its officers. The Hon. President, Prof. Goldwin Smith, himself in the first rank of English writers, is at the same time a genuine lover of Dickens.

Mr. E. S. Williamson, the President, has for more than fifteen years made a specialty of gathering Dickensiana, and is the possessor of a comprehensive collection. On the platform Mr. Williamson has achieved more than a local reputation with his illustrated Dickens lectures.

Of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. J. W. Bengough is a caricaturist, lecturer, and poet. Mr. Hughes is the Chief Inspector of Toronto Public Schools, and one of the foremost educationists of America. Among the numerous books written by Mr. Hughes may be specially mentioned *Dickens as an Educator*. Mr. W. Houston, M.A., is a prominent educationist, editorial writer, and lecturer on historical subjects in connection with the University Extension movement.

Among the members of the Council, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley is probably the most prolific and versatile writer in Canada, and has made the production of books for the younger generation a field peculiarly his own; while Mr. Frank Yeigh is well known at home and abroad for his special journalistic work, and his success as a lecturer on travel subjects.

MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH

AN excellent programme was presented at the monthly meeting held in April. Mr. Fred Scrivenor, a life-long student and admirer of the master, contributed a capital paper on "Sam Weller, a Life Study," which showed great insight and wide research. Readings were given by Mrs. Blackburn, "The Kenwigs Family," and Miss Haig, "Our Curate"; and Mr. B. E. Doyle recited in first-class style the meeting of Nicholas Nickleby and John Browdie at the "Saracen's Head." Interest in the meetings is being maintained, and the membership is being constantly augmented. The number on the roll now is 340.

FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE committee of this branch has arranged for an excursion to Dickensland on Thursday, June 22nd. The party will leave Forest Gate at 11.5 a.m. (Liverpool Street 10.45 for Chigwell.) Members will pay their own railway fares, and tickets for luncheon and tea will cost 4*s*. each. Arrangements are being made for a drive through the forest. All Dickensians will be heartily welcomed.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

THIS branch held its annual meeting on May 10th, when a most satisfactory report was presented. It was gratifying to know that the session ends with a balance in hand of £1 10*s*. The council and officers were elected, and there is every promise of a successful future for the branch.

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BRIGHTON BRANCH

THE concluding meeting of the above branch took the form of a conversazione, and was held at the Lecture Hall, Steine House, on May 17th. The committee's invitation to members to bring friends was well responded to, and as a consequence the hall was crowded. An excellent programme was provided, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. W. Adams was Chairman. There were songs and solos, recitations and readings, with light refreshments provided in the intervals.

Mr. Henry Davey read a brief paper on "Dickens and Brighton," but only so far as *Dombey and Son* was concerned. Mr. W. F. Fowler recited from the *Christmas Carol;* Mr. W. W. Bartlett, "Dickens in Camp"; Miss Alice Halsey, "Bumble's Courtship"; the Rev. George Plumb read "Dr. Marigold"; and Mr. F. J. Gauntlett gave a very realistic and dramatic recital of "Copperfield's First Dissipation." The Brighton branch has made great headway this season, and with the array of elocutionary talent at its disposal should never be at a loss for an entertaining evening. But it is felt that an attempt should be made next season to provide more lectures and discussions, and members are appealed to for short papers on their favourite character or book in order to stimulate debates. Mr. Covell, the Hon. Secretary, and the committee are to be congratulated on the work they have done during the past season.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

THE closing meeting for the season of the Edinburgh branch took place May 6th, in the Goold Hall, 5, St. Andrew Square, the Rev. James Stevenson, Leith, presiding over a large gathering. The proceedings took the form of a conversazione, and the musical programme, which had been arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, was contributed to by Miss Bell, Mr. Andrew Brown, and Master Philip Levine, the latter of whom played selections on the violin. Miss Madge Craigie and Mr. J. Finlayson Gould gave readings, and performed the dramatic sketch, "A Pair of Lunatics." Altogether the programme was one of exceptional interest. During the evening remarks were made by the Chairman, Miss Hutchison Sterling, Dr. Parrott, and Mr. A. Eddington.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THE season of the Sheffield branch was brought to a close on April 28th with a very successful smoking concert, held at the Victoria Station Hotel. Between 350 and 400 members and friends were present. The President (Councillor John Derry) was in the chair, and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Padmore) in the vice-chair. An excellent programme had been arranged. To accompaniments played by Mr. Dodworth songs were sung by Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. T. H. Warskett, Misses Smith, A. Hobson, and Raynor; Messrs. D. Scoltock, C. W. Jones, T. Barnsley, Dodworth, T. A. Pickering, E. Hancock, E. B. Pearson, W. Shirley, E. Darwin, W. J. Russell, J. P. Gillot, W. H. Ibbotson, and E. Callum. Mr. T. Barnsley's sketches were humorous in the extreme. His whimsicalities and mirth-provoking representations of various characters were features of the evening. Mr. Dodworth was an efficient and painstaking accompanist, and in addition contributed pianoforte selections. Miss G. Allott gave a sketch, and Mr. H. Kent Marples, who was one of the first favourites of the Sheffield branch, gave representations of characters from Dickens in a masterly fashion. He also contributed two recitations.

It is expected that in the summer, probably in June, an excursion to Dickens-land will be arranged.

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WINNIPEG BRANCH

ON the 11th of April we had arranged a private recital of the piece "Bardell *v.* Pickwick." Dr. Woollard as Serjeant Buzfuz, Mr. J. Bagshawe as the Judge, Mr. Overett as Sam Weller, Mrs. King as Mrs. Cluppins, and Mrs. Leighton as Mrs. Sanders, sustained the characters represented admirably.

On the 1st of May we held our last regular meeting of the winter session, this taking the form of a conversazione to members and their friends. An excellent programme was provided, amongst which a recitation by Mrs. King, song by Mr. Bagshawe, sketches by Dr. Munro, and recitations by Mr. Porteus, deserve special mention. The Pickwick Club gave a dramatic sketch, entitled "The Wooing of Miss Arabella Allen by Mr. Nathaniel Winkle," which was very well received, roars of laughter being evoked by the amusing scenes. The costumes were very good, and gave an excellent representation of characters in the time of Dickens. The cast was as follows:—Mr. Pickwick, Mr. J. F. Gascoigne; Mr. Winkle, Mr. Overett; Sam Weller, Mr. Weir; Arabella, Mr. W. Stapleton. The Pickwick Club was formed this winter, and is composed of four members of the Fellowship, who meet regularly to discuss, read, recite, and generally follow out *Pickwick Papers* (in a Pickwickian sense). Refreshments were served during the interval. Music was provided by the Excelsior Orchestra, who gave some very good selections during the evening.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

THE last meeting of the session was held on Thursday in last week, at St. Stephen's Church House, Shepherd's Bush, and took the form of a conversazione. A number of visitors from the parent Fellowship were present, including Mr. J. E. Palmer (Chairman of the Council), Mr. J. W. T. Ley (Secretary), Mr. S. Marriott (Treasurer), Miss Miniken, Messrs. T. W. Tyrrell, J. W. Lickis, and others. The Rev. H. Lethbridge Davis occupied the chair, and addressed the meeting on the objects of the Fellowship. Messrs. Palmer, Ley, and Marriott also spoke during the evening, the speeches being interspersed with musical items by the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Higginson and Gadd, Messrs. Leonard Price and Soutter, songs; Mrs. Metcalfe, pianoforte solo; the Misses Mitchell, pianoforte duet; Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, humorous songs. An interesting paper by Miss Miniken, on the work of the Fellowship Needlework Guild, was read by Mr. C. H. Sanctuary. Refreshments were served during the evening, this department being in the able hands of Mrs. Vidler. The usual votes of thanks brought an enjoyable evening and also a successful session to a close.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE last meeting of the winter season took place on May 1st, at the Albert Hall, when the programme, arranged by Miss Katie Blackmore, was quite up to the usual standard of musical excellence set by the other five concerts. A ladies' mandolin band, under the conductorship of Miss Carrie Hughes, appeared in Italian festal costumes, with wreaths of red geraniums, and gave brilliant selections from *The Bohemian Girl*, *Faust*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Much merriment was caused by the scenes from Dickens, the make-up and acting being very clever. The quarrel scene between Sairey Gamp (Miss Emily Jones) and Betsey Prig (Miss J. Goodman) was smartly played, and the tea-party, at which Nicholas Nickleby excites the jealousy of John Browdie, was very diverting, the performers being Misses E. Jones, M. Deal, V. Slade, and L. Job. The minuet from *The Battle of Life*, by the Misses E. and W. Kimber, E. German, K. Blackmore, M. Deal, L. Mills, M. Penney, and F. Humphries, had to be repeated, the graceful figures of the dance harmonising well with the Georgian costumes. Songs were given by Miss K. Jackson, and instrumental selections by Miss L. Welch and Miss K. Blackmore.

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MANHATTAN (NEW YORK, U.S.A.) BRANCH

EXCELLENT reports reach us of this branch. Mr. Charles H. Govan writes: "Our organisation was perfected last evening (May 4th). We already have seventy-five paid members, and have arranged to hold our first dinner on the 18th inst. at the Hotel Empire. Our roll of officers is as follows: President, Mr. Charles Ross Keen; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Charles H. Govan, Mr. S. C. Coale, and Mr. Charles Frederick Adams; Secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Craigie; Treasurer, Mr. Alexander Elks Squire; auditors, Dr. L. G. Wilder and Edwin L. Edgerly; Financial Secretary, Mr. G. C. Coale; Press Committee, Mr. Philip Zalkind, Mr. John Jerome Rooney, and Mr. Charles Frederick Adams."

DICKENS DRAMATISED*

THERE seems to be no end to dramatic versions of Dickens's books; they have been appearing regularly for more than sixty years. It is not surprising, of course, for the books seem to lend themselves most obviously to dramatisation. The apparently surprising fact is that these Dickens plays have practically never been successful, though this, again, is not surprising to those who have seen or read the majority of them, for the reason is that in too many cases the adapters have not given us Dickens. The novelist's characters have been there, but not Dickens. Miss Pagan, however, in every one of her adaptations has avoided this fault, and the result is that they are all admirable. In *Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil* we have an excellent little comedy, which is, as far as is possible, true to the book itself. The thread of the story is kept intact, and wherever possible the actual words which the novelist himself has placed in the mouths of the characters are used. It is, on the whole, a capital little play.

* *Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil.* A Comedy in Five Acts. Adapted by I. M. Pagan from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Charles Dickens. London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1*s.* net.

MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF DICKENS

A LIFE-LIKE medallion portrait in plaster of Dickens has just been manufactured by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is cast from a modelling after the familiar portrait by Watkins, and is an excellent piece of workmanship.

We are able to give a reproduction of the cast, which measures eleven inches in diameter, and costs 2*s.* 6*d.* Packing and postage 9*d.* extra.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH.

BOOKS

The Pickwick Papers, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby* in Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Edition on India paper. Small crown 8vo. In limp cloth, 2*s.* net each; in limp leather, 3*s.* net each. London: Macmillan and Co.

The "Boz" Club Papers, 1905. Verbatim report of Boz Club dinner, Feb. 7th, 1905. Privately printed.

ARTICLES, ETC., IN NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

Tales from Dickens, by Hallie Erminie Rives. "David Copperfield." Illustrated. Chicago: *The Inner Ocean*, March 12th.

"Bargains in Books: A Play of Dickens." *T.P.'s Weekly*, May 5th.

"Dickens and the 'Maypole,'" *Loughton Advertiser*, April 29th and May 6th.

"Written in a Library: Dickens in America, etc." *Bristol Evening Times*, May 10th.

Bibliographical Notes on Dickens and Thackeray. *Notes and Queries*, May 13th.

"Les Héros de Dickens," by Arthur Dourliac. Paris: *Revue Idéaliste*, May 15th.

The "Brothers Cheeryble." *Manchester Guardian*, May 17th.

Famous Books you should Read, and Why. V. "A Tale of Two Cities." Illustrated. *Pictorial Magazine*, May 20th.

Dickens's "Degradation." Letter in *T. P.'s Weekly*, May 26th.

The Six Most Popular Characters in Dickens. Result of competition, with notes and comments by J. W. T. Ley. *Household Words*, May 27th.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Bust of Dickens surrounded by decorative frame. Price 2*d.*

"The Empty Chair, Gadshill." Photograph of Luke Fildes's picture. Price 2*d.*

The Birthplace of Dickens. Photograph taken 7th February, 1905. Price 2*d.*

Bust of Dickens. Price 2*d.*

The above four cards are published by the Curator, Dickens Museum, Portsmouth.

Dickens Characters: Reproduction of S. Eytinge's picture entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Review." London: F. G. O. Stuart. 1*d.*

Studies from life by Charles Dickens. A series of 34 coloured characters by Kyd. Portsmouth: J. Welch and Sons. 1*d.* each.

Notable Portraits. Set II., containing Lehmann's portrait of Dickens. The Knight Series. London: Knight Bros.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

June 3. Visit to Dickensian places in Hampstead and district.

,, 7. Durban Pickwick Club: Papers—"Wilkins Micawber," by Mr. S. Churchyard; and "Tony Weller," by Mr. L. Sweling.

,, 21. Durban Pickwick Club: Lecture, "Agnes Wickfield and Sydney Carton," by Mr. W. Osborn, J.P.

,, 22. Visit to Chigwell, arranged by the Forest Gate branch. Particulars of Hon. Sec.

,, 28. Needlework and Charitable Guild: Meeting at St. Bride's Institute at 7 o'clock.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AN ANCESTOR OF DICKENS

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—Whilst looking up the *Calendar of State Papers* in the Record Office for references to imprisonment of deserters from the navy in the Marshalsea Prison during the seventeenth century, I happened upon the following, which may be of interest to Dickensians (the time is after the taking of Oxford by the Parliamentary Army during the Civil War):

"John Dickens London, 5 Dec. 1646. Begs to compound on Oxford articles for delinquency. Left his dwelling and went to Oxford.

"(From) Sir Thomas Fairfax Knight Generall of the Forces raised by the Parliament.

"Suffer the bearer hereof Mr. John Dickens who was in the city and garrison of Oxford at the surrender thereof, and is to have the full benefit of the articles agreed unto, quietly and without let or interruption, to pass your guards with his Servants, Horses, Armes, Goods and all other necessaries and to repaire unto London or elsewhere upon his necessary occasions. And in all places where he shall reside or whereto he shall remove to be protected from any violence to his Person Goods or Estate according to the said articles and to have full liberty at any time within six months to goe to any convenient Port and to Transport Himselfe with his Servants Goods and Necessaries beyond the Seas. And in all other things to enjoy the benefit of the said articles. Hereunto due obedience is to be given by all Persons whom it may concerne as they will answer the contrary.

"Given under my hand this 24th day of June 1646.

"To all Officers and Souldiers under my command and all others whom it may concern. (Signed) FAIRFAX."

It is very possible that this order refers to an ancestor of Mr. John Dickens, the author's father. Can any student furnish any information? Anyway, it seemed a curious coincidence that I should light upon it whilst searching for old-time details of the Marshalsea. W. SOWRAY.

SALIS HOUSE, LOWTHER HILL, FOREST HILL, S.E.

PROPOSED ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF SECRETARIES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I was rather surprised that there was no letter in the last issue of the *Dickensian* relative to Mr. T. Padmore's suggestion for a conference of secretaries. I had hoped that that letter would meet with some expressions of approval from other branch secretaries. Personally I should like very much to see such a conference arranged, and I write as a past branch secretary. There would be no difficulty in arranging an agenda, the only difficulty that would be likely to arise being the question of a suitable centre. Birmingham would be the most suitable from the geographical point of view, and I have no doubt that the members of the Birmingham branch would be pleased to welcome the delegates; but I am inclined to think that London would be the most suitable. Excursions are run regularly from all parts of the country to London during the summer months, and, seeing that the question of expense would be an important one, this fact is worthy of consideration. And of course the conference might then take place at headquarters, which would mean an avoidance of the expense of hiring a room.

I shall be glad to hear from branch secretaries in regard to the proposal. I may say that Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Hon. Sec. of the Manchester branch, and Mr. S. Hinton Edwards, Hon. Sec. of the Nottingham branch, favour it.

Yours very faithfully,

J. W. T. LEY, *Hon. Gen. Sec.*

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CHARLES DICKENS IN 1844

From an engraving by W. J. Linton, after a portrait by Margaret Gillies

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. JULY, 1905. No. 7.

WHEN FOUND——

ON June 9th, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dickens, the grave in Westminster Abbey was almost entirely hidden by flowers—a remarkable tribute to the affection in which his memory is held. There were several wreaths, and one, which was of ivy leaves and scarlet geraniums, was inscribed: "From the Dickens Fellowship; in loving memory." A beautiful bouquet of lilies had a card attached, on which were the words: "From his grandchild and great-grandchildren, Mrs. E. B. Hawksley and children." During the day the grave was visited by hundreds of people.

* * *

A writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* raises the question whether enough, and more than enough, has not been said about the "degradation" which Dickens suffered at the famous blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs. Sir Charles Dilke, in his recent brief memoir of Lady Dilke, includes a letter to her from Browning, in which these words occur:—

"As for news, I have none. We are all reading the *Life of Dickens* and admiring his sensitiveness at having brushed shoes and trimmed gallipots in his early days, when—did he see with the eyes of certain of his sagest friends—it was the best education imaginable for the like of him. Shall I versify?

> "'In Dickens, sure, philosophy was lacking,
> Since of calamities he counts the crowning,
> That, young, he had too much to do with Blacking,
> Old, he had not enough to do with B——g.' R. B."

* * *

The 8th of the present month is the anniversary of the death of Hablôt Knight Browne, whose pseudonym "Phiz" is as familiar to readers of Dickens as the novelist's own of "Boz." He was a son of William Loder Browne, a descendant from a Norfolk family, and was born on the 12th July, 1815, at Kennington. His first name was that of Colonel Hablôt, who was engaged to marry "Phiz's" sister, but who was killed in a charge of Napoleon's Garde Impériale at Waterloo. The artist received his second name after Admiral Sir John Knight, an old friend of the family. The name of Browne was assumed when the family came over to Norfolk from France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The original family name was Le Brun. "Phiz" died at Hove, Brighton, and on another page is printed *Punch's* poetical tribute to his memory.

* * *

The portrait of Dickens which forms the frontispiece of the present number is reproduced from a woodcut engraving by W. J. Linton

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of the miniature by Miss Margaret Gillies, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1844. The woodcut appeared in *The People's Journal* for February 1st, 1846. A steel engraving by Armytage of the same miniature formed the frontispiece of volume i. of *A New Spirit of the Age*, edited by R. H. Horne, in 1844, with the face turned in the opposite direction.

* * *

The article on "The Blue Dragon" of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Mr. C. G. Harper, which appeared in the May number, created great interest amongst subscribers as well as in the Press. On another page will be found two letters on the subject—one from Mr. Robert Allbut, the author of *Rambles in Dickens-Land*, and the other from Mr. Arthur Schomberg, the editor of *Wiltshire Notes and Queries*. In each case another "habitation and a name" are found for the famous inn kept by Mrs. Lupin.

* * *

It has been decided to visit Portsmouth on Saturday, July 8th. It is unnecessary to point out that Portsmouth is of special interest to Dickensians from the fact that "Boz" was born in the town. The party will travel by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's excursion, the fare for the day's trip being 4*s*. return, whilst two-day tickets (to return on the Sunday) may be obtained for 5*s*. 6*d*. The trains leave London Bridge at 7.5 a.m., calling at New Cross at 7.10. It will be necessary for Mr. Ley to know definitely by July 3rd how many may be expected. Will those intending to make the journey kindly let him know by that date, and enclose the price of their tickets?

* * *

It is probable that the company will visit, in addition to the Dickens Museum, Kingston Church, where Dickens's baptismal register may be seen, Portsmouth parish church, where the Duke of Buckingham's heart is preserved in an altar urn, and where the marriage register of Charles II. may be seen, and the Gun Wharf, where there is a splendid collection of guns and armoury, whilst it is hoped that time will permit of a visit to the Dockyard. On arrival the party will be welcomed by the Mayor of Portsmouth in his parlour at the Town Hall. Tea will be taken at five o'clock at the Speedwell Hotel, and it is hoped many members of the Portsmouth branch will be of the company. Tea will be 1*s*. per head.

* * *

Mr. John Harwood, of the Manchester branch, has just completed an original adaptation of *The Chimes* for public recitation. At a private rehearsal, before several members of the Fellowship and other ladies and gentlemen, the opinion was expressed that this selection will prove one of the finest and most attractive in Mr. Harwood's extensive Dickens repertoire, several going so far, indeed, as to prophesy for it a greater public success than the *Carol* itself, which Mr. Harwood has now been giving for upwards of twenty years.

* * *

Our cover design this month is a reproduction of that of *David Copperfield*, used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts.

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THE HEROES OF DICKENS*

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

By ARTHUR DOURLIAC

THE heroes of Dickens are in general little enough heroes of romance in the commonly accepted sense, his loves, in particular, often wanting in enchantment, whilst he shows a partiality especially for the weaknesses of the men, women, children, and simple-minded.

The success of the women of Dickens in France is due to the fact that they are more French than English.

Useless in effect to look amongst the numerous sisters of the gentle Dot for the determined ways, the decisive tone, the independent ideas of the young misses who travel the Continent with intrepid steps, holding forth, criticising, flirting, with a freedom entirely masculine.

Not the least *vierge forte*, according to Marcel Prévost, in that long gallery of delightful figures come those of the pretty Dora, "child-wife," "little blossom," well worthy of those pleasant names, and of Little Dorrit, flower of the prison, and not less affecting.

In spite of the national pudding which Ruth Pinch made with her white hands under the admiring gaze of John Westlock, she has nothing of the appearance of an English institution; she is an exquisite creature, entirely devoted to her brother—like the gentle Ada to her husband, little Florence to her father, pretty Nell to her grandfather—and is not to be changed or moved from her devotion. Even the more wise Agnes Wickfield, with her bunch of keys, Esther Summerson, "the busy bee," have hardly more practical sense, that glorious attribute of the Anglo-Saxon race, and neglect their own interest for that of others. Only Bella Wilfer, in the first part of the story, shows herself "selfish, odious" (these are her own expressions, for which she afterwards reproaches herself), but she, as it were, recovers in the second part! What an adorable housewife! What a tender little woman! What a good little mamma!

These three qualities seem to comprise Dickens's ideal: his heroines are not intellectual, they are not versed in literature or art, and not anxious to regain any liberty. Among them not the least womanly claim, not the least anxiety to assert their individuality, a complete surrender of their person, of their thoughts, to their lord and master. They are attached closely to him in spite of his defects, his faults, his vices sometimes, and say with Shakespeare's Adriana—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."

On the other side he has not enough of the satirical, of raillery for those who pretend to a false part—Mrs. Jellyby absorbed in African colonisation and the instruction of the natives of Borrioboola Gha whilst she neglects home, husband, children! Mrs. Pardiggle preaching the gospel to the wretched as one would administer medicine for a stubborn illness! Mrs. Weller, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the one an active

* Translated from *Revue Idéaliste*, May 15th, 1905, by J. W. T. Ley.

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member of the Brick Lane Temperance Society, the other a poetess, author of the "Ode to an Expiring Frog," published in the *Ladies' Magazine*, and other not-to-be-forgotten caricatures.

The children—they receive his caresses; nobody has better succeeded in portraying the pathos of childhood: in this he preserves all his natural charm. The farewell of Oliver Twist, on his starting for London, to his little companion in misery; the arrival of David Copperfield at his aunt's house; the will of little Johnny—"a kiss for the boofer lady"; the death of little Paul, and Tiny Tim with his crutch; Charley with her clogs—are all pure jewels of gracefulness, and of sentiment without any affectation.

But where he shows all the magic of his original and moving genius is in the portrayal of the simple and the lowly, for whom his avenging pen did so much: Smike, the drudge at the Yorkshire school; Tom Pinch, the good and blind pupil of the hypocrite Pecksniff; Barnaby, the poor idiot, suffering for his father's crime; the old woman Betty, whose weary pilgrimage ends at the side of the road which passes by the workhouse, the object of her dread; the old man Caleb, who, despite his deep gloom, in the society of his blind daughter simulates happiness; Jenny Wren, the little doll's dressmaker, own sister of our own Daudet's Zizi; Stephen Blackpool, the pathetic figure of the workman, resigned and sweet, taken between the tyranny of patronage and the official tyranny that crushes without mercy; and, above all, the admirable and distressing silhouette of the crossing-sweeper, prototype of all the human miseries, the starving wanderer, homeless and friendless, for whom the order is "move on," and who is "moved on" to the end of his life; ignorant, deprived of knowledge as of bread, but still capable of the rare feeling of gratitude, which causes him to sweep the neglected grave of him who "wos wery good to him." Neither Hugo nor Tolstoy, those masters of pathos, has given us anything more poignant than the death of this wretched outcast of humanity, more to be pitied than Jean Valjean or the Maslone, who has lived in the darkness without a ray of light, and catching but a glimpse of the brightness in death.

One can hardly believe that these sad types, pitiable and attractive, are productions from the same pen that has sketched with such humour the exhilarating humour of the Pickwick Club, of Mr. Bounderby, the Micawber family, the two Misses Pecksniff, the tribe of the Barnacles, the Minister of Circumlocution, and of the many others!—succession of grotesques of fancy of bewildering variety!

Where Dickens excels, also, is in the art of giving life to matter, idealising the most common object, of giving to it a character of importance, showing that everyone is stamped with the same die. Besides the duet of the cricket and the kettle, veritable model of its kind, there is a certain boiler, counsellor-in-ordinary to the landlord of the "Maypole"—"the thimble and nutmeg grater" fetishes of the servant Clemency—Uncle Sol's Little Midshipman, more alive than many persons of flesh and bone—a little wearisome sometimes, without doubt, but that is the case with the most pleasing *leitmotiv* repeated too often, especially in a translation, which always makes the text a little heavy, and the least heavy Anglo-Saxon has not the easy touch

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of a Daudet or a Coppée to charm the ear indefinitely with the same air on the same string.

Dickens, Daudet, Coppée! I confess my very great weakness for these three friends of the humble, with their profound tenderness and their ability to communicate emotion. In their works, which I have read and re-read many times, I find so many points of resemblance that I sometimes confound their progeny, and take for brothers David Copperfield, Jack and Amédée Violette, who, in reality, are only cousins.

A CHARLES DICKENS RELIC*

CHARLES DICKENS was loved by the people, and his works have been a joy and a solace to millions. Anything with which the great novelist was associated is justly revered, so it is no wonder that representatives of the *Register* felt they were enjoying a sacred treat when they were asked to inspect an album of photographs which belonged to Mrs. Charles Dickens. Inside the covers of the old-fashioned album were striking figures in history—gigantic men and women. Here were the notabilities who were contemporaneous with and the friends of Charles Dickens. Beneath the portraits were the autographs of those who will be famous right on down through the ages. Below the picture of a grand and vigorous-looking man were the words, "Your most faithful servant, W. M. Thackeray." A characteristic photograph of E. B. Lytton recalled that wonderful series of novels which have delighted so many hearts. Portraits of C. Shirley Brooks and Mark Lemon revived the early days of *Punch*. Another page turned over, and striking likenesses were revealed of John Tenniel and John Leech. A little further on and one exclaimed, "George Cruikshank!" Hans Christian Andersen took one back to the days of his youth and that wonderful world of fairy stories. Alfred Tennyson stood out in bold relief on the very first page. Each photograph sent one's thoughts flying back to the remarkable achievements of famous men of letters, artists, actors, and singers. The other portraits as they occur in the album are of G. Augustus Sala, Henry Compton, Madam Tietjens, Joseph Joachim, Charles Knight, Douglas Jerrold, William Sterndale Bennett, Jules Benedict, Albert Smith, John Parry, E. A. Sothern (the original Lord Dundreary), Kate Bateman, W. C. Macready, David Roberts, R.A., Jenny Lind, M. Meyerbeer, H. B. Stowe, Longfellow, Caroline Norton, Westland Marston, B. W. Procter, Richard I. Lane, Fechter, J. E. Millais, R.A., Thomas Webster, R.A., Adelina Patti, Carlotta Patti, J. R. Planche, Desiree Artot, James Palgrave Simpson, Balfe, Louisa Pyne, Augustus Egg, W. P. Frith, R.A., Wilkie Collins, Henry Brougham Kinglake, W. Harrison Ainsworth, Dudley Costello, and Mrs. Henry Wood. How the late Rev. Charles Clark would have delighted to linger over the portraits of these illustrious kindred spirits! The relic has been placed in the hands of Mr. S. Plint for private sale, and it is to be hoped that such a valuable and interesting treasure will find a resting-place in the Public Library.

* Reprinted from *The Register*, Adelaide, May 3rd, 1905.

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THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE

TIME has passed somewhat since the fresh young eyes of David Copperfield looked in upon the solemn owl-like gentlemen in red gowns and black, "seated in old-fashioned dining-room chairs," that formed the cosy, drowsy little family-party of Doctors' Commons. Time has passed somewhat; and, alas to think of it! that snug little party has broken up and dispersed, the final handshakes have been given, and I doubt me greatly if you could find now near unto St. Paul's Church that large, dull room where they held their conclaves, and where "the languid stillness was only broken by the chirping of the fire or by the voice of one of the Doctors droning through whole libraries of evidence." After all, methinks it was a bad, bad business and fell to pieces of its own rottenness. Haply, also, the preternatural gravity of these bigwigs, their very ponderosity and long-faced foolishness, as in the case of the dodo, foredoomed them to extinction. Howbeit, their place knows them no more, and they have passed, leaving no successors among the brisk, hopping creatures of to-day. Pah! "where now are their statutes and their fines, their recognizances, their double vouchers and recoveries?" Time has given a Podsnappian flourish of his right arm and swept them out of existence. His, sirs, is the final argument.

With those dusty bigwigs how much has gone of old manners and stiff cravats and grave old brick houses of lang syne! Yet if Spenlow and Jorkins have vanished, why not Mrs. Crupp? And what abiding virtue is there in the Adelphian landlady that hath preserved her to this later age? Mayhap it is that at times we tire at playing lawyers, but our caves, our shelters have become an enduring custom since Eden's bowers were lost to us—who shall say? The parish beadle has gone, or survives a mere shadow of his former self; the pieman that we remember sends his voice no more up to our window, and the blue-tunic'd charity-boy—where is he? Where is the clerk with his long-drawn sonorous "Amens" concluding and rounding off the parson's prose, and Martha, the bathing-woman, stoutest of her sex, who hath dipt so many young Britons in our Kentish seas? The toll-gate keeper shall no more curb the proud steeds at his white gate, and that honourable post shall no longer offer refuge for the solitude-loving spirit of a misanthrope, nor for the humorous observation of a Sam Weller. All, all are gone; vanished, fled, we know not whither, but our Mrs. Crupp, our native landlady, our Mrs. Quickly, who would by no means tolerate a Falstaff, yet remains amid the rack and disaster to hand down the traditions of her race and to defy all-devouring Time, e'en as she defies all other "spies, intruders, and informers," yea, as of old days Peggotty herself. "Tough, sir, tough!" as the apoplectic Bagstock would remark, and in truth Mrs. Crupp has once again put pitchers on the stairs and given "the enemy" a fall.

Should there be any who are disposed to doubt of this I cannot do more than recommend them to your Gower Street bells or your Bloomsbury knockers, when I can promise any such bold spirits that, like pleased young "Daisy," shall they presently call up half a hundred Mrs. Crupps, "gasping from the depths of the earth," with all her

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blushing virtues thick upon her. Whatever may be tried and effected in other directions, Mrs. Crupp at least stands firm and immovable, and will not be "levelled up." Her incorrect diction is classic; it is beyond and above all foolish educational tendencies of the time, and she will take her stand with that impregnable argument that "she is a mother herself," which dumbfounded "Mr. Copperfull" of yore, and which methinks not the stoutest of University Extension lecturers would e'en now dare to gainsay. What, must we all be hide-bound in stiff rules of grammar? Must they wither and fade, our Malaprops and our Crupps, and shall, indeed, a correct and soulless syntax render flat and stale their "infinite variety"? Though it be accounted heresy to me, yet will I here boldly declare that too much learning doth only paralyse and render dull the Crupp-like intellect. Yea, when the Adelphian dame advises skittles as an antidote to love, doth she not, sirs, show a wisdom that "shames the schools," wisdom that e'en an *Encyclopædia Britannica* in fifty volumes folio could not have taught her? The ostrich is a bird of imperfect education, as clearly shown by his efforts to conceal himself by putting his head in the sand, and think you that we should be now tickled with the entertaining picture of Mrs. Crupp hiding her portly form behind doors and leaving inevitably exposed that wide margin of flannel petticoat to the observation of Miss Trotwood, if the good dame had once passed the fifth standard and been instructed in the rules of algebra? Can I picture to myself a landlady of perfect diction and an Empire gown, with no pleasing homeliness of language, no kindly irrelevancies to contrast with my own correct sequence of thought? Far be it! Far be it! Let it come not in our day, but if ever indeed Mrs. Crupp be threatened, then methinks will a noble band of us form in defence of that time-honoured institution, and "A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crupp" defend her whom syntax doth press too hardly.

Mrs. Crupp! Ah, under her beneficent auspices how many succeeding generations of golden youth have taken their first steps in independence, and under her hospitable roof how many young "Daisy" Copperfields have raised high the bachelor teapot with that delightful feeling that the sense of property and the novelty of housekeeping engender! Ah, do we not know it, and those irregular, spasmodic dives into the little cupboard to tell over with business-like fervour the packet of tea, the sugar, the conserves, the bottle of wine, the Cheddar cheese, all, all the necessaries of complete happiness, with uncounted youth! So the boys, sirs, order their stout to be drawn with a good head on it, and, sitting, pledge each other in the foaming liquor, and call this "seeing life"!

Mrs. Crupp must be taken with St. Paul's, with Gower Street, and the squares of Bloomsbury as a bit of London, a little dingy, perhaps, but of an interesting rustiness, like the pleasant sense of the past, albeit a little sad, that is in old bricks. Again we see the old room and the antique prints of vanished Royalties that adorned the walls. Was there not the Iron Duke on his charger, too, on the dark staircase, with a long crack across the glass? For us those days come back with pleasant, sweet remembrance, and for Mrs. Crupp—hath she not also old times to recall? Ah, those "better days" which land-

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ladies have seen, and which it is their blessed privilege to bewail to successive lodgers! Were all those ladies in the nankeen gowns born like the poet in a golden age "with golden stars above"? But have done with mockery and this carping spirit: e'en our Mrs. Crupp had youth once, and with youth hope, and with hope dreams. The past looks so fair in the distance, and suffer her to breathe a sigh over her breakfast-things as she sits in her kitchen below stairs and looks out and up through the area railings. Her vision, you see, is somewhat barred and confined, and perhaps was always through an area grating: then thanks and yet thanks for the gleam of imagination that turns the past to glory. Ah, Mrs. Crupp, Mrs. Crupp, *that*, and not the "little brandy," is your true medicine and restorative, that is your real "tincture of cardamum mixed with rhubarb and flavoured with seven drops of the essence of cloves."

ROSE MAYLIE'S HOUSE AT CHERTSEY

By WALTER DEXTER

ONE would imagine it to be a difficult task to locate a Dickens landmark which has hitherto escaped unnoticed, yet one was forcibly called to the writer's mind when lately cycling through the riverside towns and villages of the Thames. We came along the tow-path past Sunbury and so on to Chertsey in company with an excellent little guide-book, *Short Spins Round London* (Gall and Inglis).

Reading the notes under the heading "Objects of Interest," we found the following: "*By following Guildford Street (Chertsey) to the cross-roads, where turn R. and L. at fork along Pyrcroft Road, the house burgled by Bill Sikes and Toby Crockit in 'Oliver Twist,' may be seen. The high buttressed wall on L. is the one this choice pair so adroitly climbed over.*"

We followed the directions thus clearly given, and eventually arrived under just such a wall as one could well imagine poor Oliver to have been hoisted over, and we naturally began to inquire whether by any chance there could be foundation for the statement as made in the above-mentioned guide-book. For journalistic purposes we have searched Dickensland over, and it is strange so important a landmark as this seemingly is should have escaped us. It is true that this part of the river is mentioned principally only in *Oliver Twist*, and is therefore apt to be overlooked by the seeker after "landmarks," but we had previously followed out the course of the "expedition" of Bill Sikes and Oliver Twist—a very interesting one, untouched, strange to say, by that otherwise complete work the *Dickens Country*, as well as by *Rambles in Dickensland*—and had never been able to find out the house of the Maylies at Chertsey. The Dickens directions to the spot are these:—

"'*Slap through the town,' whispered Sikes. . . . They hurried through the main street of the little town.*"

"*They turned up a road upon the left hand.*"

This is undoubtedly Guildford Street, although it is hardly "*clear of the town*," as Dickens states.

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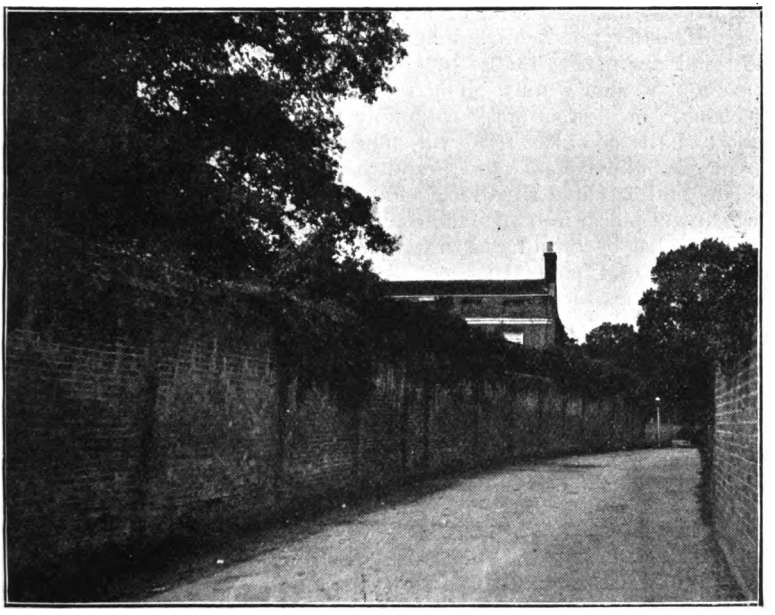
"*After walking about a quarter of a mile they stopped before a detachea house surrounded by a wall.*"

The house indicated above is such a house at about a quarter of a mile from Guildford Street. Is there any proof in substantiation of the statement that this is the home of Rose Maylie? It seems a very likely spot, and further views on the subject would be interesting.



THE REPUTED HOUSE AT CHERTSEY WHICH BILL SIKES BURGLED

From a copyright photo by Walter Dexter

AN ERRING ARTIST

WE have often had pointed out to us curious and unaccountable errors made by the artists who illustrated Dickens's books. These are evidence of carelessness, perhaps, but a mistake which we have noted on a pictorial post card recently seems to be evidence of something very like ignorance on the part of the artist—A. Ludovici. It is a picture of Bumble refusing more porridge to the workhouse boys! It represents the beadle in the full glory of his uniform, refusing porridge to four wretched-looking urchins, dressed in rags and with feet bare, all of whom are holding out their empty basins. It is unnecessary to point out that Oliver Twist was the only boy who had the courage to ask for more, and it was the master of the workhouse and not the beadle to whom the request was made.

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THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN DICKENS

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

ADAPTER OF "MR. BOFFIN'S SECRETARY"; "THE GENTLEMAN IN THE NEXT HOUSE"; "MR. PECKSNIFF'S PUPIL," AND OTHER COMEDIES AND SKETCHES

A GREAT French dramatist has recorded his conviction that the only essential elements in a good play are—two characters, a chair, and a situation; a dictum so true that it is not only well worth thinking over by itself, but may be used as a standard by which to measure the dramatic possibilities inherent in those authors who have not decided the matter for us by choosing the dramatic form as the expression of their genius. The author who only gives us "persons," or "chairs," or "situations," is doubly doomed to failure, for nothing short of the complete triad will suffice. We must have persons—real, living, breathing people too!—and the right setting (symbolised by the chair) and a telling situation, before we have even the rough material which will polish into an actable play.

Much has been said and written about the possibility of dramatising the works of Charles Dickens, and in face of the numerous failures and precarious successes of the stage versions given to the public, there is a tendency on the part of the critics to pronounce the task impossible; but devotees of Dickens who are likewise lovers of the drama are loath to accept the verdict, and it is more than likely that valiant attempts at adaptation will continue to be made for generations to come. That being the case, it may perhaps be worth while to examine the dramatic possibilities of our author by the light of the Frenchman's dictum quoted above, and as far as the first requisite goes there can be no hesitation as to the answer. The vast majority of the characters drawn by Dickens have remarkable vitality, and a very large percentage of them, if placed upon the boards, would make the colourless puppets of the average dramatist fade into comparative insignificance—that is, *as far as the actual portraiture is concerned.* Further, he has characters suited to every type of drama. Farcical characters—occasionally bordering on the burlesque—are plentiful in all his books, and notably in those of his early period. The inimitable family of Squeers, Mr. Vincent Crummles and his entire company, Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, the choleric Dr. Slammer, Mrs. Joe Gargery with her bottle of tar-water, Mrs. Varden, and the devoted Miggs, all belong to this category; and next in order comes a train of "domestic-comedy" characters—the Wilfers, the Boffins, the Pecksniffs, the Dorrits, the Cheeryble brothers, Mrs. Lupin, Peggotty, and a host of others in unending procession. "Eccentric comedy" is almost as lavishly dealt with as either of the foregoing classes, and gives us an infinite variety of types admirably suited to purposes of light relief. Harold Skimpole, Miss La Creevy, Mr. Toots, Betsey Trotwood, Newman Noggs, and the immortal Micawber would all make excellent side characters, and the list might be enormously extended. In pathetic comedy, Tom Pinch stands easily king of the Dickens company, and on realising how few are the figures we can place beside him on this platform we begin to feel the limitations of our author. Mrs. Keeley achieved a striking success as "Smike," Miss Jenny Lee has harrowed her thousands as

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"Jo," but it may be questioned how far it is legitimate to employ the gradual development of phthisis as a probe to reach the hearts of one's audience, and there is no doubt that the wonderful realism of the consumptive cough made a very large claim on the sympathy of the spectators in both these cases. Tom Pinch has no need of such adventitious aids; the manly way in which he faces his misfortunes, the quiet heroism with which he hides his heartache lest a suspicion of it should give a moment's pain to others, his sunshiny temperament and the beautiful unselfishness of his daily life, all combine to make him one of the most lovable characters of fiction. It is noteworthy that he was particularly near to Dickens's own heart, so much so that in writing to Robert Keeley about an adaptation of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which the latter was about to present to the public, the author admits that he feels "secure" about Ruth Pinch and "certain" of Mrs. Gamp; "but," he adds characteristically, "a queer sensation begins in my legs, and comes upwards to my forehead, when I think of Tom." It certainly would be harrowing to an author's feeling to see such a part unsympathetically taken; but there are few actors worthy of the name who could so take it, and among some five dozen of Dickens characters placed on the amateur stage by the present writer, Tom Pinch stands easily first in the affections of the audience. Seldom, indeed, has Dickens so successfully held his hand in adding pathetic touches to a character. His own temperament was so exuberantly joyous that the mere absence of joy makes him restless, and face to face with the big sorrows of life he is apt to lose his nerve to such an extent that an hysterical element creeps into his portraiture. The strength of his own emotion blurs the clearness of his perception, and the more he strains and strives in his efforts to make his readers feel the suffering he describes, the more shadowy and unreal do his characters become. "The death of Little Nell," says Mr. Gissing, "is not the dying of a little girl, but the vanishing of a beautiful dream," and less sympathetic critics have described her as "a mere creature of the footlights." As a matter of fact, this is hard upon the footlights, for tested practically by their standard, *Little Nell* has, in the long run, proved a failure. If there is one thing the stage exacts more than another, it is vitality, and that quality is hopelessly lacking in her. Not all the descriptive paragraphs that Dickens contrived in her honour can give her one-half the reality of the little "Marchioness," who steps casually into the story to announce a visitor, and forcibly impresses her individuality on Dick Swiveller and ourselves before she has uttered three sentences. As far as the stage is concerned, the one child is a living, breathing piece of flesh and blood, capable of delighting any audience, and the other is an under-exposed photograph, of which nothing can be seen across the footlights but the elaborately constructed frame.

Passing from pathetic drama to tragedy proper, we find ourselves again compelled to admit the limitations of our author. *A Tale of Two Cities* gives us his one thoroughly successful tragic figure, and the secret of the success is not very far to seek. "I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages," he tells us in his preface, "as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself." And in a letter to Miss Boyle he confesses, "I must say that I like

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my Carton, and I have a faint idea sometimes that if I acted him I could do something with his life and death." Such a complete identification of the author with the character created is the surest possible safeguard against that tendency in Dickens which too often allows his pathos to run to seed, and converts what would fain be tragedy into melodrama.

And in this same field of melodrama we get back once more to a wealth of types suited to stage purposes; characters virtuous or vicious, with the labels very clearly marked; personages "poor but honest" or wealthy and arrogant; hardened criminals or suffering saints in abundance, with an ample provision of jovial detectives who put everything right before the curtain falls. Bill Sikes and his victim Nancy—and, indeed, most of the Oliver Twist characters—belong to this company; so does Sir Leicester Dedlock, Bart., and his haughty lady, as also Mr. Tulkinghorn, the family lawyer; Hortense, the French maid; Inspector Bucket, and portly Mrs. Rouncewell with her long-lost son. Other popular melodramatic types circle round the story of *Little Em'ly* and have tempted several theatrical managers to place them on the boards. Uriah Heep, Rosa Dartle, the fatally-fascinating Steerforth and his valet, Little Em'ly herself and her faithful swain, are all familiar types to lovers of melodrama, and it is not very easy to understand why such adaptations should fail. Melodrama we have always with us, and Dickens's melodramatic characters, though far below his own best, are many degrees nearer life than the dastardly dukes and languishing ladyships and virtuous rustics who deceive or defy each other nightly on the boards of our minor theatres. It should be noted also that not only are these individual portraits of almost every type excellently drawn, but they are grouped for us with consummate skill. Their family ties, their bonds of friendship, of love, or of duty appeal to us. We understand the link that binds their hearts together, and realise the intuitive dislike that drives some of them asunder.

So far, good; but what of our Frenchman's second requisite—the setting of the piece, quaintly symbolised by the chair? Once more it is in farce and comedy that our author shines most successfully. As far as these divisions of the drama go he gives us a choice of "chairs"—any amount of them, and of all shapes and sizes. The setting is generally excellent, the "business" suggested—or implied—artistic and natural, and of so free a growth that the pruning-knife is frequently in requisition.

In tragedy, on the other hand, our author is less at home. On the rare occasions on which he attains to it, he manages to let well alone; but too often he just falls short, and the scene is marred by over-elaboration. There is no need of complicated stage directions in tragedy, and to put them in with a lavish hand only cheapens the effect; for the moment a would-be tragic figure puts on frills and furbelows, either in speech or movement, it steps at once into the realm of melodrama, in which region our author walks with a very uncertain step. The "chair" is provided, but it is somehow or other of the wrong pattern, and the characters are apt to scorn it when they most need rest, and to sink down on it when one expects them to be up and doing. Dickens's melodramatic women, especially, faint and weep

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and kneel and implore in a jerkily automatic fashion, and their efforts after self-control leave us as coldly unsympathetic as do their emotional outbursts. One of the worst instances of unconvincing "business" is shown by Mlle. Hortense, the French maid in *Bleak House*, who takes off her shoes and wades through wet grass in order to give vent to her feelings of anger and jealousy. This action is so incredible and unnatural in an elegant "Parisienne" that one wonders whether the author really imagined the incident. It seems more probable that he has given us an unsuccessful portrait of some abnormal occurrence in actual life. This is, of course, an "extreme case" of failure, but a similar sense of unreality affects us in reading the scenes between Edith Grainger and Florence, or Lady Dedlock and her daughter, and examples might easily be multiplied.

As regards our French critic's third requisite—the "situation"—it is much more difficult to speak, for the simple reason that comparatively few stage managers, however experienced, can feel any certainty about recognising an effective stage situation from reading alone. Not even successful rehearsal can give a trustworthy verdict; nothing short of a house well filled by a representative and unbiassed audience will tell us whether there is that in a play which can reach the hearts of the spectators. "What is going to happen next?" must be the one absorbing question; and a play is never really successful unless this feeling of interest can be awakened time after time, even when the audience knows the sequence of events beforehand. Had Dickens devoted himself to dramatic writing, he would probably have learnt much concerning this matter along the thorny path of repeated failure, for, as Mr. Gissing truly says, he never had any *command* of situation. Fortunately for himself and others, situation not infrequently had command of him, and once more it is in the realms of farcical and pathetic comedy that we have to look for the really "telling" junctures in his stories. Just when he is thinking least about it, absorbed in some delicious bit of dialogue or characteristic touch of portraiture, the dramatic moment arrives, and author and audience are one in intensity of interest. For example, the attempt to show the gradual development of Bella Wilfer's character through varied experiences in the house of the Boffins, leads up naturally and easily to the excellent scene in which she defies Mr. Boffin, and declares her love for his ill-used secretary; and the casual arrival of Mrs. Nickleby's mad admirer by means of the parlour chimney-piece carries us straightway into the third act of a highly satisfactory farce. Yet the original purpose of our author when introducing the lunatic was probably only to add the high lights to Mrs. Nickleby's portrait, which certainly gained enormously by the arrival of her eccentric suitor upon the scene. It will be noted that both of these situations are placed before the audience almost entirely in dialogue form, and here, perhaps, we may lay our fingers on a kind of rough test which may be applied to a novel by a would-be adapter before selecting the portions of the story to be dramatised. Does a situation require elaborate paragraphs of description before it can be clearly placed before the reader? Then it is probably unsuitable for theatrical representation. Is the point at issue indicated fully by the words of the characters, with but slight aid from the context? The

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chances are that it would be a success on the stage. The death of Little Nell is one of the most popular descriptive passages that Dickens ever wrote, but there is nothing in it to dramatise. It is a tribute to the novelist's powers that so many attempts have been made to work the incident into a stage play, but such attempts show little critical acumen on the part of his adapters, and similar blunders in judgment are curiously common. The three characters suggested to me by professional actors as "splendid acting parts" are Jonas Chuzzlewit ("after the murder" especially!), Bradley Headstone, and Bill Sikes. How much would the reader know about these gentlemen minus the descriptions? and what is their dialogue worth? Next to nothing. Not on these lines will satisfactory adaptations ever be achieved, and until stage managers and dramatists realise that a descriptive triumph is miles removed from histrionic success, our English drama will remain unenriched by all the wealth of material—and especially of comedy material—which lies locked up in the novels of Charles Dickens.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

VII

IT is not for thy worldly fame
That thou art dear to me;
It is not for thy lofty name
That I so cherish thee.

Perhaps, ere all thy worth I knew,
Thy glory charm'd my sight;
But what is glory, when the view
Beholds a spirit's light?

Shame on the maxim—hearts unwise
Draw from themselves that lore—
"A hero seen by daily eyes
A hero is no more!"

Thou art but held at higher rate
When nearer understood;
The gaze that sinks the merely great
Exalts the truly good.

I saw thee from afar compel
The crowd with magic art;
Beneath the power that wove the spell
I found the genial heart.

And, when thy inner spirit gave
Its treasure unto me,
Thy proudest heart seemed but a wave
Of that rich boundless sea.

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Oh, 'tis a sacred thing to gaze
On springs great minds that feed;
E'en as the sun excels its rays,
The thought outshines the deed.

Yet, when thy hand in friendship's link
I grasp, how warmly run
The currents of my soul—to think
On all that hand has done!

It is no hand of warrior, stain'd
By conquest's crimson touch;
Yet hand of warrior never gain'd
From victory so much.

Down hath it struck from places high
Of Wrongs a giant horde,
And slain old Errors flashingly
As any beaming sword.

'Tis standard to the gallant host
That forward strive: where'er
Men battle most, and struggle most,
That dauntless hand is there,

Fresh banners, with a force unspent,
Of thought it has unfurl'd:
Wielding the pen—God's instrument—
It hath waved on the World!

Then, when that hand to mine its free
Warm welcome doth extend,
I thank kind Heaven who granted me
To grasp it as a friend.

From *The Three Gates.*
By Chauncy Hare Townshend, 1861.

REPRINTS OF DICKENS, SCOTT, AND THACKERAY.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are issuing the complete works of Scott and Thackeray and the non-copyright volumes of Dickens in an excellent pocket edition on India paper. There are seven volumes of each author ready, and all are fully illustrated. Thackeray and Dickens have reproductions from the original illustrations, and the Scott volumes those from the Border Edition. The volumes are published at 2*s.* net in cloth, and 3*s.* net in leather.

Messrs. Nelson also send us a remarkably cheap edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* in pocket form, bound in cloth, at 6*d.* net.

We have also received two specimen copies of Messrs. Nelson and Sons' "Century" Edition of Dickens. The edition consists of fourteen volumes, and may be had in three bindings, namely: cloth, with gilt top, 2*s.*; leather limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*; and leather boards, 3*s.* There is little to be said of this edition, it is so well known.

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SOLVING THE "MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"*

By B. W. MATZ

I SUPPOSE no unfinished story of any writer has created so much interest and speculation as Dickens's *Edwin Drood*. There have been two or three "completions" published, two of which were American productions and impudent enough, for one was supposed to be from the "spirit pen" of Dickens, and the other professed to be the joint work of Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens the younger, but so far as those authors' names were concerned was a fraud, as neither wrote a line of it.

Hitherto the most valuable book the story inspired was Richard Proctor's "loving study," published in 1887, in which he set himself to prove that Drood was not murdered, and appeared again on the scene as Datchery. This theory, too, is not only followed in the "completions," but has been more or less the theory of most readers of the half-told story. Recently, too, Mr. Gadd dealt with the subject more from a bibliographical standpoint in the Manchester *Quarterly*.

Now comes Mr. J. Cuming Walters with a really startling new theory altogether in a book he calls *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."* It is a remarkably skilful and studious exposition, and few Dickensians who read it will be inclined to disagree with Mr. Walters's arguments and the conclusion he arrives at.

It would be obviously unfair to Mr. Walters to reveal the secret of his discovery. The whole interest of his book centres in that secret. But we may say at once that he is convinced that Drood is dead, which is one of the three mysteries he sets out to unravel. The second mystery is "Mr. Datchery," and the third "The Opium Woman." The last is not of so much importance as the other two. But the one which will create the most surprise is the mystery of Mr. Datchery. Who he was we must leave Mr. Walters's book to tell; and he leads up to the revelation in such a masterly and convincing manner as to make the reading of it almost as absorbing as a well-told story. He divides his book into eight chapters, the first two dealing with the story itself—the method of telling and its analysis. Then, having shown by the internal evidence of Dickens's story that Drood is really dead, he approaches the most intricate and difficult question of who was Mr. Datchery. "This," he says, "was the surprise Dickens had in store, steadily working up from the first; and it says much for his triumph that either this point has been belittled or entirely overlooked." Mr. Walters does not jump to hasty conclusions. He gives chapter and verse for every argument he advances, traces the sequence of clues he has discovered in the story to the realisation of his chief theory, and so makes out his case with convincing finality. He first proves who Datchery was not, disposing of all the characters but one, and so clears the ground for the remaining solution—the only one which he considers will stand every test and meet every requirement. And the solution is put to the test, and after he has revealed his theory, Mr. Walters substantiates it with

* *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood,"* by J. Cuming Walters. London: Chapman and Hall. Manchester: John Heywood. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

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skill and thoroughness. The book is a fascinating one. It is a scholarly one too, and in places calls to our mind the genius of Edgar Allan Poe in unravelling the strange theme. It is the most important contribution to the subject that so far has been made.

At the beginning of his book Mr. Walters gives extracts from the opinions of well-known writers on *Edwin Drood*. To these we would add his own: "*Edwin Drood* is a torso, and as we contemplate the unfinished masterpiece we are led to realise how cunning was the hand

JOHN JASPER'S GATEWAY

From a drawing by F. G. Kitton

of the craftsman who shaped it, how superb the sovereign intellect that conceived it, and how majestic would have been its proportion had he completed it."

Mr. Walters dedicates his book to "The President, Vice-President and Members of the Dickens Fellowship, England, and the All-around Dickens Club, Boston, U.S.A.," to all of whom the book will appeal with refreshing enthusiasm.

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

July 1.—"The voice of Time cries to man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater happiness, his better life, his progress onward to that goal, within its knowledge and its view, and set there in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, lived, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead, and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever for its momentary check."—*The Chimes*—The Goblin of the Bell.

July 2.—"Trifles make the sum of life."—*David Copperfield.*

July 3.—"Regrets are the natural property of gray hairs."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Martin Chuzzlewit, sen.

July 4.—"Oh, what a bright old song it is, that 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round!'"—*Our Mutual Friend.*

July 5.—"Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power."—*Letter to his son* (Mr. E. B. L. Dickens).

July 6.—"He was simply and staunchly true to his duty, alike in the large case and in the small. So all true souls ever are. So every true soul ever was, ever is, and ever will be. There is nothing little to the really great in spirit."—*Edwin Drood.*

July 7.—"Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine."—*Oliver Twist.*

July 8.—"Try not to associate bodily defeat with mental, except for a solid reason."—*David Copperfield*—Miss Mowcher.

July 9.—"Violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes long after those who marked the desolation are but atoms of the earth themselves."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

July 10.—"It is an exquisite thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

July 11.—"People must be amuthed somehow; they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a learning."—*Hard Times*—Mr. Sleary.

July 12.—"It is probable that we know people claiming to be very wise and profound about nations of men who show themselves to be rather weak and shallow about units of babies."—*Speech at London.*

July 13.—"When the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, smoothed, and varnished, according to the mode: when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he takes to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very devil."—*Hard Times.*

July 14.—"One of those public nuisances, a spoiled child."—*Sketches by Boz.*

July 15.—"And this is another spell against which the shedder of blood for ever strives in vain. There are fifty doors by which Discovery may enter. With infinite pains and cunning he double locks and bars forty-nine, and cannot see the fiftieth standing wide open."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

July 16.—"Constancy in love is a good thing, but it means nothing, and is nothing, without constancy in every kind of effort."—*Bleak House*—Mr. Jarndyce.

July 17.—"The dreams of childhood—its airy fables, its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond: so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the strong ways of the world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly wise."—*Hard Times.*

July 18.—"Mere reading and writing is not education."—*Speech at Glasgow.*

July 19.—"The King upon his throne, with his crown upon his 'ead, can't sit and write his Acts of Parliament in print, without having begun when he was a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet. Ah! and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z."—*Great Expectations*—Joe Gargery.

July 20.—"As egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilised man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts, making society hideous."—*The Noble Savage.*

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July 21.—"If there must be people vowed to crush the harmless fancies and the love of innocent delights and gaieties, which are a great part of human nature, as much a part of it as any other love or hope that is our common portion, let them stand openly revealed among the ribald and licentious; the very idiots know that *they* are not on the Immortal road, and avoid them."—*American Notes.*

July 22.—"What are we but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses, and rampant animals too! And virtue is the drag. We start from the Mother's Arms and we run to the Dust Shovel."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

July 23.—"It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain) philosopher that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. . . . He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win."—*Somebody's Luggage.*

July 24.—"The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Nicholas.

July 25.—"There is a ruin of youth which is not like old age."—*Bleak House.*

July 26.—"The gout is a complaint as rises from too much ease and comfort. If you're ever attacked with the gout, just you marry a widder as has got a good, loud woice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin."—*Pickwick Papers.*—Mr. Weller, sen.

July 27.—"'But is it really possible to please the world?' says some doubting reader. It is indeed. Nay, it is not only very possible, but very easy. The ways are crooked and sometimes foul and low. What then? A man need but crawl upon his hands and knees, know when to close his eyes, and when his ears, when to stoop, and when to stand upright; and, if by the world is meant that atom of it in which he moves himself, he shall please it, never fear."—*Sketches of Young Couples.*

July 28.—"Whatever one woman says, another woman is determined to clinch, always. There's that spirit of emulation among 'em, sir, that if your wife says to my wife, 'I'm the happiest woman in the world, and mine's the best husband in the world, and I dote on him,' my wife will say the same to yours, or more, and half believe it."—*The Cricket on the Hearth*—Mr. Tackleton.

July 29.—"Good honest words are never thrown away."—*A Message from the Sea*—Captain Jorgan.

July 30.—"It is wonderful how Virtue turns from dirty stockings, and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance."—Preface to *Oliver Twist.*

July 31.—"But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is strong-wing'd in the main."—*The Fine Old English Gentleman* (New Version).

ON "BOZ'S" CHAIR

BEQUEATHED TO THE ATHENÆUM CLUB BY SIR W. FRASER

SEE Boz's chair, its faded cane,
In which he wrote and wrote again,
Oft in his châlet at Gadshill:
Does not his spirit fill it still?
There used he ponder, there he sat,
Or stood with lively friend to chat.
The writing clubman lifts his eyes,
And sees the genial figure rise—
Gliding to the empty chair,
And then dissolve into the air!
So day and night, through ev'ry rub,
Bright Boz is member of the club—
Once in the hall, that trysting-place,
Two severed friends met face to face!
A start! while both uncertain stand;
And each has clasped the other's hand!

PERCY FITZGERALD.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood." By J. Cuming Walters. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Martin Chuzzlewit, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Dombey and Son.* In Macmillan's India Paper Editions. 2*s.* net each, in cloth; 3*s.* net each, in leather.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens's Watering Place" (Broadstairs). *Presbyterian*, May 25th.

"Dickens and the May-pole." Letter in *Loughton Advertiser*, May 27th.

"Charles Dickens Bazaar in Rotherhithe." *Southwark Recorder*, May 27th.

"Dickens's Tribute to the Little Sisters." *Belfast Irish News*, May 29th.

"The Dickens Fellowship." A Talk with Mr. J. W. T. Ley. *The Church Family Newspaper*, June 2nd.

"A Manchester Reciter in America" (Mr. John Duxbury). *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, June 3rd.

"Dickens Letters, Sale of." *Daily Mail*, June 9th.

"Gad's Hill." *The Globe*, June 9th.

"A Great Anniversary (Dickens's)." By J. Dubu Teley. *Household Words*, June 10th.

"The Death of Dickens." His last autograph letter. *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, June 10th.

"Dickensian London." *Notes and Queries*, June 10th.

"The Popularity of Dickens." Leader, Cardiff *South Wales Echo*, June 16th.

"Dickens's Pen Portraits: Tim Linkinwater." *Household Words*, June 17th.

"The Influence of Dickens." Leader, *Manchester Guardian*, and Leader, *Bristol Observer*, June 17th.

"Written in a Library: Dickens and Sunday Observance," by C. W. *Bristol Evening Times*, June 21st.

"Fagin." A Chat with Mr. Tree. *Daily News*, June 23rd.

"*The Dickensian* on Charles Dickens." *Free Lance*, June 24th.

DICKENS AND STREET FIRE-ALARMS

WRITING of Charles Dickens the younger, in his book of anecdotes of literary life *Twenty Years Ago*, Mr. Edmund Downey recalls a talk he had with Mr. Holdsworth, the manager of *All the Year Round*, at its office in Wellington Street. Mr. Holdsworth, who always referred to "Boz" as "the old governor," said—

"I suppose you know that he had a peculiar dread of fire. Coming down the stairs one day, he called out to me . . . 'Holdsworth' . . . where are the keys of the house kept after the place is locked up for the night?' 'The housekeeper takes them upstairs, sir,' said I."

Dickens replied that if the place caught fire, the chances were the housekeeper would run downstairs in a panic, forget all about the keys, and find himself in a trap. Or, if the fire did not arouse him, and if anyone wanted to get upstairs, the door at the bottom would be locked, and valuable time would be lost in breaking it open.

"And what is your idea, sir?" I asked, knowing that some plan had swiftly occurred to him. "Get a brick or two knocked out of the wall," said he, "and the hole can have a glass door and a little gas-jet burning alongside it. This will catch the eye promptly, and if an emergency arises the glass can easily be broken in order to get at the keys." "There is our key-safe, the old governor's idea," said Mr. Holdsworth, pointing to a glazed receptacle in the wall. "I understand it was this which gave the fire brigade the idea of putting alarms in the streets with a glass front, and I believe the plan is adopted in many warehouses now."

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"PHIZ"

HABLOT K. BROWNE, Artist. Born, 1815; died, July, 1882

THE Lamp is out that lighted up the text
Of Dickens, Lever—heroes of the pen.
Pickwick and *Lorrequer* we love, but next
We place the man who made us see such men.
What should we know of *Martin Chuzzlewit*,
Stern *Mr. Dombey*, or *Uriah Heep?*
Tom Burke of Ours?—Around our hearths they sit,
Outliving their creators—all asleep!
No sweeter gift e'er fell to man than his
Who gave us troops of friends—delightful Phiz!

He is not dead! There in the picture-book
He lives with men and women that he drew;
We take him with us to the cozy nook
Where old companions we can love anew.
Dear boyhood's friend! We rode with him to hounds;
Lived with dear *Peggotty* in after years;
Missed in old Ireland where fun knew no bounds;
At *Dora's* death we felt poor *David's* tears!
There is no death for such a man—he is
The spirit of an unclosed book! immortal Phiz!

July 22nd, 1882. "PUNCH."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE Hampstead ramble, on Saturday, June 3rd, was a complete success. The weather was delightful, and everything went off splendidly. The party, numbering about fifty, met at East Finchley station at three o'clock, and proceeded by way of Bishop's Avenue to the Earl of Mansfield's estate. His lordship had very kindly granted permission to the party to inspect the lovely grounds, a privilege which was thoroughly appreciated. Thence a move was made to the "Spaniards," immortalised in *Pickwick*. It will be remembered that it was in the grounds attached to this famous house that Mrs. Bardell and her friends were disporting themselves when they were arrested on the instigation of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Of course the "Spaniards" has other historical associations, and it was here that Dick Turpin is said to have slept the night before he started that famous ride to York. In regard to this ride, however, several members of our party were as sceptical as Betsey Prig in regard to the existence of Mrs. Harris.

"Jack Straw's Castle" was the next object of interest. Here, as the late Mr. Kitton points out in his *Dickens Country*, the Dickens traditions are still cherished, a small upper apartment in front being pointed out as the bedroom which he occasionally occupied. This is the house to which he referred in a letter to Forster as "a good 'ouse . . . where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner, and a glass of wine." "Jack Straw's Castle" (which is said to have derived its name from the peasant who was second to Wat Tyler in the historic insurrection during the reign of Richard II.) also has associations with Thackeray, Du Maurier, and Lord Leighton; and Washington Irving also commemorated it in his *Tales of a Traveller*.

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It was in a field behind the Castle that the body of the prototype of Mr. Merdle (*Little Dorrit*) was discovered in February, 1856. John Sadleir was a well-known member of Parliament, and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry. After he ceased to be a member of Parliament, he continued to be a great political and financial magnate, was chairman of the London and County Joint Stock Bank, part owner of the Tipperary Bank, and a large railway share owner both in England and on the Continent. Yet all this time he was both a forger and a swindler, and eventually, when he found he could conceal his defalcations no longer, he committed suicide by taking a dose of oil of almonds, and his body was found as stated. He was buried in Highgate Cemetery. It is said that within two months his defalcations had amounted to £1,250,000. Dickens wrote: "I had a general idea of the society business before the Sadleir affair, but I shaped Mr. Merdle himself out of that precious rascality."

Tea was indulged in in the delightful gardens of the "Bull and Bush," where the catering and the attendance were excellent. The party were photographed by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, and after tea a visit was paid to Wylde's Farm, in the cottage attached to which Dickens is said to have written part of *Bleak House*. Copies of the photograph may be had for 1*s*. each, post-free, on application to the Hon. General Secretary at headquarters.

PROPOSED DRAMATIC SOCIETY

IT is proposed to start at once a Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club. Such an organisation would be a very interesting and welcome addition to the Fellowship. The idea is only in a state of embryo at present, but the proposals are: To found a club, with an annual subscription of 5*s*.; members to have tickets to that value for performances; to give three performances of plays during the coming winter. There is no doubt that such a club could be made a success, both socially and financially, and Mr. James Chapman, who is well known as an amateur actor, is willing to devote his energies to it. Will those who would care to join such a club kindly communicate with me as soon as possible? If I receive a sufficient number of names a meeting will be called.

YORK BRANCH

A MEETING was held on June 20th, at the Merchants' Hall, at which the Rev. F. A. Russell delivered a farewell address. Mr. D. L. Pressly, the President, was in the chair, supported by the Mayor. Mr. Russell, who was the first President of the branch, delivered an excellent and telling address, in which he spoke of the delights to be got from reading Dickens and the influence his writings must always have. The Mayor, Councillor Morley, Mr. Medd, and others also spoke. Mr. Russell is leaving York to take up the duties of pastor to the King's Weigh House Chapel in London. It is hoped he will interest himself in the parent Fellowship.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE general meeting of this branch was held on May 11th, at 140, High Street, Dr. Graham, the retiring President, in the chair, who in a brief speech introduced Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., as his unanimously elected successor. Miss E. G. Moody, the Hon. Secretary, read her report, which was an interesting résumé of the history of the branch since its commencement; also the balance sheet, which showed a small credit balance after the branch had sent a donation to the Shirley Sheltering Children's Home. It was considered highly satisfactory, being the first year of the branch. Votes of thanks were given to the retiring President and other officers, many of whom were willing to take office again, and were elected, including the Hon. Secretary. The opening meeting of the next session will be on October 16th with a conversazione at the Kell Memorial Hall. The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke has kindly consented to become a patron of the branch.

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CHICAGO (U.S.A.) BRANCH

RECENTLY it was announced that authority had been given for the formation of a branch in Chicago. By the last mail information was received that a branch had already been formed. A meeting was held on May 24th at Kimball Hall. Professor George A. Vinton, of the John Marshall Law School, was elected Chairman, and John S. Zimmerman, Treasurer of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, was made Secretary. More than thirty members were enrolled. Mr. Vinton, to whom the branch owes its existence, is well known as a Dickens lecturer and reciter, and impersonator of the great novelist's characters. He writes: "I am delighted to come in touch with Dickens lovers, as I have been one all my life, and heard the great master read. I met his agent, Mr. Dolly, in 1867, in Boston. . . . We have thirty members now, and will have a hundred shortly. . . . I have had three applications from the county towns for information how to form branches—rules, dues, etc. . . . Our branch will be a great success, and will be heard of in charitable work, when we get fairly on our legs. . . . We extend the 'right hand of Fellowship' to all Dickens lovers, and hope to merit your goodwill by our works, not words."

TORONTO (CANADA) BRANCH

THE initial entertainment given by this newly formed branch took place in the Guild Hall on Tuesday evening, May 30th, when a very enthusiastic audience was in attendance to hear Professor John Duxbury recite Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. To say that the recital was a treat is not enough. It was a delight, and between the pathos and the humour of the story there was not a serious face nor an untouched heart in the hall. Professor Duxbury is perfect in his manner and sentiment. The insistent and deliciously funny details of the Christmas dinner in Tiny Tim's home, and the sombre touches which old Scrooge's experience necessitates, were given with equally graphic fidelity. Round after round of applause, a neat little acknowledgment from Professor Duxbury, and a recital by request of a freak poem, which one can scarcely forgive as following so different a theme, concluded the charming evening. Rarely, if ever, has a better pleased lot of Dickens lovers enjoyed a recital of one of the stories that will never die. The proceeds of the recital will begin a fund for the benefit of some object which the heart of the master of human needs would have approved, something to help the children. Dr. Goldwin Smith, Hon. President of the Dickens Fellowship of Toronto, wrote asking to be excused from taking the chair on account of his advanced years, and giving a good word of sympathy and encouragement to the Fellowship. The President (Mr. E. S. Williamson) read the letter, and then himself introduced Professor Duxbury, whose beautifully clear voice and bright delivery held the large audience for nearly two hours.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE members of this branch are anxious to give a day's enjoyment to a number of old people during the present summer by taking a party into the country. Last year fifty old folks were entertained in this way, and it is hoped that the same number will be entertained this year. In addition, however, the Committee wishes to assist in providing a day's enjoyment for a number of old people in the neighbourhood of Lant Street, Borough. None of these good objects can be attained without money, and the Committee earnestly appeal for assistance. Mrs. Palmer, 2, Marischal Road, Lee, S.E., will gladly acknowledge contributions.

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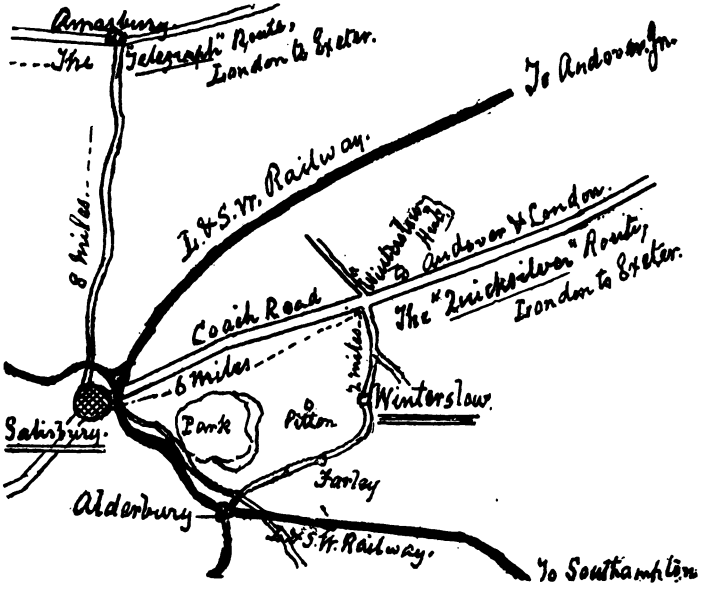
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE "BLUE DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—It is "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" that I venture a *non possumus* anent Mr. Harper's opinion, as contributed to your May number, page 119.

According to the dictum of Tristram in his *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, the London and Exeter coach, which ran by way of Andover and Salisbury, was the "Quicksilver" (otherwise the Devonport mail), the route *viâ* Amesbury being adopted by the "Telegraph," its famous rival. But when doctors disagree, who shall decide? This, however, by the way.



LOCALITIES AND COACH ROADS, VICINITY OF SALISBURY

It is evident from the definite allusions of the Chuzzlewit story that the former "*fleet conveyance*" is the one exclusively referred to, travelling direct between Salisbury and Andover *viâ* "Winterslow Hut," Middle Wallop, and Little Anne. We are therefore altogether precluded from looking either at Amesbury or Alderbury for the whereabouts of the "Blue Dragon."

The village of Winterslow, a few miles east of Salisbury, is a locality which exactly corresponds with the indications of the tale. It is distant southward from the direct highway—between Salisbury and Andover—"*a couple of miles or so*" (chap. xx.); and, "*at the end of the lane*" (chaps. vi. and viii.), this side-way joins the main road opposite "Winterslow Hut" (once the residence of Hazlitt), about six miles eastward from the cathedral city. At this point, in Martin's time, it was usual for the London coach to stop for the taking up and setting down of passengers. We read of Tom Pinch and John Westlock (chap. ii.)—"*they sallied forth to meet the mail*";

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hence, Mr. Pecksniff and his charming daughters took their memorable journey to "Town and Todgers's" (chap. viii.); and here Tom—starting from Salisbury *en route* for London—was met by Mrs. Lupin, at "*the old finger-post*," with his box (chap. xxxvi.).

This finger-post, frequently mentioned in the Chuzzlewit annals, is, like many other Dickensian landmarks, no longer existent. A reference to the vignette illustration by Phiz will show that sixty years since it was in somewhat dilapidated condition, and could then only partially serve its original purpose.

A respectable inn at Middle Winterslow is the "Lion's Head" (*alias* the "Blue Dragon"?), at which it is possible aforetime—in the imagination of the author—that Mrs. Lupin may have held hospitable sway; what time Mark Tapley assisted as general manager, under non-creditable circumstances. There is also an alehouse in East Winterslow—at no great distance—where Anthony and his son may have found accommodation (as at the "Half Moon and Seven Stars") on the occasion of the family conference. All Saints' Church has a good organ; and there are several old-fashioned and commodious houses in the vicinity, at one or other of which the moral Pecksniff may have resided.

It may be interesting to note the contiguity of Clarendon Park, situated between Winterslow and Salisbury, west of Pitton. In the earlier years of the last century this park would be better described as a plantation or wood, and is doubtless the place intended by Dickens, where Montague met his death at the hands of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

With best apologies to all concerned, I am, dear sir,

Faithfully yours in Fellowship,

ROBERT ALLBUT.

BRIXTON, *May 28th*, 1905.

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Harper's article on "The 'Blue Dragon' of *Martin Chuzzlewit*" with great interest, the more so as that subject with other Dickens matter has been lately discussed without much result in *Wiltshire Notes and Queries*, of which I am the unworthy editor.

The late lamented Mr. Kitton, in a letter to me, written not long before his death, seems to have come to the same conclusion as Mr. Harper, that no particular inn or village was meant. No mention in the article is made of another claimant, viz. the "Green Dragon" at Bishop's or West Lavington; this with Amesbury would agree better both in distance and capacity with the description in the book than Alderbury. Personally I think Dickens had no one place in his mind; had he had any one of these three, he would almost certainly have referred to Stonehenge, to the fine monumental effigies in Lavington Church and its old almshouses, and to the ruins of Ivychurch, and the old mantelpiece at Alderbury.

Both at Amesbury and Lavington there are inns of a meaner capacity, such as Jonas and his father put up at. Although Dickens calls the "Dragon" "a village ale-house," we must remember there was ample accommodation in it for some of the Chuzzlewit relations at the same time as old Martin stayed in it.

Has the inn in which Tom Smart wooed and wedded the widow ever been identified?

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find a story with some such name as *The Missing Register*, said to be founded on a Wiltshire incident related to "Boz" when he was at a Beckampton Coursing Meeting, and attributed to him or one of his disciples?

Where can I find any detailed account of his visits to Wiltshire?

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

SEEND, MELKSHAM, *May 28th*, 1905.

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DICKENS'S FAT BOY

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

SIR,—The matter having aroused some local notice, I may be permitted to state my version for the interest of my fellow Dickensians.

When lecturing before the Manchester branch recently on "Dickens and his Friends," I exhibited a letter of Gustavus Vaughan Brooke's, which I held as a mortgage for money lent to Charles Peace, the burglar and murderer, who was executed in February, 1879. I had met him very shortly after his shooting P.C. Cox. He came to my school in order to give an elocutionary and whistling entertainment. He produced a book of letters, mainly theatrical, addressed to Richard Cockerill. He told me he had been proprietor of a theatre at Richmond, that he knew Dickens well—in fact, Dickens had appeared on the stage of his theatre; and, further, that he (Richard Cockerill) was the original of the fat boy in *Pickwick*.

Peace called on me again, and it was then I obtained the letter. Of course I do not suppose for a moment there was any truth in his assertion. It was part of his disguise, assisted by the (probably) stolen letters. He was a very entertaining (little, thin) fellow, and I look upon the incident as a curious sidelight of Dickensiana.

Yours fraternally,

E. J. COLLINGS.

PROPOSED ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF SECRETARIES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I have waited to see if branch secretaries would take up the proposal for a conference of secretaries. I have had a chat with Mr. Padmore, Hon. Secretary of the Sheffield branch, and suggested to him the following arrangements, with which I think he agrees: That an annual conference be held, at which branches should have one representative for every hundred members, the delegates in every case to include the secretary, the conference to appoint a president, secretary, etc., each year. Regarding place of meeting, I think, with Mr. Ley, London would be the best, on account of cheap trips. The only difficulty is expenses, which I think should be met either by branches or by a special fund raised by the parent society. Personally I should welcome the day when we decided to meet once a year, and adopt ways and means of helping one another and assisting to form new branches.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. DODSWORTH,

Chairman of Committee, Sheffield branch.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

July 5. Durban Pickwick Club: Essay on "Sarah Gamp," by Mr. W. E. Turnbull.

,, 8. Annual dinner of Messrs. L. Thorn and Co., Ltd., of Little Sutton Street, E.C., at Gadshill.

,, 8. Visit of the Fellowship to Portsmouth.

,, 19. Durban Pickwick Club; Pickwickian Ball.

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DOCTOR MANETTE'S HOUSE (CARLISLE HOUSE, SOHO)

FROM A DRAWING BY G. K. JONES

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1905. No. 8.

WHEN FOUND—

THE dramatised version of *Oliver Twist*, by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre on July 10th, is on all hands considered the most workmanlike adaptation of that story yet given on the stage. The first one was produced on May 21st, 1838, at the Pavilion Theatre, before the story was half finished in serial form. It was adapted by C. Z. Barnett. The second version was by George Almar, and was first performed at the Surrey Theatre, November 19th, 1838, whilst three other separate versions, one at Sadler's Wells, another at the Adelphi, and another at the City of London, were seen on the London stage before the close of the year. The story, in three volumes, appeared in October, 1838.

* * *

From then up to the present day only two other versions, apparently, have been played in London, one at the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, when a "new" version, prepared by John Oxenford, was given on April 11th, 1868, with Mr. Toole as the Artful Dodger, Sir Henry Irving as Bill Sikes, Ryder as Fagin, John Clayton as Monks, Lionel Brough as Bumble, Miss Henrietta Hodson as Oliver, and Miss Nelly Moore as Nancy; the other by Mr. Oswald Brand, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, March 30th, 1903. None of these several versions had any extended run.

* * *

At the Surrey Theatre the play was called "A Serio-comic Burletta," and was afterwards published with an etched frontispiece by Pierce Egan the younger. On the night of its first production, it is said, Dickens was present, and was so disgusted with it that in the middle of the first scene he laid himself down on the floor in a corner of the box and never rose from it until the act-drop fell. Why he did this in preference to leaving the theatre is not recorded.

* * *

Dickens made two propositions to dramatise, or to collaborate in dramatisations of *Oliver Twist*, but neither came to anything. One was to Macready, in November, 1838. The great actor appreciated the kindness and generous intention of Dickens, but assured him of the utter impracticability of the book for dramatic purposes. The other was to Frederick Yates, and although no arrangements were consummated between them, Yates produced a version, which was given at the Adelphi referred to above, with Mrs. Keeley as Oliver.

* * *

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The *Times* notice of Mr. Comyns Carr's play, by the way, may be fairly described as a "curious production." The writer evidently has an exalted opinion of the influence of the Dickens Fellowship, for he starts by saying, "Fortunately we are not called upon at this time of day to offer any comment on the original work (*Oliver Twist*). We should be sorry to say anything which might excite the choler of the Dickens Fellowship. If, therefore, there were any elements in the production of last night which left us on the hither side of admiration, we shall have no hesitation in assigning the responsibility of them to Mr. Comyns Carr." After confessing that the result of watching the play was a sense of bewilderment, the writer asks, "What was the meaning of it all?" and adds, "Probably the Dickens Fellowship have a theory. Beadles, 'papers,' comic butlers, gouty muffin-eaters, may be as plain as daylight to them."

* * *

We do not attempt to answer the critic's question, for much the same reason as we should have declined to enter into an argument on any subject with Mrs. Nickleby. But the article ends with another reference to the Fellowship: "It is not her (Miss Hilda Trevelyan's) fault that the boy (Oliver) has to talk as no boy, we hope and believe, ever did. We will not say whose fault it is, because we wish to remain on friendly terms with the Dickens Fellowship." After reading this article, with its references to the Fellowship, we experience much the same effect as that experienced by the writer after seeing the play—a sense of bewilderment. What does it all mean? The only thing we can gather is that the Dickens Fellowship has inspired the "Thunderer" with awe, and to have done that is surely to have achieved something. In spite of the *Times* opinion, *Oliver Twist* is still read, and sells in far greater numbers even than the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

* * *

It is a curious thing that Sikes is so often misspelt, but it is in no way a modern carelessness. In a former dramatisation of *Oliver Twist*, published by French, the name is spelt in both ways by way of variety, and in one of the best-known topographical books on Dickens "Sykes," and not "Sikes," appears throughout. And when the posters of Mr. Tree's production of *Oliver Twist* appeared, Bill's surname was printed as "Sykes." The poster erred in a far more serious manner in adding "Sykes" after Nancy's name. It was noticeable that on the night of the performance the former error was corrected, but Nancy was still credited with a surname, wrongly spelt, to which she had no legal right. The *Daily Chronicle* commented on the carelessness of two contemporaries who used "y" for "i" in their criticism of the play in the same issue that their dramatic critic fell into the same error. In a subsequent issue "A.W.," the *Chronicle's* poet, took the matter up in the following verses, which he entitled "Sykology"—

"Alas! the modern speller
Goes tripping as he likes,
With 'We' he spells a Weller,
And plucks an 'i' from Sykes.
But why the Dickens 'y'
I cannot tell, not I.

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"He seems to take for granted
An ancestry of Tykes,
And thus with 'y' supplanted
The single 'i' of Sikes,
Much as my neighbour with
A 'y' disguises Smith.

"If 'y' must ever mingle
With Dickens, it must strike
The critical that Jyngle
And Pyckwyck, yes, and Smyke,
Should thus be dignified,
And altered far and y'd."
"The more the plot proceeds, the more it thickens,
And we shall soon be asking, 'Whi the Dyckens?'"

* * *

We are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has consented to become a Vice-President of the Fellowship, as has also Mr. W. Walter Crotch, one of the original founders of the Society.

* * *

An interesting function has been arranged for the first Saturday in September. The Council of the Fellowship is naturally anxious to do all that is possible to keep the branches in close touch with one another and with headquarters, and with this end in view a conference of branch secretaries has been arranged to take place at headquarters on Saturday, September 2nd. About twenty secretaries have already signified their intention to attend. It is probable that in the evening a dinner will be held, at which several of the secretaries will be the Council's guests.

* * *

For reasons which need not be explained here, the Walthamstow branch has been closed. The Council are making efforts to start a new branch in the district, to be called Leyton and District branch. Will those members resident in the district kindly communicate with the Hon. Gen. Secretary?

* * *

We are able to publish in the present number, by the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic*, the article and excellent pictures relating to Dr. Manette's house in Carlisle Street, Soho, which appeared a few days ago in the pages of that paper.

* * *

Our cover this month is a reproduction of Phiz's design for *Bleak House*, used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts.

THE EDITOR.

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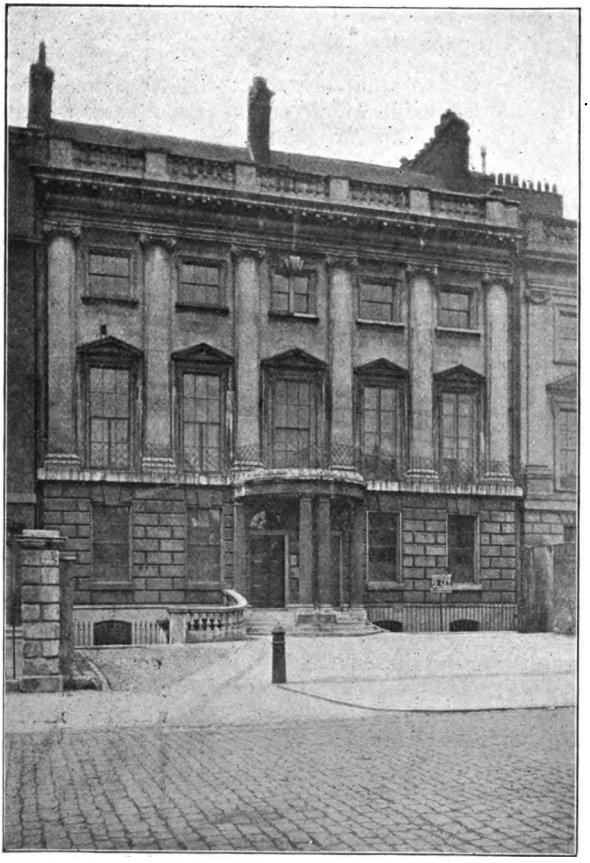
TOPOGRAPHY OF "BLEAK HOUSE"

By H. SNOWDEN WARD

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL DICKENS LAND," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CATHARINE WEED WARD

"BLEAK HOUSE" is in some respects almost the most satisfactory, and in others one of the most tantalising of Dickens's works on which to found a study of topography. Its weakest point is obvious at once, in that Bleak House itself has never been identified, and it seems probable that no individual place was in the mind of the master as the original of that house where Esther Summerson and "Guardian" are made the subjects of so many beautiful scenes. It is known, though not so generally as it ought to be, that there was a real original of Esther, and that she was a ward of Charles Dickens himself, therefore we might possibly suppose that in the descriptions of the house he was guided by the house in which he lived at the time of writing the story. This clue or suggestion has not been entirely exhausted, but I think it will not lead to the identification of any house agreeing at all acccurately with the "Bleak House" requirements. The story was not begun at Fort House, Broadstairs, which was afterward ridiculously re-named "Bleak House," for Dickens wrote from that watering-place, "I sit down to think of a new story, and as it begins to grow, such



MR. TULKINGHORN'S HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

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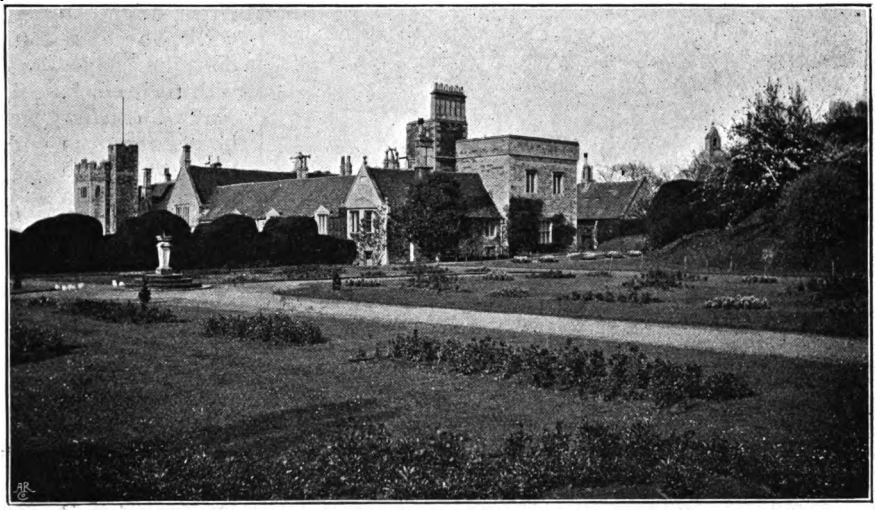
a torment of a desire to be anywhere but where I am, and to be going I don't know where, takes hold of me, that it is like being *driven away*."

In October, 1851, Mr. Dickens moved into Tavistock House, Tavistock Square (no longer existing), and late in November he began writing the story. Its publication commenced in March, 1852, and writing and publication ran almost simultaneously until the story was completed in August, 1853, and the last part was issued to the public in September. During this time the author was nervous and restless—on the verge of breakdown. He was in Dover for three months of the summer of '52 (not in Broadstairs at all), and in Boulogne for a short time. During the winter of '52–'53 he was playing in the provinces in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art; in May or June, 1853, he went



ROCKINGHAM CASTLE (THE ORIGINAL OF CHESNEY WOLD)

to Brighton, and in June to Boulogne, where he stayed until October 10th. I have reason to believe that in the early part of May, 1853, Dickens took rooms at Cobley's Farm, North Finchley, and that there some portion of the book may have been written; but it would be foolish to suggest this place as the original of the "house at St. Albans."

Next in importance to the house which gave its name to the book is the "place in Lincolnshire," Chesney Wold, the home of the Dedlocks. From the internal evidence of the book, this place could not possibly be identified with certainty, especially as the author purposely misleads us by locating it in Lincolnshire. We know, however, on the authority of his family, that the original of Chesney Wold was Rockingham Castle, the home of his friends the Watsons, a place where he led the revels on at least one boisterous Christmas time, and where he played in private theatricals. One of the workmen on the estate told me how Mr. Dickens was a "wonderful clever man: made a sort o' theatre in

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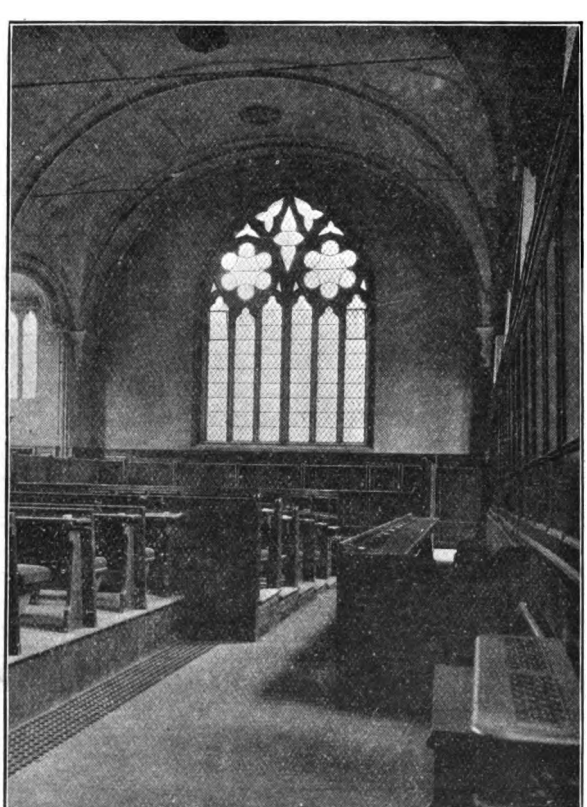
the great hall and play-acted in it two or three times. Wonderful clever man with his hands, a reg'lar carpenter." Careful study of Rockingham will enable us to identify the two approaches from London, the Dedlock Arms (Sondes Arms), the village of Chesney Wold (Rockingham), the keeper's lodge where Lady Dedlock, Esther, and her guardian, sheltered from the thunderstorm, the other lodge, nearer the castle, where Mr. George was provided for, after the catastrophe of the story, and many other details. The "steep village street" to the Dedlock Arms, the ghost's walk, the sundial, the stables with their clock, Mr. Tulkinghorn's room in the tower, with the leads on which he walked, and the complaining flagstaff above, the church, the "Parsonage-house" where Mr. Boythorn lived, and even the details of the interior—the "long drawing-room" where "of all the shadows in Chesney Wold, the shadow in the long drawing-room upon my lady's picture is the first to come, the last to be disturbed"—all these agree well with the descriptions in the story. A few discrepancies there are. The church is so much nearer to the castle than to any road, public or private, that my lady could not drive to church, as represented. And the Parsonage House is too near the church and castle to allow of those disputes about right-of-way that are introduced between Boythorn and Sir Leicester Dedlock.



THE OLD CHANCERY COURT

Of the London scenes, perhaps Tom-all-Alone's is the most interesting, and the one of which we most regret the loss. Even its site is now the subject of some contradictory statements, but it was where the new part

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of York Street, Covent Garden, is now to be found, and the gate of the deserted graveyard was about the centre of the northern side of that new thoroughfare.

Part of Cook's Court (actually called Took's Court), Cursitor Street, still retains its old houses, but they are not likely to stand long. Thavies' Inn, where Esther Summerson was taken by Mr. Guppy, and where she introduced herself to the Jellybys by rescuing Peepy from a dangerous position with his head between the area railings, is but little changed. It is a fine example of Dickens's close observation, for of all his many London houses it is the only one with area railings suitable for Peepy's adventure.

The old Chancery Court of Lincoln's Inn was closed nearly thirty years ago, when the new Law Courts in the Strand were opened; but pressure of business has brought it into use again, and we may well hope that it will long be preserved.

Staple Inn, where Mr. Snagsby loved to walk "to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are," is preserved and well maintained by its owners, the Prudential Assurance Company; and although Mr. Tulkinghorn's house, No. 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been threatened by the Holborn-to-Strand thoroughfare, it still stands, and I hope it long may do so.

Mr. Turveydrop's academy in Newman Street (No. 26) is still next to a mews, and has the long dancing-room extending behind it.

Mount Pleasant, the home of the Smallweeds, retains few of its old houses. Hatton Garden has still houses suitable for the second home of the Jellybys, and though the Symond's Inn of Mr. Vholes has long since gone, Clifford's Inn, where the Melchisedechs had their offices, still remains. Penton Place, Pentonville Road, has houses which may have been Mr. Guppy's lodgings, and Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, has offices which would accommodate Kenge and Carboy.

Many other places, casually mentioned, can easily be found, but it is not, and I believe it never has been, possible to identify Mr. George's shooting gallery, the home of the Bagnets, or the place at Windsor where Esther Summerson's early days were spent.

WILKINS MICAWBER, MAGISTRATE*

By J. W. T. LEY

OF all the immortals to whom Dickens's wonderful imagination gave birth it is to be doubted whether any has so won the heart of the people as Wilkins Micawber. It is perfectly true, perhaps, that we should hesitate before we formed a close friendship with him if we met him in real life. We naturally are not apt to look favourably or sympathetically upon the man who lies in the ditch and calls upon Providence to help him out, entirely neglecting to make any attempt to help himself. But, however that may be, we all love Micawber for his domestic devotion, for the unquestionable sincerity of his friendship, and for his hearty good-fellowship. What greater charm has Dickens than this gift of enabling us to realise the good in a man, of causing the brilliant

* *Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome*, by Charles Fellows. London: Hutchinson and Company. 6*s*.

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light of the goodness to dispel the shadow of the evil or the failings? And so we have no feelings other than of pleasure when we are told in the last chapter that "something has turned up" in far-away Australia. We who understand the spirit of Dickens do not care whether this be "true art" or not. It is true, no doubt, that Mr. Micawber had waited until he was fifty years old for "something to turn up," and that the man who waits till then usually goes on waiting till the end. But what of that? We would not sacrifice those last chapters of Dickens for all the "art" in the world.

These remarks will serve as an introduction to what we have to say in regard to Mr. Fellows's book, the scheme of which will be best gathered from the following quotation: "Whenever a novelist finds himself in a difficulty with a poor but virtuous character—a man who has been brought up to nothing in particular, who is master of no trade, but for whom the sympathy of the reader demands that something shall be done, there is one invariable expedient, namely, to ship him off to a colony. . . . As a rule the novelist contents himself with seeing the hero comfortably on board ship, and takes an affecting leave of him as the vessel drops down the river. The reader quite acquiesces in this settlement. . . . It hardly seems to dawn upon the English mind that a man gets on in a colony from the same causes as in England, the most prominent of which are energy, industry, efficiency, and a thorough understanding of one thing, in contradistinction to being a jack-of-all-trades."

It is inevitable, of course, that in such a connection as this our old friend Wilkins Micawber should be referred to, and our author says, "Nothing can exceed the genius displayed in the delineation of the Micawbers, and, so long as they remain in England, their characters and experiences are drawn with absolute fidelity to life. . . . But when they have been conveyed to Australia the charm ceases. The delightful qualities developed in the Micawbers find no exercise—no excuse for their existence—under the prosperous circumstances which, we are told, awaited them in Australia. The probabilities are all against it. . . . Did the character of Mr. Micawber, or the nature of things, change simply because he set foot in Australia?"

Acting on these views, Mr. Fellows has given us a clever and amusing book. He has given us a hero, Mr. Chippendale, who, in everything but name, is the immortal Micawber. He shows us this colonist, who has tried his hand at everything in the old country, still pursuing the same old course, still always failing in everything that he attempts, still as buoyant of spirit and optimistic as ever, displaying that wonderful faith in the future, always expectant that "something will eventuate," and still meeting his liabilities with bills of exchange, or, as Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Micawber respectively term them, "acceptances" and "notes of hand." Mr. Chippendale speaks with the same rhetorical grace as Mr. Micawber, and writes in the same strain, crowding his letters with apt quotations, the sources of which are invariably added in parenthesis. In short (as both Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Micawber say), though our author has changed the name, this is the only disguise. Similar remarks apply to our hero's wife. Mrs. Chippendale is merely another name for Mrs. Micawber. Her

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every word, her every act, leaves us no room whatever for doubt. There is another character in the book, too, whom we must all recognise. His name is Dr. Suttler, and if that be not an alias for Mell, then David never loved Dora.

Of the literary merits of the book it is not within the scope of this article to treat. We must content ourselves with drawing attention to the interest which it contains for Dickensians.

DICKENS'S RECIPE FOR BREWING A PUNCH

By K. F. YAPP.

BREWING punch, like mixing salad, is a fine art—or so people thought fifty or sixty years ago. Good recipes that had been tried and cordially approved of were treasured by notable housewives. Doubtless the one I am going to transcribe here was treasured most of all for the hand that penned it, otherwise it might not have escaped the usual fate of such documents. It was written out for a friend who, in her girlhood, had been on terms of closest intimacy with the Dickens family, and who was wont to refer with pride to the evening when she spoke the prologue of a play—probably the first of Charles Dickens's literary achievements—enacted by himself and his brothers and sisters in the paternal parlour. Until memory failed her, the dear old lady would repeat the verses with a pretty imitation of the girlish utterance and manner which had once brought down "the house." The MS. of this prologue remained in Madame F.'s possession for many years, but she subsequently destroyed it, on the author expressing a very urgent desire that she should do so. Otherwise the drawer, where it once lay among other faded mementoes of the past, had held a treasure indeed. As it is, I am able to select from a packet of Charles Dickens's letters, addressed to my old friend, one on the inner sheet of which is inscribed, in the same handwriting, the recipe for making punch I now lay before the reader. If the directions be followed, the result is excellent. I have it on the authority of the "beautiful punchmaker" herself.

Charles Dickens was making a prolonged stay in Paris, when he wrote as follows:—

"48, RUE DE COURCELLES.

"*Eighteenth January*, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. F.

"I send you, on the other side, the tremendous document which will make you for ninety years (I hope) a beautiful Punchmaker in more senses than one.

"I shall be delighted to dine with you on Thursday. Mr. Forster says amen. Commend me to your Lord, and believe me (with respectful compliments to Lord Chesterfield) always

"Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

"Mrs. F.

"TO MAKE THREE PINTS OF PUNCH

"Peel into a very strong common basin (which may be broken, in case of accident, without damage to the owner's peace or pocket) the rinds of three lemons, cut very thin, and with as little as possible of the white coating between the peel and the fruit, attached. Add a double-handfull of lump sugar (good measure), a pint of good old rum, and a large wine-glass full of brandy—if it be not a large claret glass, say

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two. Set this on fire, by filling a warm silver spoon with the spirit, lighting the contents at a wax taper, and pouring them gently in. Let it burn three or four minutes at least, stirring it from time to time. Then extinguish it by covering the basin with a tray, which will immediately put out the flame. Then squeeze in the juice of the three lemons, and add a quart of *boiling* water. Stir the whole well, cover it up for five minutes, and stir again.

"At this crisis (having skimmed off the lemon pips with a spoon) you may taste. If not sweet enough, add sugar to your liking, but observe that it will be a *little* sweeter presently. Pour the whole into a jug, tie a leather or coarse cloth over the top, so as to exclude the air completely, and stand it in a hot oven ten minutes, or on a hot stove one quarter of an hour. Keep it until it comes to table in a warm place near the fire, but not too hot. If it be intended to stand three or four hours, take half the lemon-peel out, or it will acquire a bitter taste.

"The same punch allowed to grow cool by degrees, and then iced, is delicious. It requires less sugar when made for this purpose. If you wish to produce it bright, strain it into bottles through milk.

"These proportions and directions will, of course, apply to any quantity."

In its jocose way the recipe is a monument of lucidity, and might give points to the production of many a professional. The only nebulous portion is that reference to straining "through milk" if one would produce it bright, which I must confess puzzles my ignorance not a little. Perhaps modern methodical minds will cavil at the vagueness of such a measurement as a "double-handfull of lump sugar," though somewhat retrieved by the parenthesis "good measure." But we divine the true artist when the crucial moment comes for tasting the liquor and we are asked to observe before pronouncing an opinion on so weighty a point "that it will be a little sweeter presently." The tender anxiety for the punchmaker's peace and pocket expressed in the first sentence is a delicious trait. On reading the encomiums lavished on the delicacy when allowed to grow cool by degrees, we are forcibly reminded of that famous 1st of September when the Pickwickians went a-shooting with Wardle, attended by the long gamekeeper, and the fat boy brought the luncheon-basket and the cold punch to One Tree Hill. It will be remarked that the recipe is silent on the subject of orange-peel; the flavouring is restricted to the rinds of three lemons, a fact which crystallises me in the belief that this must assuredly have been the self-same punch in which Mr. Pickwick indulged so freely on this momentous occasion. We all know how the suspicion of orange-peel momentarily awakened had to be allayed by an extra bumper, after which Mr. Pickwick felt himself "imperatively called upon to propose another toast in honour of the punch compounder, unknown."

I hardly think any excuse is needed for introducing Dickens to the world in the new character of a punch compounder, as nothing emanating from his pen is without interest to-day, be the topic ever so trifling. But trifling as the topic is, it assuredly reflects something of that conviviality of spirit which finds such delightful expression in the *Pickwick Papers*.

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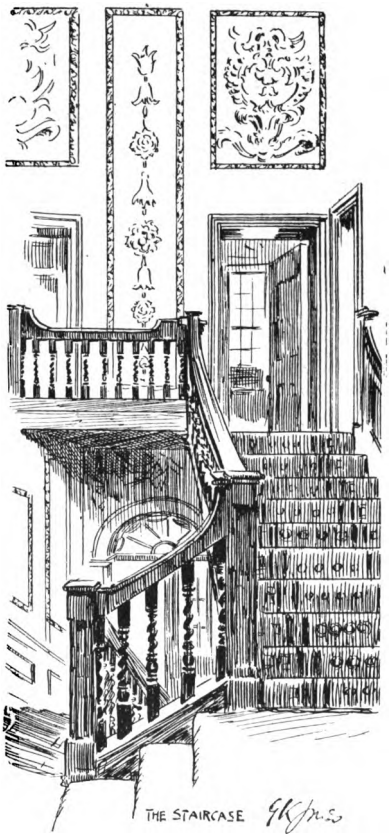
DOCTOR MANETTE'S HOUSE*

Illustrated by G. K. JONES

THERE have been many books written upon Dickens's London, the London which is so rapidly vanishing away, and many Dickens localities have been satisfactorily identified and described by the authors. But there seems always to have been doubt as to the exact situation of one of the most interesting of all the houses inhabited by the characters of the master—the quiet lodgings of Dr. Manette, that wonderfully pathetic figure in the *Tale of Two Cities*. Recently one of the parish magazines of the metropolis came out with the following statement:—



"Charles Dickens in his *Tale of Two Cities* describes Manette Street, with its quaint goldbeater's arm projecting from a shop on the south side. We are sorry to learn from Mr. Dickson, who has beaten out gold leaf in the odd panelled shop for no less than forty-five years, that foreign competition has so reduced business that he is compelled to retire from it. It is with much regret that we have to record the loss of yet another old Soho trade."

Now Dickens does not describe Manette Street—Rose Street, in his time—in the *Tale of Two Cities*, nor does he speak of the arm—the goldbeater's sign—as projecting from a shop. It was with a view to throw some light upon the situation of Dr. Manette's London residence that an artist and a writer of the *Daily Graphic* set forth on the quest, with the result here chronicled by pen and pencil.

Here is what Dickens wrote:—

"The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. . . . A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. . . . The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day, but when the streets grew hot the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that

* Reprinted with permission from *The Daily Graphic*, July 4th, 1905.

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you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbour from the raging streets. . . . The Doctor occupied two floors of a large, still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day. . . . In a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard, where a plane tree rustled its green leaves, church organs claimed to be made and silver to be chased and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall. . . . Occasionally a stray workman putting his coat on traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the courtyard or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane tree behind the house and the echoes in the corner before it had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night." (Book ii. chapter vi.)

THE GOLDBEATER'S SHOP IN MANETTE STREET

And further on (book ii. chapter xvii.) the golden arm is again referred to when Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay leave the house on their wedding day, and the Doctor and Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross see them off:—

"The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor, as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow."

It is quite clear, therefore, that the golden arm was inside the house in the cool old hall. But it is quite possible, and quite in accordance with Dickens's ways, that in his wanderings about Soho while he was writing the story he saw the golden arm in Manette Street, then Rose Street, and transferred it to the interior of the house which he had

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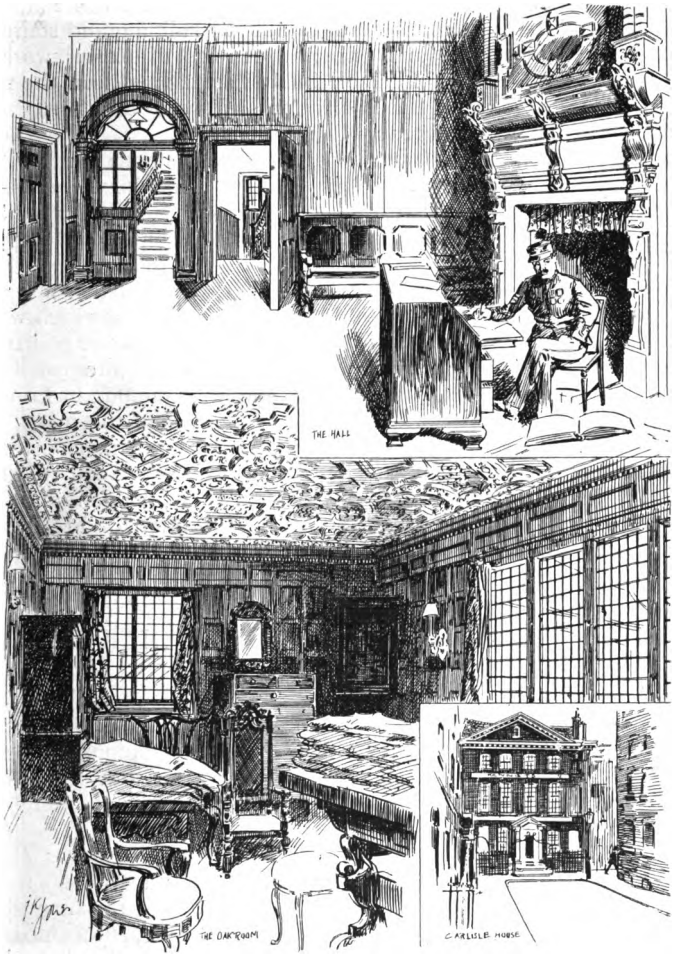
in mind—a house where a casual stranger might be seen "peering about" the hall.

Those who have already inquired into the identification of the house —Mr. Allbut, in his *Rambles in Dickens Land*, and Mr. Snowden Ward—have expressed the opinion that Carlisle Street, which leads



CARLISLE HOUSE, CARLISLE STREET, SOHO

out of the centre of the west side of Soho Square, was the street in which Dickens laid the London lodgings of Dr. Manette; and that Carlisle House, which terminates the western end of Carlisle Street, was the actual house. The street and the house, in fact, answer all the requirements of the narrative, as any one can see for himself by going there. But neither Mr. Allbut, nor Mr. Ward, nor any other searcher of the sites of Dickens Land, seems to have gone into Carlisle

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House, there, like Dickens's "stranger," who was probably himself, to peer about. This, however, the *Daily Graphic* explorers did, and, by the kindness of Mr. Keeble, whose firm now occupies it as a cabinet maker's manufactory, they were rewarded with a sight of one of the noblest late seventeenth-century interiors now remaining in London—a marvellously rich example of the late English renaissance school of architecture and decoration, with a beautiful old hall, a grand staircase, lofty and splendid rooms, and enriched ceilings of plaster work—a veritable palace. And a palace it originally was, having been the town mansion of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle, built about 1690—a hundred years before the French Revolution.

About 1770 this house was bought by the famous Angelo, the fencing and riding master, and he lived in it for many years—all through the time, in fact, that Dickens imagined Doctor Manette to have occupied part of it. After Angelo it was occupied by Simpson, the artist, and W. Gibb Rogers, the carver. The College of the Freemasons of the Church held their meetings in the ballroom, and, finally, as in Dickens's time, it was let out in tenements, which would account for his having only seen the cool old hall and the courtyard. Otherwise he would surely have mentioned so grand an interior.

The house was in Angelo's time one of the most famous in London. A full narrative of his father's residence there, and of the many celebrated seventeenth-century personages who frequented it, is given in the interesting *Reminiscences* of Henry Angelo, first issued in 1830, and quite recently edited by Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. H. Laver Smith, with illustrations from the collection of Mr. Joseph Grego. But none of these describe the house itself. The accompanying sketches will give some idea of its beauty.

SALE OF FIRST EDITIONS OF DICKENS

A REMARKABLY fine collection of the works of Charles Dickens, and books relating to him, all first editions, uncut, and uniformly bound in green morocco by Riviere, was the chief attraction at Messrs. Sotheby's sale of books and manuscripts in London, June 29th.

The entire collection was first offered in one lot, but the reserve price not being forthcoming, the books, 106 items in all, were sold separately, with the result that £221 2*s.* 6*d.* was realised.

The best prices obtained were £16 10*s.* for *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, with plates by Seymour and "Phiz," twenty original covers, and four rare addresses; £14 10*s.* for the manuscript accounts of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, containing the autograph signatures of Dickens, Thackeray, H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), Cruikshank, Leech, etc.; and £8 17*s.* 6*d.* for the first issue of *A Christmas Carol*, with the "Stave I." and green end-papers, coloured plates by Leech, and illustrations by "Phiz," inserted.

At the same sale Sir Richard Burton's *Thousand Nights and a Night*, with *Supplementary Nights*, sixteen volumes in all, as issued by the Kama Shastra Society, made £25 5*s.*; a complete set of first editions of Lever's works, fifty-two volumes, uniformly bound by Riviere, £100; and a set of first editions of Marryat's novels, eighty-two volumes, also bound by Riviere, £62.

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OLIVER TWIST DRAMATISED

By B. W. MATZ

IF Mr. Tree's idea of producing Mr. Comyns Carr's dramatised version of *Oliver Twist* for one night only, and that the last of his season, was to feel the pulse of his audience, so to speak, before putting the play on for a length of time, he must have felt gratified at the enthusiasm it received throughout the whole of the evening. The house was packed from floor to ceiling with an appreciative audience, which gave full expression to its feeling whenever opportunity occurred.

Mr. Comyns Carr has handled his material wonderfully well, considering the mass of dramatic element there is in *Oliver Twist*. In condensing it into the necessary space for a play he has not only presented a lucid story, but has retained the spirit of the novelist to such an extent as to satisfy the most ardent Dickensian. He has taken one or two liberties, notably in the Bridge scene, where Nancy meets by appointment Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow. Fagin had no right there whatever. Perhaps Noah Claypole was left out of the cast in order to give Mr. Tree this opportunity of strengthening his part. He certainly made the most of it then, and afterwards, when he related the event to Bill Sikes. However, Mr. Tree's part is quite big enough without these extras, and it seems a thousand pities that loads should be added to an already heavily-laden character in order to show how strong he really can be. On one or two occasions Mr. Tree was inclined to exaggerate his part. In one instance—that in which he looks out of the window at Nancy when she is off to warn Sikes—he became quite unnecessarily flippant with his "Good-bye, Nancy! My love to Bill!" But after all, his realisation of Fagin is masterly throughout. In make-up, in gesture, sleekiness, lisp—everything, he was a replica of the Fagin of the book.

The part of Bill Sikes was entrusted to Mr. Lyn Harding, whose performance was grim, hard, savage, and ferocious. Both Mr. Fisher White and Mr. George Shelton, as Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Grimwig respectively, realised and acted their parts with naturalness and skill, as did Mr. Basil Gill (Harry Maylie), Miss Sybil Carlisle (Rose Maylie). But, good as their individual performances were, they were overshadowed by Mr. Tree's Fagin, Mr. Harding's Bill Sikes, and Miss Constance Collier's Nancy. But by far and away the most striking performance of all was Miss Collier's Nancy. It is undoubtedly the most difficult of the whole cast, with no distinctiveness in the outward appearance to help the artist as in the cases of Sikes and Fagin, both of whom have tricks to assist their realisation. Yet Miss Collier made Nancy the most real and live character of the play. It was a wonderful performance, full-bodied yet reticent, pathetic without being maudlin, rugged yet artistic to a degree. Her scene with Rose Maylie in the hotel was one of the finest pieces of acting in the play, exhibiting that side of a woman's nature which sooner or later comes out in a woman, whatever her position in the grades of life, with masterly naturalness, whilst her last exit from the stage at the bidding of Sikes created a great impression on the audience.

The only other part which calls for special mention is Oliver, played

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by Miss Hilda Trevelyan so excellently as to make one wish there had been greater opportunities for her. There was very little for her to do, but she did that little well.

The play is divided into five acts and opens in Mr. Brownlow's house, where Oliver has found shelter. All the incidents of the book prior to this, which are necessary for the understanding of the trend of the story, are related in dialogue by the characters. The second scene is Fagin's den, where we meet the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates playing cards with Tom Chitling, and where the tutoring and practising of pocket-picking are humorously enacted. We are then taken to Chertsey and the scene of the burglary, back again to the den, where the news of the failure of the burglary is brought to Fagin, the scene in the hotel referred to above, and thence to the steps of London Bridge. The second scene of the fourth act is Bill Sikes's room, where he is just recovering from the effects of Chertsey, and where comes Fagin to tell the tale of Nancy's treachery, which ends in her brutal murder off the stage. The last act has for its first scene the lawn at Chertsey, where happiness comes to Rose and Harry Maylie and to Oliver. The last scene of all is the condemned cell, where Mr. Tree as Fagin has an ideal opportunity, which he makes the most of without overdoing.

THE DURBAN PICKWICK CLUB.

A LECTURE was delivered on June 21st to the members and friends of the above club, by Mr. W. Osborn, J.P., who took for his subject, "Agnes Wickfield and Sydney Carton." The lecturer considered these two characters were the noblest creatures ever portrayed by the novelist. One great feature of Dickens's writings was that the women were not particularly clever, but rather of a stamp which all admired—home-loving and patiently enduring. There were plants which grew and even blossomed in the shade, and so lit up the dark places; and so with some women. We knew nothing of the outward form or features of Agnes. She was unselfish and had self-restraint, and perhaps this enabled her to hide from idle gossip the attachment of her life, and for years to secretly love one who, to her, was the be-all and end-all of her existence. Mr. Osborn then proceeded to sketch her character and life, as shown in the pages of *David Copperfield*, and to show what an influence such a character must have on humanity generally.

Dealing with Sydney Carton, Mr. Osborn did not overlook the fact that there are certain shortcomings in the young barrister's mode of living. But the lecturer's idea was to show the brighter side of Charles Darnay's friend, in whom we have a specimen of a noble being, pathetic, romantic, and interesting. By these qualities it is better to remember him rather than as a dissipated, reckless drudge of a London barrister. Mr. Osborn proceeded by giving an outline of Carton's career, leading up gradually to the great act of self-sacrifice at the end.

"The characters of Agnes Wickfield and Sydney Carton," Mr. Osborn said, "were such that very few artists could paint, but they were drawn by one who never wrote an improper word or penned a sentence that could give rise to an improper thought."

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POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

VIII

A MAN OF THE CROWD TO CHARLES DICKENS

I AM but one of many; never saw
Thy face, or heard the voice that now is stilled.
My spirit is but little apt to awe
Of lofty-perched mortality; and yet
My heart is heavy with a keen regret,
Mine eyes with unaccustomed tears are filled.

We of the throng lead little lives, apart
From all the genial stir and glow of art,
The comrades of genius, and the breath
Of that large life to which our low-pulsed life is death.
Slow-footed, bowed, we toil through narrow ways,
And linger out our dull and unrecorded days.
But thou!—thou hadst an eye to mark
The feeble light that burned within our dark;
A sympathy as wide as heaven's free air;
A glance as bright
As heaven's own light,
That, pure amid pollution, pierceth everywhere.
Not beggary's rags, not squalor's grime,
The crust of ignorance, the stain of crime,
Could hide from thee the naked human soul.
Thou hadst our Shakespeare's ken, and Howard's heart;
Not puppets we, God's poor, to play our part
On thy mimetic stage, mere foils grotesque,
Apt adjuncts of thine art's bright picturesque.
Our loves, our hates, our hopes and fears,
Our sins and sorrows, smiles and tears,
To thee were real as to us, who knew
That thou wouldst limn them with a hand as true
And tender in its touch, as though it drew
The finer traits and passions of thy peers.
That sense so sure, that wit so strong,
Did battle on our side against the oppressor's wrong,
Because thine honest heart did burn with scorn
Of high-perched insolence everywhere;
And knightly, though unknighted, thou didst dare
To champion the feeble and forlorn.
Though not in fairy forest, leaguered tower,
By haunted lake, or startled Beauty's bower,
Didst thou go seeking them; but in foul lairs
Not else remembered even in good men's prayers.
In hidden haunts of cruelty, where no light,
Save of thy sympathy, pierced the night.
Thence, though the source might all unlovely seem,
Unfit for painter's touch or poet's dream;

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Thou, painter-poet as thou wert, didst draw
The hidden beauty manner eyes ne'er saw;
But which, set forth upon thy living page,
Drew all the eyes and hearts of an unthinking age.
All inarticulate we; thou wert our voice;
Thou in our poor rejoicing didst rejoice,
Smile gently with our pitiful mirth, and grieve
When Pain, our chill familiar, plucked each ragged sleeve.
Therefore we loved thee, better than we knew,
Old friend and true.
Thy silent passing to an honoured tomb
Has filled a people's heart with more than fleeting gloom.

Moreover, thou didst bring us of thy best,
Thou, with the great an honoured guest,
And treasured by the chiefs of birth and brain,
To simple and unlearned souls wert plain.
The common heart on thine enchantment hung,
While genius, stooping from her heights,
Lent to the lowest her delights,
And spake to each in his own mother tongue.
Who now like thee shall lighten human care?
By words where mirth with pathos meets,
By most delectable conceits,
Thou gav'st us laughter that our babes might share;
And jollity, that had no touch of shame.
No satyr's brand besmirches thy fair fame.
Thy meteor fancy, by its quickening sleight,
Peopled our world with creatures of delight.
Not phantoms they, but very friends they seem,
Dear and familiar as are few
Of those around us; all too true
And quick for shadows of Romance's dream.
Most human-hearted they, or grave or gay,
But touched with that unspeakable impress
Of genius, airy wit, rare tenderness,
That marks them as thine own (e'en so a ray
Of sunset glory magnifies
Familiar beauties to our eyes)—
So touched, they in our memories live for aye,
Unaged by time and sacred from decay.
The friends we cherish pass, the foes we hate;
All living things towards Death's portal move;
Not even *thee*, a nation's pride and love
Could keep from that dark gate.
But these, thy creatures, cannot die:
Companions of all generations, they
Shall keep thy mem'ry from decay
More surely than that glorious grave where thou dost lie.

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Therefore, let critic carp or bigot prate,
Sniff fault or folly here and there,
Contemn thy creed, or thee declare
Not wholly wise, or something less than great.
Thou hast the people's heart, that few may gain;
Not yielded to mere strenuous might of brain,
Prowess of arm, or force of will,
But to the strong and true and tender soul,
The human *in excelsis*, that can thrill
Through all humanity's pulses, till the whole
Great scattered brotherhood again is one.
No chill star-radiance thine; thou art a sun
Of central warmth; lord of our smiles and tears,
And uncrowned king of men through all the years.

E. J. MILLIKEN.

Gentleman's Magazine,
August, 1870.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Aug. 1.—"There is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 2.—"He saw that women, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, were often superior to sorrow, adversity, and distress; and he saw that it was because they bore in their own hearts, an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 3.—"Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are the rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts."—*Great Expectations.*

Aug. 4.—"The sun—the bright sun that brings back, not light alone, but new life, and hope, and freshness to man."—*Oliver Twist.*

Aug. 5.—"There's nothin' so refreshing as sleep, sir, as the servant girl said afore she swallowed the egg-cup full of laudanum."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

Aug. 6.—"The incompetent servant, by whomsoever employed, is always against his employer."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Aug. 7.—"As hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Aug. 8.—"Sea-sickness is like a belief in ghosts—everyone entertains some misgivings on the subject, but few will acknowledge any."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Aug. 9.—"I am convinced . . . that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a manner, assist to turn them up."—*David Copperfield*—Mrs. Micawber.

Aug. 10.—"False prophets and wretched mockers of religion, who, without sense to expound its first doctrine, or hearts to feel its first principles, are more dangerous members of society than the common criminal."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 11.—"I suppose there is nothing Pride can so little bear with, as Pride itself."—*Bleak House.*

Aug. 12.—"Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning."—*Letter to his Son* (Mr. E. B. L. Dickens).

Aug. 13.—"It is not in the nature of pure love to burn fiercely and unkindly long. The flame that in its grosser composition has the taint of earth, may prey upon the breast that gives it shelter; but the sacred fire from heaven is as gentle in the heart as when it rested on the heads of the assembled twelve, and showed each man his brother, brightened and unhurt."—*Dombey and Son.*

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Aug. 14.—"I stand upon a seashore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them; but with every wave the sea is rising."—*The Long Voyage.*

Aug. 15.—"There are some falsehoods on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards heaven."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Aug. 16.—"It's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in."—*Great Expectations*—Mr. Wemmick.

Aug. 17.—"In this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God."—*Letter to Mrs. Henry Anstis.*

Aug. 18.—"You hold your life on the condition that to the last you shall struggle hard for it."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Doyce.

Aug. 19.—"If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody—no matter who—just you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off-hand. Hangin's vulgar, so don't have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Weller, sen.

Aug. 20.—"Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

Aug. 21.—"If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truest metal, and bear the stamp of heaven."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Aug. 22.—"The greatest felicity that age can know is the contemplation of the happiness of those on whom the warmest affections and tenderest cares of a well-spent life have been unceasingly bestowed."—*Oliver Twist.*

Aug. 23.—"There is a subtlety of perception in real attachment, even when it is borne towards man by one of the lower animals, which leaves the highest intellect behind."—*David Copperfield.*

Aug. 24.—"Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth beneath your carriage wheels, so rough beneath the tread of naked feet, bethink yourselves in looking on the swift descent of men who *have* lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick, with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, nor had a chance of life."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Aug. 25.—"It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be an object of terror to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. For if the child at such time be Spartan to it, send it into the dark against its will—leave it in a lonely bedroom against its will—and you had better murder it."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

Aug. 26.—"Even the Press, being human, may be sometimes mistaken or misinformed."—*Speech at New York.*

Aug. 27.—"Beautiful Truth! How is your name profaned by vicious persons! You don't live in a well, my holy principle, but on the lips of false mankind."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Aug. 28.—"Accidents will occur in the best regulated families, and in families not regulated by that pervading influence which sanctifies while it entrances the—a—I would say, in short, by the influence of Woman, in the lofty character of Wife, they may be expected with confidence, must be borne with philosophy."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Micawber.

Aug. 29.—"Virtue may be found in the byeways of the world . . . it is not incompatible with poverty, and even with rags."—*Speech at Edinburgh.*

Aug. 30.—"Mental suffering and trial supply, in some natures, the place of years."—*David Copperfield*—Julia Mills.

Aug. 31.—"The unblest persons may be the instruments of good."—*David Copperfield*—Uriah Heep.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Stories from Pickwick. By Charles Dickens. The Cameo Classics. London: The Library Press. Cloth, 6*d.*

Christmas Books, *Sketches by Boz*, *David Copperfield.* In Macmillan's India Paper Edition. 2*s.* net and 3*s.* net each.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

Birmingham "Double" of Dickens. *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, June 24th.

Novelists' Nomenclature. *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, June 27th.

Dickens on the Stage: A Talk with Mr. Comyns Carr. *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 30th.

A New Anecdote of Dickens and some hitherto unpublished Verses. By J. W. T. Ley. *Household Words*, July 1st.

The Popularity of Dickens (editorial). *Treasury Magazine*, July.

Dickens Relics. *Umpire*, July 2nd.

Dickens in Soho: A Link with *A Tale of Two Cities.* Illustrated. *Daily Graphic*, July 4th.

The Clarion Van in Dickens-land. *Clarion*, July 7th.

"Dickens and the Thames." By Old Fleet. *Household Words*, July 8th.

Oliver Twist. Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. Performed at "His Majesty's Theatre," July 10th. *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Sportsman*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Mirror*, *Standard*, *Sun*, *Echo*, *Star*, *Morning Leader*, *Daily Express*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Graphic*, *Sporting Life*, July 11th; *Daily News*, July 12th.

The Dover Road: Rochester and Dingley Dell. *Household Words*, July 15th.

The Mystery of Datchery. By William Archer. *Morning Leader*, July 15th.

A Reply to Mr. Archer. By J. Cuming Walters. *Morning Leader*, July 17th.

Waiting up for Him. A cartoon by F. C. Gould. Mr. Chamberlain as Miss Miggs. *Westminster Gazette*, July 20th.

The Mystery of Datchery (second article). By William Archer. *Morning Leader*, July 22nd.

Dramatisers of Dickens, and How he Foiled a Few. By H. Chance Newton. *Household Words*, July 22nd.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Express Passenger Engine, "Charles Dickens." *Famous Locomotives*, set No. xi. London and North Western Railway Company offices.

The old Theatre Royal, Rochester. From an old print. Rochester: J. H. Goldwin.

A Pickwick Post Card. Being the Pickwickian Dickens-land of Bath. Photo card. Bath: Robt. H. Fryar. 2*d.*

Photograph cards of Rochester, Nos. 22223, 22225, 22226, 22230, 22231, 22233, 22238, 22240, 22242, 22246, 22247, 22255, 22256, 22258, 22259, 22266. London: John Walker & Co. 2*d.* each.

Dickens and Canterbury. A packet of six cards of places connected with *David Copperfield.* Rochester: J. H. Goldwin. 6*d.*

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

PROPOSED DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THERE seems every prospect of the proposed Dramatic Society proving a great success. Mr. Ley has already received many names of those who intend to join, but it is to be hoped that a great many more will send in their names. The proposals are: To found a club, with an annual subscription of 5*s*.; members to have tickets to that value for performances; to give three performances of plays during the coming winter. There is no doubt that such a club could be made a success, both socially and financially, and Mr. James Chapman, who is well known as an amateur actor, is willing to devote his energies to it. Will those who wish to become members kindly communicate with Mr. Ley as soon as possible, in order that a meeting may be called?

TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

On Saturday, July 8th, a most enjoyable outing to Portsmouth took place. Eighteen members started from London Bridge at 7.5 a.m., and Portsmouth was reached just before eleven o'clock. Here we were met by Mr. Percy Maggs, the Secretary of the local branch, and one or two other members, and were conducted to the Town Hall, where we were received by the Mayor (Mr. G. E. Couzens, who is also a Vice-President of the branch) and the Mayoress. The party were introduced by Mr. Maggs, and heartily welcomed by his worship, and provided with light refreshments. Next the Gunwharf and Dockyard were inspected, under the guidance of Mr. H. Hall, a member of the Portsmouth branch. Luncheon followed, and then the party journeyed to the Borough Museum, where they were received by Mr. Saunders, the curator, who also conducted them to St. Thomas's Church, where Charles II. was married to Catherine of Braganza. After a pleasant hour on the harbour, a move was made to Dickens's birthplace, where a very interesting hour was spent. Here every member of the party was presented with a button-hole, consisting of a rose and ivy leaves taken from the garden. It had been intended to visit Kingston Church, where the novelist was baptised; but time did not permit, and so we adjourned to the Speedwell Hotel for tea. Here we were joined by about a dozen members of the Southampton branch, including the President (Mr. Smith, J.P.), Mr. A. Humphreys, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester branch, and by more members of the Portsmouth branch, the gathering numbering close upon forty. After tea Mr. J. E. Palmer briefly thanked Mr. Maggs and others who had helped to make the trip a success. Mr. S. R. Marriott, Mr. R. Allbut, and Mr. Tom Moody, also spoke words of thanks, and Mr. Maggs briefly replied. The return journey was commenced at 7.50 p.m. It was a thoroughly enjoyable outing, and Mr. Maggs is to be very heartily thanked for his kindness and labours.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

LAST month the Liverpool, Birkenhead, Waterloo, and Chester members of this society, under the leadership of Mrs. E. H. Bell and Mr. C. P. Mitchell, journeyed by rail and boat to Eccleston Ferry, where a most enjoyable picnic was held. After partaking of an excellent luncheon and tea, the members visited Eaton Hall.

A cycling club has been formed by members, and the opening run was to Burton Woods, on July 8th. Tea was taken in the gardens, over which Mrs. Howson presided. After tea the various archæological places and objects of interest were visited, and a profitable and enjoyable time was spent.

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FOREST GATE BRANCH

THIS branch held its first summer outing on Thursday, June 22nd, when a party of over twenty journeyed to the Maypole at Chigwell.

Leaving Forest Gate at 11.5, they arrived at the Maypole at twelve o'clock. A visit was immediately paid to the gardens of the charming old inn, where an hour was most pleasantly spent, previous to luncheon in social intercourse and introduction of new friends to old. Luncheon was then served in the historic old Chester Room, which, with its low ceiling and quaint old windows, and adorned with sketches on porcelain from the works of the master, is in itself well worth a visit by all Dickensians. After luncheon a visit was paid to the church, which dates back some five or six hundred years. A charming ramble was then taken through the meadows to the river. After tea a concert was held, songs and readings being given by many members of the party, and dancing was indulged in until it was time to leave for home. The outing was in every way a success.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE members of this branch had their second ramble round Greenwich on Friday, June 30th. The party first visited the parish church, where Bella Wilfer was married to John Rokesmith, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin being hidden away near the organ, and the "Ship" where the wedding breakfast was served, and where Bella dined with her father on the occasion of their "innocent elopment." The "Trafalgar," the scene of the old HOUSEHOLD WORDS staff dinners, was also visited. Tea was served at the Ranger's House, and a stroll through the garden enclosures of the park brought a very pleasant afternoon to a close.

The members of this branch again took fifty old people for a drive through Eltham, Foot's Cray, and Sidcup on July 14th, and afterwards provided them with a good tea at Avery Hill. The weather was all that could be desired, and the old folk thoroughly enjoyed themselves and fully appreciated the good things provided for them. After an hour or so spent in roaming round the mansion, the palm-houses, and the winter gardens, the party drove back to Lewisham. The members of the branch are providing for another party towards the end of August.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

SOME of the poorest children of Shrewsbury, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, had a delightful day last month, through the instrumentality of this branch. They met in the square, and from thence were conveyed to Uffington in brakes. On arrival the juvenile guests, whose ages ranged from eight to twelve, were entertained to games in a field, lent by Mr. Morgan, varied by an adjournment for a meat tea, served on the hotel green. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hearn), were present. After tea there were more games and sports for handsome prizes, distributed by the Mayoress. Buns and sweets were also apportioned among the juveniles. The Mayor, in addressing the little folks after the amusements, said he was very much pleased to see them all enjoying themselves, and felt sure they would wish him to give to Mr. Pool and his committee their heartiest thanks, and also to those ladies and gentlemen who had come there to amuse and entertain them—(cheers). Mr. Pool, in reply, thanked the Mayor and Mayoress for coming down to witness the entertainment, and the Mayoress, Mrs. Mackintosh Walker, Mrs. Edward Burd, and Mr. H. R. H. Southam for their kind donations to the amusement fund. He also thanked Messrs. Humphreys and Heighway for the box of sweets which was distributed by Mr. Kersley to the little folks after the games.

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MANHATTAN BRANCH (NEW YORK)

THIS branch promises to be one of the most important of our many branches, there being already eighty-four paid-up members. The branch was organised on April 4th, 1905. The second meeting was held, by special invitation of the Press Club, in their rooms, on the evening of April 8th, to commemorate the thirty-seventh anniversary of the farewell dinner given to Charles Dickens by the leading representatives of the New York Press, just prior to his final departure from America in 1868. There was a large attendance, and a delightful programme of readings and recitations from Dickens's works; and music was rendered, including some impromptu verses by Mr. Alfred E. Pearsall. The third meeting was held at Mott Memorial Hall, on May 4th, and was devoted entirely to business. The fourth, and closing meeting of the season, was a dinner, which took place at the Hotel Empire, May 18th. The President, Mr. Charles Ross Keen, presided.

The officers of the branch are Charles Ross Keen, President; Charles H. Govan, first Vice-President; S. C. Coale, second Vice-President; Charles F. Adams, third Vice-President; Mrs. Mary E. Craigie, Gen. Secretary, 143, Linden Avenue, Brooklyn: Mr. Alex E. Squire, Gen. Treasurer; Mr. E. L. Edgerly, first Auditor; Dr. L. G. Wilder, second Auditor.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE usual monthly meeting was held on May 10th. Owing to inclement weather, the attendance was not so large as usual. The following interesting programme was presented:—A paper by Mr. Crowther, Hon. Secretary, "Character sketch, Wilkins Micawber." Recital by Mr. Windas, "Mr. Pickwick's Nocturnal Adventure." Reading by Mr. Newland, "Dick Swiveller." Reading by Mr. Fookes, "Report of the Brick Lane Branch," from Pickwick. These selections were well rendered and greatly appreciated by the audience. The membership of the branch still increases, the number on the roll being 367, with a branch at Benalla, one of the country towns, with forty-three members, and a Dickens Reading Circle at Elsterwick, a suburb of Melbourne, with thirty members. Total for Victoria, 440.

CHICAGO (U.S.A.) BRANCH

THIS, the latest-formed branch of the Fellowship, has already shown signs of being a strong and successful one. Some very good meetings have taken place, at one of which Mr. Vinton gave some excellent readings from *A Christmas Carol*, which were greatly enjoyed. At another an address by Mr. Carlandis, on "The Moral Influence of the Writings of Dickens," was much appreciated. On another occasion Mr. Herbert L. Ward, the Hon. Secretary, provided the text for an interesting discussion on *Oliver Twist*, which became so animated it had to be postponed to the following meeting, which took place at Miss Sprigg's house. The branch meets twice a week, and in September it is anticipated the membership will be much increased, and the branch become a very strong one.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON June 29th the branch were kindly invited by Mrs. Vokes to a garden party at Birch Lawn, Sholing, A most delightful time was spent in different amusements and in inspecting the spacious grounds, etc. Several announcements were made by the President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., from which a most successful next session is anticipated.

On July 8th the President, a party of members of the branch, and the Hon. Secretary, had much pleasure in going to Portsmouth to meet the London members on their visit there to Charles Dickens's birthplace.

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BENALLA (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH

ON June 5th a meeting of this branch was held in the Parish Hall, when Mr. Gates lectured on "Dickens as an Educational Reformer." Mr. Gates pointed out the many striking lessons that are to be learned from *Hard Times*, from the failure of Mr. Gradgrind's theory of education. References were made to Dotheboys Hall, to Dr. Blimber's academy, and so on, and the lessons to be learned from each were insisted on. Mr. Gates reminded his hearers that Dickens was either the first, or one of the first, to take an interest in the German kindergarten.

After some discussion, Mr. Gates spoke strongly on the education system. He remarked that whilst the political trend in the colony was socialistic, prize-giving in schools was rampant. Prize-giving, he thought, merely stimulated children to the bursting-point.

During the evening Mrs. Ennis recited the poem, "The Children," which has erroneously been ascribed to Dickens. It was found in his desk after his death, but the poem was written by some one else.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICKENS'S POPULARITY

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I read with much interest the article under this heading in the June number of *The Dickensian*, and was amazed at the assertion of the Newport Librarian! . . . As regards the journalistic rider in a Welsh paper, —the latter seems, however, only on a par with what might be expected after such a bold and sweeping statement.

The evidence of the majority of librarians, publishers, and booksellers would, in my humble opinion, most conclusively prove that "the star of Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray" is *not* on the wane at all.

I, as one librarian, with eleven and a half years' experience of readers, can testify that whilst a few modern writers, by reason of some startling, weird, and novel, though often false, theories, and by their treading on new and revolutionary matter, catch the public for a time and become much in vogue, all serious readers indeed return again and again to the old, old favourites.

In literature, as elsewhere, it is, after all, the best that survives. In verse I find Tennyson and Shakespeare, in prose fiction Dickens, Scott, and Thackerary, on the whole, are the most *lasting* favourites.

Statistics are sometimes misleading, and be it always remembered every one who can read at all has at least read some works of the above authors, and in many cases possesses even copies. Whilst penning this I chance to glance at a newspaper and notice the following: "Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens—*more* new editions. One would not like to count on a drowsy summer's afternoon how many are in the market."

True, very true! and they would not be there if they did not sell, or were not wanted.

I, at least, find that the demand for such works remains constant at the libraries I have been connected with, notwithstanding the present-day rush after anything novel and exciting.

Faithfully yours,

F. W. T. LANGE,
Librarian, St. Bride Foundation.

BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET,
July 21st, 1905.

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"DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

To the Editor of "The Dickensian."

DEAR SIR,—It is new to me that Winterslow is a claimant to the *locale* of "The Blue Dragon," and Mr. Allbut's little chart is most interesting as illustrating his contention. We know that Dickens was in this part of Wilts early in 1848, for he, Leech, Lemon, and Forster, "having obtained horses from Salisbury, passed the whole of a March day in riding over every part of the Plain; visiting Stonehenge, and exploring Hazlitt's 'Hut' at Winterslow, birthplace of some of his finest essays" (Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, p. 262).

By a slip I wrote West Lavington in my last letter; it should be Market Lavington. The monuments and almshouses are in the adjoining parish of West Lavington. Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

SEEND, MELKSHAM, 30*th June*, 1905.

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—If Mr. Allbut's "bated breath and whispering humbleness" when venturing to dissent from Mr. Harper's opinion may be taken as an effort in the direction of sarcasm, it seems to me rather ill-placed. He quotes Tristram as stating in his *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* that the "Quicksilver" (otherwise the Devonport Mail) ran by Andover and Salisbury, and asks "who shall decide, where doctors disagree."

But I take it that Mr. Harper speaks by the card, and on referring to vol. ii. pp. 31–34 of his *Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore*, find he distinctly shows, from the official mail-coach time-bills he prints there, that the "Quicksilver," Devonport Mail, ran, from 1837 onwards, by way of Park House and Amesbury, along the identical route taken by its rival the "Telegraph."

I append, extracted from Mr. Harper's book, the following abstract of the "Quicksilver," Devonport Mail, time-bill, from 1837:—

Leaving General Post Office at 8 p.m.

Miles		Places		Due
12	...	Hounslow	...	9.8 p.m.
19	...	Staines	...	9.48 „
29	...	Bagshot	...	10.47 „
67	...	Andover	...	2.20 a.m.
80	...	Amesbury	...	3.39 „
90	...	Deptford Inn	..	4.34 „
97	...	Chicklade	...	5.15 „
125	...	Ilchester	...	7.50 „
137	...	Ilminster	...	8.58 „
154	...	Honiton	...	11.0 „
170	...	Exeter	...	12.34 p.m.

Time: 16 hours 34 minutes.

In conclusion, I need merely point out, that if, according to Mr. Allbut's own contention, the "Quicksilver" Mail was "the one exclusively referred to," that in itself would go far toward making Amesbury the place indicated by Dickens, and incidentally of justifying Mr. Harper's contention; for be it remarked that *Martin Chuzzlewit* was not written until 1843, between six and seven years after the "Quicksilver's" route was altered.

Yours sincerely,

PADDINGTON, *July 20th*, 1905. JAMES GIBBONS.

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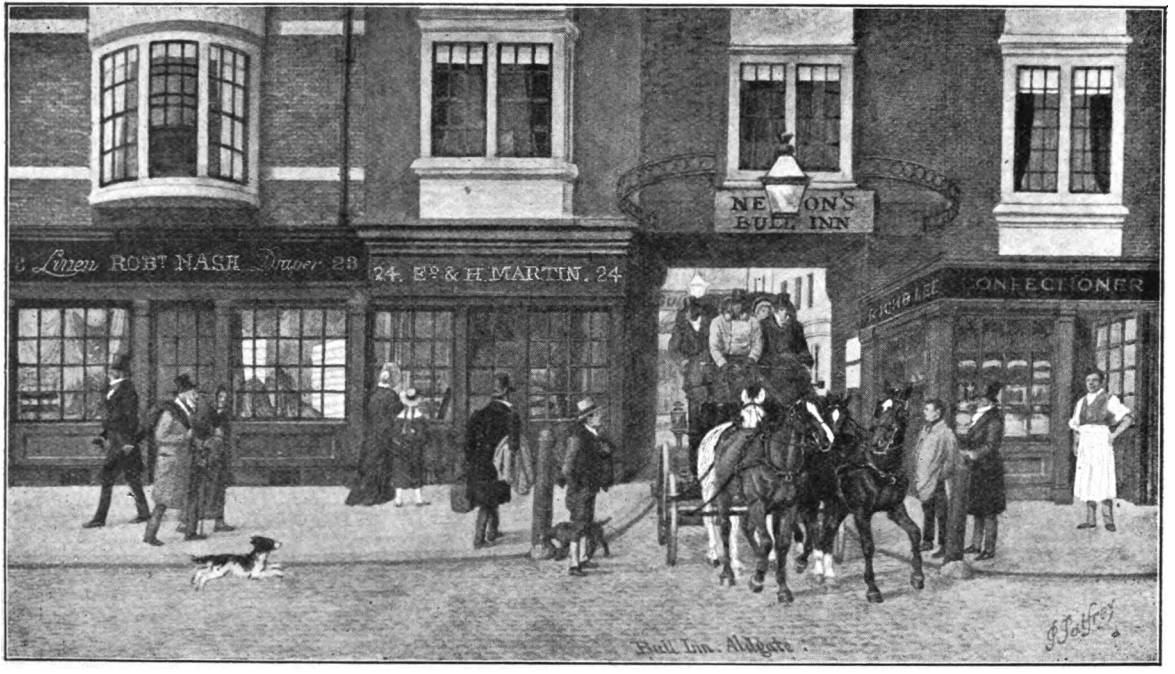

THE BULL INN, WHITECHAPEL
From a painting by P. Palfrey

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1905. No. 9.

WHEN FOUND——

MR. CUMING WALTERS'S little book on *Edwin Drood* has created quite a stir in the literary world during the last month. In nearly every instance it has been dealt with as the best-reasoned attempt to solve the mystery, and where a critic has ventured to disagree with Mr. Walters, he has always tempered his dissension with reservation and a general commendation of Mr. Walters's book. The lengthy debate between the author and Mr. William Archer in the *Morning Leader* was interesting, but we do not think Mr. Archer succeeded in establishing his contentions.

* * *

The book has also attracted the attention of Mr. Andrew Lang, who has not only contributed an article on it to the *Morning Post* and another to the *Academy*, but has written a booklet on the subject, which will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall under the title of *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot.* In it Mr. Lang deals chiefly with the question: Was Edwin Drood slain by his uncle, John Jasper, and if not, how did he escape, and how would Jasper be unaware of his own failure to murder his nephew? There are other subsidiary puzzles of which solutions are offered, and the volume will contain some of Mr. Luke Fildes's original illustrations to assist in their unravelling.

* * *

The George Inn, Amesbury, in regard to which there has been some controversy as to whether it was or was not the original of the "Blue Dragon" of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, has a very interesting article devoted to its antiquity and old-world interest in the *Saturday Review* for 29 July. The writer does not refer to Dickens once throughout, nor does he locate the inn more specifically than by saying it lay off the highway between London and Salisbury. But there is no doubt it is the George Inn which Mr. Harper pictured in a recent number of *The Dickensian* and the beauties of its exterior and neighbourhood, and its history and associations, its interior decorations, carvings, and general old-world comfort are dealt with by a writer imbued with the romance of the old coaching days and ways.

* * *

One of the attractive features of *The Dickensian* this year has been the Dickens Calendar appearing each month. Our readers will be interested to learn that "Old Fleet" is Mr. J. W. T. Ley, and that he has added another quotation for each day, and is publishing the

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whole under the title of *The Boz Birthday Book*. The volume, which is to be ready this autumn, will possess an added value in a very full index to subjects as an appendix. The book will be published at 3s. 6d. net by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who are also issuing a very interesting Dickens souvenir in the shape of a set of thirteen pictorial post cards in reduced facsimile of the cover designs of Dickens's works which appeared in monthly parts. These will comprise the twelve which have been used on the covers of *The Dickensian* during the year, with that of the cover of *Master Humphrey's Clock* added. The price of the set will be 1s. net.

* * *

May we call the attention of our readers to the needs of a society which is doing very noble-hearted work on lines which should and must appeal to lovers of Dickens generally and the members of the Fellowship in particular? It is the National Association for Promoting the Welfare of the Feeble-minded. The aims of the society are to attempt to alleviate the hardships of "the feeble in intellect and will, who have come into the world less richly endowed than their fellows," a situation which the genius of Dickens grasped in *Barnaby Rudge*. We have received a copy of the Ninth Annual Report of the society, on the cover of which is a picture of Barnaby in converse with his raven, and underneath is the quotation from Dickens's book: "Help them in their darkened walk through this sad world, or they are doomed."

* * *

The society has several homes, all of which are in need of assistance. But we appeal on behalf of the "Upshire Home," which is a training home for farm and outdoor work, and the boys in learning are usually able to get fair wages as labourers and dairymen. Larger premises are required, or a small colony of cottage homes, where classification would be possible, and where such boys could remain permanently and earn their living in the colony. Donations and subscriptions, however small, should be sent to Miss A. H. P. Kirby, 72 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., who would also send pamphlet of full details of the society's aims and work.

* * *

The first Conference of Branch Secretaries takes place on the afternoon of Saturday, 2 September, at headquarters. In the evening the delegates will be entertained at dinner at Carr's Charles Dickens Restaurant in the Strand, with Mr. Arthur Waugh in the chair. A few tickets are available for members, and can be obtained of the Hon. General Secretary, price 4s. 6d. each.

* * *

We are indebted for our illustrations this month to the courtesy of Mrs. Snowden Ward, Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, Mr. Elias Miller, and Mr. Charles G. Harper. To the last-named gentleman we also owe our thanks for the loan of the block of the frontispiece reproduction of Palfrey's picture of the exterior of the Bull Inn, Whitechapel. The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of that of *Little Dorrit* used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts.

THE EDITOR.

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DICKENS'S INSTINCT FOR REFORM

BY W. WALTER CROTCH, F.S.S.

I

THERE are people to-day who hold that it is a misuse of terms to describe Dickens as a Social Reformer. That he concerned himself with social questions they freely admit; they deny that he was a democrat or that he ever attained to a theory of reform. Mr. Gissing was probably, more than any one, responsible for the promulgation of this view; inasmuch as from the high vantage-ground of his generous appreciation of the novelist, he subjected his political philosophy to the searching criticism of Collectivist economy.

Not infrequently it is possible to hear men, whose admiration of Dickens as a story-teller is entirely genuine, declaim against his attitude to social problems; avow that he retarded the permanent alleviation of social evils by reconciling the middle classes to the idea of temporary reform; that his scheme of life took no account of economic truths; that he believed all would be well if workmen were honest, sober, industrious, and employers sympathetic, just, and benevolent. The Cheeryble Brothers are alleged to be the embodiment of his views as to the proper relationships between Capital and Labour; and the self-made man and his worldly success are said to represent the ideal which Dickens heartily approved. The whole of these charges concentrated, usually resolve themselves into the assertion that Dickens was a middle-class Radical whose attitude to the poor was one of pity rather than of understanding.

This is a much mistaken view. It is based upon a fundamental error which has vitiated all conclusions. The assumption is that the term "social reform" is inelastic and arbitrary; that to merit the description of "social reformer" a person must have an objective system of economics to propound, must have made a precise science of the remedies for social ills, and be possessed of an exact grasp of industrial physiology. A doctrine at once so narrow and dogmatic as that, would exclude from the category of reformers some of the greatest and most illustrious names in humanitarian literature. Shelley, Byron, Hugo, Coleridge, Browning, Wordsworth, Whitman, all those valiant soldiers in the Army of Freedom, would be ruled out with one stroke of the pen. For none of these understood the precise economic defects which made miseries possible, nor did they understand by what means society would evolve from the chaos of Competition the cosmic order of Collectivism, under which alone it is possible for the liberty and happiness of all to be preserved. These men, on the contrary, were inspired only by indignation against oppression, by impulsive pity for human suffering, by aspirations towards a happy and serene ordering of human affairs of which the mass of men scarce dream, "by the fire of greater passions whose speech and deeds seem madness to the steady world." It was their instinctive sympathy for the fundamental principles of justice out of which reform grows, rather than their actual schemes of social melioration, which made them reformers. If this is true of the poetic band, it is singularly true of Dickens. His, like theirs, was the faith which did not argue; it was all-sufficient to have profound belief:

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unswerving conviction. He saw that all men were equal in their relations to the common feelings and duties of the race; that in suffering, in love, in the visions and longings of youth and age, there was an eternal equality, and like all the great poets, his work in this realm has drawn men and women of every class and rank into a closer sympathy with each other, and placed them hand in hand on a common ground of humanity. To him, mere distinctions of class were simply abhorrent. He had a supreme contempt for pride of birth or station. A titled nobility carried with it, not a title to privilege, but an obligation of service, and in book after book we have the same stinging reproof of class insolence and pride, when, as he mostly put it, and it must be added, mostly found it, it was unaccompanied by personal worth. It was the melodious enunciation of such views as these, which gave the great poets their claim to the distinctive titles of "pioneers" and "reformers," and on these grounds neither the one nor the other can be denied to Dickens.

Moreover, as Mr. Hobson very pertinently points out, if we use the term "social reform" in the broad sense to describe those larger changes in the working of society which aim directly at some general improvement of human life as distinguished from such work of reform as attacks narrower and more specific defects, we shall find that men come to this work by widely different paths. Often it is the personal experience of some concrete evil that first awakens a sense of social wrong and a desire for redress; reform energy once generated is fed by a natural flow from various neighbouring channels of activity, the stream broadening as it goes, until the man whose early activity was stimulated by the desire to break down some little barrier which dams the stream in his back garden, finds himself breasting the tide of some oceanic movement. On the other hand, there are men who come to social reform work out of simply impulse and emotion arising out of a detailed knowledge of the facts of life as a thing apart from economics or a science of government. And that was so in the case of Dickens. All his work was the outcome of accurate analytic observation and close scrutiny; his excursions into the regions of social problems were due to the fact that he found his heart aflame for social justice, and the passion of revolt against tyranny and oppression stirred within him.

It is true that Dickens had but the most elementary knowledge of political economy as such. Indeed, he appears to have shared the old and not too accurate idea that political economy was a dry-as-dust hobby, in which sociologists and other uninviting people constantly speculated. What is, however, equally certain is, that in the reference he did make to it he vowed emphatically that he shared Ruskin's view that no scheme of life, no political organization of industry, was or would be complete which did not provide that all labour should only be pursued under conditions which would allow human qualities full play and which would promote the whole round of human happiness. Ruskin's full, final conception of political economy as a science of human welfare, we are told, included within its scope not merely the processes by which men gain a livelihood, but all human efforts and satisfactions. It was, in short, the famous Spencerian dogma, that the essential question to all of us is how to live, not in the material sense

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merely, but in the widest sense, or as the philosopher put it himself, "the general problem which comprehends every special problem is the right ruling of conduct in all directions, under all circumstances." And that consciously or unconsciously is the general moral to be drawn from all the vague and sometimes whimsical theories of human relationship which Dickens scattered throughout his books.

His emotions and impulses led him to insist that industry ought not to be regarded as the whole of life nor a thing apart from life. The organization of labour must neither involve the suppression of the personal human qualities of either employer or employed, nor must any commercial concern be conducted on such a basis that the man as a worker was considered quite apart from his position as man the human. Dickens's criticism of the teachings of the economists was sentimental rather than scientific, but he poured out the vials of his wrath none the less effectively upon the school who have their representatives in Mr. Gradgrind. "It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the existence of mankind from birth to death was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to heaven it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there." Here in inimitable satire is his repudiation of the theory of the mercantile economists that "the whole social system is a matter of self-interest," and that "man as an industrial animal, a getter and spender of money, is a separate thing from man as a friend, a lover, a father, a citizen."

This, it seems to me, is the most effective reply to the critics who urge that the relationships of the Cheeryble Brothers to Tim Linkinwater and Nicholas Nickleby represented Dickens's ideal of masters and men. It is true that the Cheeryble Brothers stood for a moral theory with the novelist. It is not that the labour problem could be disposed of by benevolence or unselfishness on the part of employers so much as the recognition that the best labour is only performed by men when they are happiest. Examine story after story, and there emerges the same idea. Master and man prospered where the relationship between them was such as to bring the affection of both into full play. Gratitude, forbearance, kindness, sympathy, on the part of the master has its counterpart in the devotion and increased fidelity of the workman to his work. That was Dickens's theory; that is the theory which the critics affect to despise, because it leaves untouched the larger question of such an organization of society as shall give these very desirable virtues full play, and shall render unemployment and poverty impossible. Yet, if it is examined minutely, it will be seen that in this very theory the soundest, and indeed the only true political economy had expression. Men may grope blindly in the dark, and yet stumble across truth, if they do but follow courageously the promptings of the human heart towards fraternity. In our days we are sifting the inhumanities from political economy. We are realizing that it is an unnatural divorce—that of separating the highest attributes of our humanity from the science of human well-being. And Dickens, with nothing but his intuitive

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sympathies, stumbled across the very fact which Ruskin made the basis of his scheme of industrial physiology, namely, that the motive power of man's labour is man's soul.

"The largest quantity of work will not be done for pay or under pressure. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought up to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel, namely, by the affections." In short, the whole lesson of the Cheeryble Brothers is a splendid pleading for the abolition of merely personal profit as the object, end, or motive of industry. Profit is only justified for the social service it can render; the wealth which the Cheerybles derived was devoted to the ends which made for happiness. That, surely, is not merely sound social reform teaching; it is sound Socialism as well. At least, it is that Socialism which Ruskin crystallized in one pregnant phrase when he said, "The final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing, as many as possible, full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human beings."

It was Dickens's general humanitarian revolt against the aristocratic tyranny of his time which induced the critics to speak of him as merely the advocate of the poor who pleaded with the middle classes to bestow some charity on the less fortunate. Of course he was more than that. He possessed the democratic instinct for popular equality, and held firmly his faith in the people. "My moral creed—which is a very wide and comprehensive one, and includes all sects and parties—is very easily summed up," he said in a speech in 1842. "I have faith, and I wish to diffuse faith in the existence—yes, of beautiful things, even in those conditions of society who are so degenerate, degraded, and forlorn, that at first sight it would seem as though they could not be described, but by a strange and terrible reversal of scripture, 'God said, Let there be light, and there was none.' I take it that we are born, and that we hold our sympathies, hopes, and energies *in trust for the many and not for the few.* That we cannot hold in too strong a light of disgust and contempt before the view of others all meanness, falsehood, cruelty, and oppression of every grade and kind. Above that nothing is high because it is in a high place; and that nothing is low because it is in a low one." Here the note struck is obviously one of the most intensely democratic. Only when our energies and our strength, our gifts and our abilities, are used for "the many," are we faithful custodians. The treasures of life are only justified when they are shared by the mass and not by the privileged class. Later, in the same speech indeed, he emphasized the sin of selfishness and the futility as well as the wickedness of imagining that it is possible for men to have happiness in isolation from their fellows. We are members one of another, and individual progress is impossible apart from some measure of general progress, or at least apart from some earnest interest in the promotion of such general progress, we lack the essential element in our own individual culture. What William Morris so often tried to teach us, namely, that class art must necessarily be base and vulgar, and that only that art which arises naturally out of the free and joyous life of "the many" can be true and beautiful, all else wearing the chain and stamp of the commercialism upon which it rests, Dickens himself held to be sovereign truth. There is neither life, nor joy, nor

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art possible in selfish isolation; these can only come as the product of the common life of the nation; they must not be denied the many and given to the few; they can only come as a reward for a faithful share in the common round. When Dickens taught that he foreshadowed the Collectivist idea, which is coming so largely to dominate our social thinking to-day, and one which is based upon the soundest and most incontrovertible democratic principles. Nor was this proclamation of the rights of "the many" an isolated one. Again and again one comes across references to the same thought differently expressed.

(*To be concluded.*)

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Sept. 1.—"The despisers of mankind—apart from the mere fools and mimics of that creed—are of two sorts. They who believe their merit neglected, unappreciated, make up one class; they who receive adulation and flattery, knowing their own worthlessness, compose the other. Be sure that the coldest-hearted misanthropes are ever of this last order."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Sept. 2.—"If our inclinations are but good and open-hearted, let us gratify them boldly, though they bring us Loss instead of Profit."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Sept. 3.—"Airiness and good spirits are always delightful, and are inseparable from notes of a cheerful trip; but they should sympathise with many things as well as see them in a lively way. It is but a word or touch that expresses this humanity, but without that little embellishment of good nature there is no such thing as humour."—*Letter to Mr. Frank Stone.*

Sept. 4.—"It is right to begin with the obligations of home; and while those are neglected no other duties can possibly be substituted for them."—*Bleak House*—Esther Summerson.

Sept. 5.—"There's always a straight way to everything."—*Our Mutual Friend*—Mrs. Boffin.

Sept. 6.—"There is one among the many forms of despair—perhaps the most pitiable of all—which persists in disguising itself as Hope."—*No Thoroughfare.*

Sept. 7.—"If you can't get to be oncommon through going straight, you'll never get to do it through going crooked."—*Great Expectations*—Joe Gargery.

Sept. 8.—"In love of home the love of country has its rise."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Sept. 9.—"I most sincerely impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it."—*Letter to his son* (Mr. E. B. L. Dickens).

Sept. 10.—"We must be patient, and bear with old folks' foibles."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Gabriel Varden.

Sept. 11.—"Even age and weakness have their consolations."—*Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Sept. 12.—"Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Squeers.

Sept. 13.—"All kind things must be done on their own account, and without the least reference to any gratitude."—*Letter quoted in Forster's "Life."*

Sept. 14.—"Him who never did a miracle but to heal; who never struck a man with palsy, blindness, deafness, dumbness, madness—any one affliction of mankind; and never stretched His blessed hand out but to give relief and ease."—*Pictures from Italy.*

Sept. 15.—"Knowledge . . . has a very limited power indeed, when it informs the head alone; but when it informs the head and the heart too, it has a power over life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the universe."—*Speech at Manchester.*

Sept. 16.—"A lady can't be hock'erd. Natur has otherwise purwided."—*Master Humphrey's Clock*—Mr. Weller, sen.

Sept. 17.—"In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a

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weary journey from the high grade to the low to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch; that our journey's end is but our starting-place?" —*Dombey and Son.*

Sept. 18.—"The man who reviews his own life would need to have been a good man indeed if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast and defeating him."—*David Copperfield.*

Sept. 19.—"How common the saying, 'The morning's too fine to last'! How well it might be applied to our everyday existence!"—*Pickwick Papers*—The Dismal Man.

Sept. 20.—"Though lovers are remarkable for leaving a great deal unsaid on all occasions, and very properly desiring to come back to say it, they are remarkable also for a wonderful power of condensation, and can, in one way or other, give utterance to more language—eloquent language—in any given short space of time than all the six hundred and fifty-eight members of the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Sept. 21.—"The good in this state of existence preponderates over the bad, let miscalled philosophers tell us what they will. If our affections be tried, our affections are our consolation and comfort; and memory, however sad, is the best and purest link between this world and a better."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—The Merry-Faced Gentleman.

Sept. 22.—"The miserably poor man (no matter whether he owes his distress to his own conduct or that of others), who feels his poverty and vainly strives to conceal it, is one of the most pitiable objects in human nature."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Sept. 23.—"It is a most extraordinary thing that these Philanthropists are always denouncing somebody, but it is another most extraordinary thing that they are always so violently flush of miscreants."—*Edwin Drood*—Rev. Septimus Crisparkle.

Sept. 24.—"It has, somehow or other, happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Sept. 25.—"She's a rum 'un, is Natur."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Squeers.

Sept. 26.—"The disturbed mind and affections, like the tossed sea, seldom calms without an intervening time of confusion and trouble."—*Letter to Mrs. Henry Anstis.*

Sept. 27.—"There are at least some well-disposed men in the world."—*Sketches by Boz*—Mr. Nicodemus Dumps.

Sept. 28.—"This is a most wretched sort of affair, this world is! Somebody's always dying, or going and doing something uncomfortable in it."—*Dombey and Son* —Mr. Toots.

Sept. 29.—"That temptation—so irresistible to the female mind—of hearing something at present enveloped in mystery."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Sept. 30.—"An ancient proverb reminds us that we should not expect to find old heads upon young shoulders; to which it may be added that we seldom meet with that unnatural combination, but we feel a strong desire to knock them off; merely from an inherent love we have of seeing things in their right places."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

DICKENS MEMORIAL SUNDIAL AND BAROMETER

IT will be remembered that on the demolition of old Rochester Bridge, inseparably connected with the Pickwickians, Charles Dickens had one of the balustrades made into a sundial and set up in his garden at Gadshill. It was a happy idea of Messrs. Francis Barker and Son, of Clerkenwell Road, who possess the original, to make facsimiles of it, and to decorate the cap of it with a portrait of the novelist and the names of his books. They have also manufactured a hall barometer, and a combined barometer and thermometer, for drawing-room or library, both of which are handsomely decorated with similar Dickensian devices as the pedestal sundial. Full particulars and prices can be had of the makers.

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A NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

THE late Mr. F. G. Kitton, who was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Dickens Fellowship, and had an unrivalled knowledge of Dickensiana, left a most comprehensive collection, and the Council of the Fellowship are making a world-wide appeal for funds to enable them to purchase this collection, with a view to its forming the nucleus of a National Dickens Library. The following is a copy of a letter which has been circulated to the English, American, and Colonial Press. It is hoped that members of the Fellowship will respond to this appeal. The scheme has the support and interest of Miss Georgina Hogarth, and has nowhere met with disapproval. Members of the Fellowship and admirers of Dickens generally are urged to use their endeavours to assist the Council in its endeavours to promote this scheme.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to the death of the late Mr. F. G. Kitton an opportunity presents itself of acquiring for the nation a collection of Dickensiana which is probably unique. It comprises some 300 books on Dickens and his works, the majority of these being autograph copies; over 200 different portraits of the novelist; numerous volumes of magazine and newspaper articles relating to Dickens; pictures, programmes, play-bills, etc.; autograph letters from famous admirers of the novelist; several plays based upon the novels; original reports of speeches by Dickens; numerous pamphlets, etc. There is also a splendid collection of original Dickens drawings, by such well-known artists as Brock, Leslie Ward, Rainey, and others, as well as many drawings by the late Mr. Kitton himself (including most of the originals of his illustrations to "A Week's Tramp in Dickens Land"). It is unnecessary to say that many of the articles in the collection are unique and not possible of duplication.

The Dickens Fellowship, of which Mr. Kitton was a Vice-President, has appointed a Committee which has been for some months engaged in examining the collection. This Committee has been in negotiation with the Library Committee of the Corporation of London for the acceptance of the collection, with the object of it forming the nucleus of a National Dickens Library.

The Library Committee have expressed their readiness to accept the collection, to house it, and to make it accessible to the public; and the Council of the Fellowship having carefully considered the matter, now earnestly appeal for the funds necessary for the purchase.

Charles Dickens was, during his lifetime, and is to-day, thirty-five years after his death, England's most popular novelist. He holds a place in the affections of the English-speaking people which is unrivalled by any other writer, living or dead, and therefore we make this appeal with confidence, believing as we do that a national library would appropriately help to perpetuate his memory and the good work which he strove so earnestly to do.

We need hardly point out that for such a memorial no more fitting home could be found than the centre of the great metropolis he loved so well.

Any contributions to the fund will be acknowledged in the weekly and monthly organs of the Fellowship, "Household Words" and "The Dickensian" respectively.

We are, yours very faithfully,

(Signed) JAMES E. PALMER, *Chairman of Council.*
J. W. T. LEY, *Hon. General Secretary.*

On another page of the present issue will be found a complete bibliography of the late F. G. Kitton's writings on Dickens.

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THROUGH WHITECHAPEL WITH DICKENS

By B. W. MATZ

ILLUSTRATED BY C. G. HARPER AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. W. TYRRELL, CATHARINE WEED WARD, AND E. MILLER

THERE were few, if any, districts of the great metropolis of Dickens's time with which he was not thoroughly acquainted. His love of walking took him into many strange places, afterwards to be introduced into his novels and minor writings. To students of his books these places are familiar to a great extent, and have been sought out by the devoted pilgrim in many a tramp with guide-book in hand. One of the lesser-known districts connected with Dickens and his works, however, is Whitechapel, yet Dickens made the East End of London the venue of many a ramble. "My day's no-business beckoning me to the East-end of London," he says on one occasion, "I had turned my face to that point of the Metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, and had got past my Little Wooden Midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance sake, and had got past Aldgate Pump, and had got past the Saracen's Head (with an ignominious rash of posting bills disfiguring his swarthy countenance), and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbour, the Black or Blue Boar, or Bull, who departed this life I don't know when and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where; and I had come out again into the age of railways, and I had got past Whitechapel Church and was in the Commercial Road." And in more than one of his *Uncommercial* papers he speaks of having found himself drawn in the same direction to visit the district where he had "pleasantly wallowed in the abundant mud of that thoroughfare." The district had a fascination for him, as all places had where he could find abundant material for the study of humanity, the state of humanity which wanted lifting, as we know he attempted to lift it and throw the limelight of his pen upon for the world to see and help.

WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN

From photograph by Catharine Weed Ward

In the following pages it is my intention to follow in the footsteps of Dickens through Whitechapel, and visit the places he visited, as well as those introduced into his writings.

Starting from Bishopsgate Street, we turn up Brushfield Street, and continue until Commercial Street is reached, then turn to the right to Flower and Dean Street, where at the corner of Commercial Street is a dull and elegant-looking warehouse of four floors, now in the occupation of a wholesale clothier. There is nothing in the building calculated to attract the passer-by, or even the sightseer, until he knows its history. But the building has a history and an

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interest for the Dickensian. Years ago and up to the early eighties it was a cooking depôt for the workers in the district, and the excellence of its fare, the cheapness of its food, the cleanliness of its building, the expeditiousness of its serving, and the co-operative system upon which it was worked, attracted the keen eye and the philanthropic spirit of the creator of the two immortal Samuels. Accordingly he went there one day and dined with the rest, for fourpence-halfpenny. So satisfied was he that by way of emphasizing the quality of this fourpence-halfpennyworth, he says, "I dined at my club in Pall Mall a few days afterwards for exactly twelve times the money, and not half as well." He had been attracted by a rose-coloured handbill, on which the virtues of the place were displayed.

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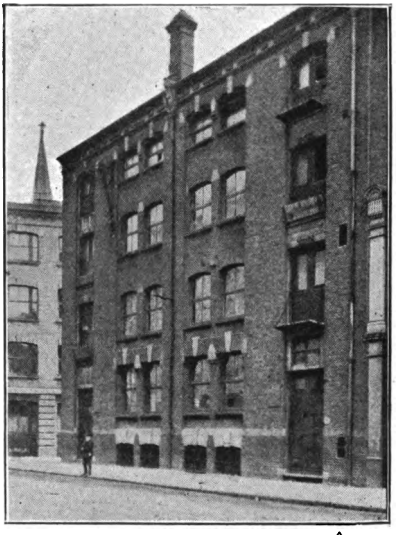

SELF-SUPPORTING COOKING DEPÔT
From a photograph by T. W. Tyrrell

Then followed the list of "All Articles of the Best Quality," with their prices affixed. All the details of this bill, and the full account of the working and merits of the establishment, comprises the paper in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, entitled "The Boiled Beef of New England." The building to-day coincides with Dickens's description, except that it no longer is used as a "cooking depôt."

Leaving the building, we turn back again along Commercial Street into Hanbury Street, across which runs Brick Lane, a name that will recall to the reader recollections of a famous meeting given by "The Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association," where the ladies sat upon forms and drank tea "until such time as they considered it expedient to leave off." The meeting was held "in a large room, pleasantly and airily situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder." This building and its ladder exist to-day up a passage leading out of Brick Lane by the side of No. 160. The only way it differs from the original description is that the Mission Hall is at the bottom of the ladder instead of at the top, whilst the room at the top is used as a carpenter's shop. But there is the self-same ladder up which Brother Tadger "stumbled with Mr. Stiggins," on the memorable occasion described with so much humour in the *Pickwick Papers*, and where later on, in the evening, Mr. Stiggins "hit Brother Tadger on the summit of the nose with such unerring

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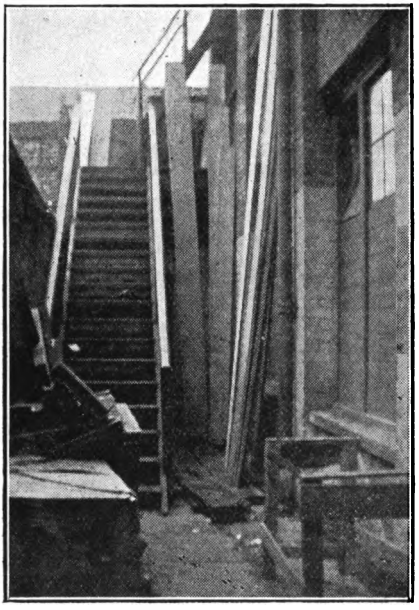
aim" as to knock him "head first down the ladder." Stepping into the Mission Hall downstairs, one's mind reverts to the scene which took place overhead, as Sam Weller and his father found it, where everybody was drinking tea at such a rate as to cause Mr. Weller much anxiety about the "young 'ooman as has drunk nine breakfast cups and a half; and she's swellin' wisibly before my wery eyes," and where he afterwards, in a remote corner of the room, "attacked the reverend Mr. Stiggins with manual dexterity."

In the original editions of *Pickwick* this incident, although well suited to Phiz's pen, was not illustrated. But Phiz did a spirited picture of Mr. Weller attacking Mr. Stiggins for the Household Edition, and another of the scene as a frontispiece to the first cheap edition. We reproduce here, however, a photograph of the outside as it is to-day.



BRICK LANE BRANCH OF THE UNITED GRAND JUNCTION EBENEZER TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION

From a photograph by Elias Miller

From the Mission Hall we journey to Thomas Street, not far distant, which will recall a different scene altogether. Here is the entrance to the casual ward of the Whitechapel Workhouse. It was here that Dickens, who had sallied out one wintry rainy evening in November, 1855, for one of his night walks, full of thoughts of *Little Dorrit*, which he was then writing, almost suddenly "pulled himself up" at a strange sight which arrested him. Against the dreary enclosure of the house were leaning, in the midst of the downpouring rain and storm, what seemed to be seven heaps of rags—"dumb, wet, silent horrors," he described them, "sphinxes set up against the dead wall, and no one likely to be at the pains of solving them until the General Overthrow." He tried to help them by appealing to the master of the workhouse, but the casual ward was full, and help in that direction was not possible. The rag heaps were all girls, and after giving each a shilling, for which he received no thanks whatever, he walked silently away with his mind full of reflections on the low ebb to which humanity may sometimes come.

From here, too, we turn, with the scene as described by Forster in our mind, and wend our way down Vallance Road into the great highway of Whitechapel Road, undoubtedly one of the finest roads in London, and turn to the left until the spot known as Mile End Gate is reached. Here the old Gate House stood until recently.

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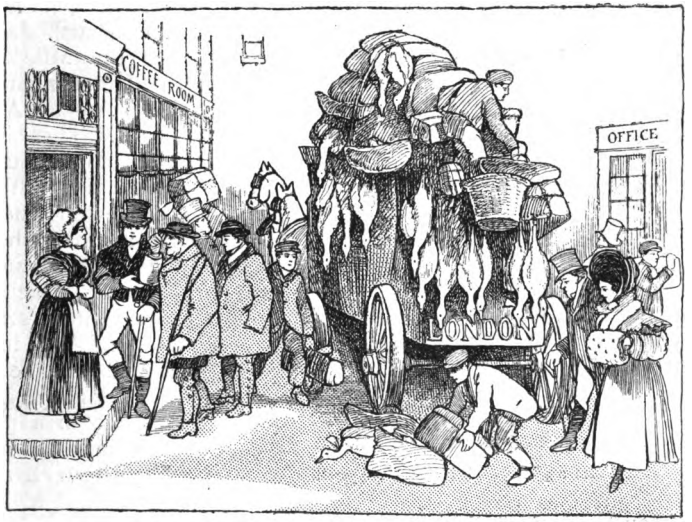
Mr. Pickwick's journey to Ipswich took him, of course, down the Whitechapel Road. "Take care o' the archway, gen'l'men," was Sam's timely warning as the coach started from the Bull Inn, referred to at the beginning of this article, which was situated where Aldgate Avenue now stands. It was long since demolished. At the time Whitechapel Road was noted for its array of oyster-stalls, which prompted the loquacious Sam's remarks about "poverty and oysters" always going together, and by way of emphasizing the coincidence he added, "Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar despration." And Mr. Pickwick promised to make a note of the "remarkable fact" when the coach next stopped. In passing through the gate Mr. Weller



THE BULL INN YARD

From a drawing by C. G. Harper

senior offered some dissertation on pike-keepers, whilst many other points in the road attracted the attention of the travellers.

The Bull Inn, kept by Mrs. Ann Nelson at the time, was one of the very best of the old coaching inns, and there is no doubt Dickens was well acquainted with its solid and restful comfort. An illustration of it forms a frontispiece to the present issue. It was noted for its specially reserved room for coachmen and guards, where those worthies regaled themselves with the best the house could provide. It was more sacred and exclusive than the commercial-rooms of the old bagmen days, and was strictly unapproachable by others than those for whom it was set apart. On one occasion, however, says Mr. Harper in his book *Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore*, Dickens had a seat at the table, and "the chairman, after sundry flattering remarks, as a tribute to the novelist's power of describing a coach journey, said, 'Mr. Dickens, we

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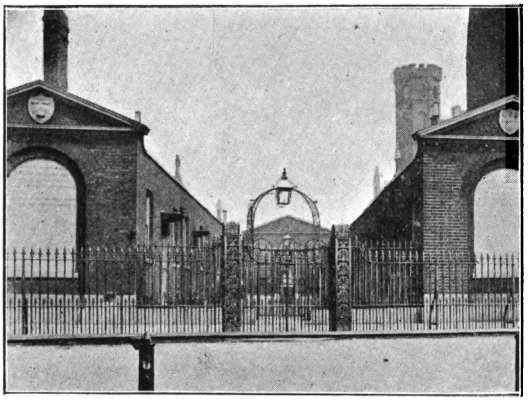
knows you knows wot's wot, but can you, sir, 'andle a vip?' There was no mock modesty in Dickens. He acknowledged he *could* describe a journey down the road, but he regretted that in the management of a 'vip' he was not expert."

Near by the "Bull" was that other old coaching inn, the "Blue Boar," to which David Copperfield came on that memorable journey from Yarmouth. "We approached London by degrees," he says, "and got in due time to the inn, in the Whitechapel district. I forget whether it was the 'Blue Bull' or the 'Blue Boar,' but I know it was the Blue something, and that its likeness was painted on the back of the coach." Naturally this inn has also been swept away, but a sculptured effigy of a boar, with gilded tusks and hoofs, built into the wall of a tobacco factory, marks the site where it once stood.



TITBULL'S ALMSHOUSES
From a photograph by T. W. Tyrrell

Continuing our journey farther along into the Mile End Road, we come upon the Vintners' Almshouses. There is no doubt that Dickens had these in his mind when writing the twenty-ninth chapter of the *Uncommercial Traveller*, which he called "Titbull's Alms Houses." He refers to them as in the east of London, in a great highway, in a poor, busy, and thronged neighbourhood. There is "a little paved courtyard in front enclosed by iron railings, which have got snowed up, as it were, by bricks and mortar; which were once in a suburb, but are now in the densely-populated town; gaps in the busy life around them, parenthesis in the close and blotted texts of the streets." All this, and much more in the same paper, notably the piece of sculptured drapery a-top the inscription stone "resembling the effigy of Titbull's bath towel," applies to the Vintners' Almshouses as they are to-day. Let us stand and conjure up the picture of the Greenwich pensioner with an "empty sleeve," accompanied by his friend the Chelsea pensioner with one leg, calling and taking Mrs. Mitts away to be married, as delightful a picture as Dickens presented, and then return towards Aldgate again, passing on our way once more Whitechapel Church, which attracted the attention of Dickens so often.

"The Little Wooden Midshipman," referred to previously, also appears in *Dombey and Son* as the original of Sol Gills's sign "which thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable . . . and bore at his right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery . . ." taking observations of

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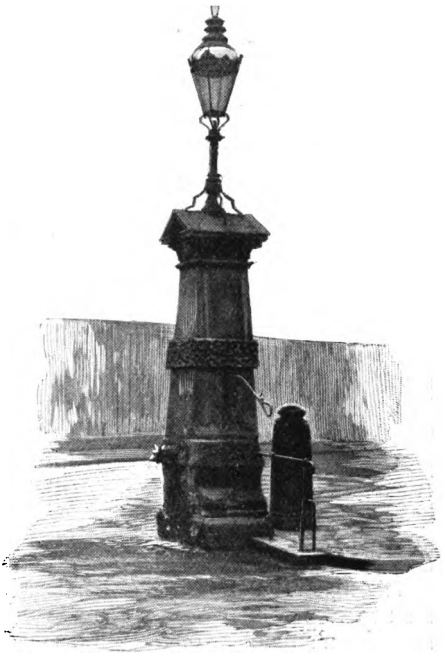
the hackney coaches. This "woodenest" of effigies can still be seen at Messrs. Norie and Wilson's, 156, Minories, E., who once occupied premises in Leadenhall Street, as did Sol Gills.

It has been noted many times how Dickens made use of nearly everything he saw in his peregrinations, and it was not likely that such an historic monument as Aldgate Pump would escape his notice. He several times makes passing references to it, and introduces it into *Dombey and Son*. It will be remembered that Mr. Toots took a walk to it and back again for relaxation. There are many references to it in a general way, and it was to the neighbourhood that Fagin removed for fear of Oliver's "peaching," and it was from Whitechapel that the Gordon Rioters' procession started for Newgate.



ALDGATE PUMP

From photograph by Catharine Weed Ward

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

IX

"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN"

THY pray'r is answer'd, blest and genial Shade!
The mem'ry of thy many golden deeds
Of kindness and true charity still lives.
And hearts the wide world o'er are daily made
The brighter and the stronger, and their needs
Are succour'd by the hope thy message gives!

* * * *

O, great and gentle lover of mankind—
With all its faults and foibles—may we learn
What thou hast taught in many a printed page,—
There is "a soul of goodness" in them all!
May we, like thee, "be just a little blind"
To merely human weaknesses, and yearn
And strive to serve and elevate the age:
Then shall we, too, receive the Upward Call!

Adelaide, South Australia, 9th June, 1905. D. H. B.

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THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY

A REVIEW OF THE SOLUTIONS TO "EDWIN DROOD"

By GEORGE F. GADD

CHAPTER I

AUTHENTIC SUGGESTIONS

DURING the progress of *Barnaby Rudge* a startling disclosure of Dickens's carefully-guarded secret—the surprise concerning the supposed murder of Rudge, steward to Reuben Haredale—was prematurely made by an American writer whose genius for imagination and mystery has become world-famous. Edgar Allan Poe's *tour-de-force* was, in fact, astonishingly accurate, and highly remarkable as the result of penetrating insight and scientific inference, but its quotation in these pages is merely intended to suggest that, had Poe survived Charles Dickens, and brought his peculiar powers to bear upon the mystery of *Edwin Drood*, a not unconvincing solution would have issued from his pen. Assuredly, in that event, much nonsense which has been written on this subject would never have seen the light, and, on the other hand, clever but misguided analysts might have been denied the thrill arising from an inborn conviction of triumph.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood is a particularly perplexing problem for two important reasons. In the first place, it is full of misleading suggestion: redolent of the red herring drawn across the path. In the second place, the amount of external hint or clue left by the novelist is disappointingly small, and does not go far towards helping out the sequel.

The first suggestion of mystery peeps out in a letter sent by Dickens to his friend John Forster on 6 August, 1869. "I laid aside the fancy I told you of, and have a very curious and new idea for my new story. Not a communicable one (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work." Part of this curious idea Forster was able to disclose at the latter end of his admirable biography.

"The story," he explains, "was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle, the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close. . . . The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him. Discovery by the murderer of the utter needlessness of the murder for its object was to follow hard upon commission of the deed; but all discovery of the murder was to be baffled till towards the close, when, by means of a gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body, not only the person murdered was to be identified, but the locality of the crime and the man who committed it. . . . Rosa was to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle, the sister of Landless, who was himself to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer."

It is interesting to observe how unfailingly this statement agrees with the written part of the story. John Jasper, the guilty uncle, is, we

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know, consumed by a secret passion for Rosa Bud, Drood's betrothed. He encourages, while seeming to deprecate, the quarrelsome spirit arising between his nephew and Neville Landless. He indulges in strange nocturnal excursions about the cathedral, in company with Durdles the stonemason, and makes the acquaintance of several keys, including that of Mrs. Sapsea's vault. On the first of these expeditions he is warned off a heap of quicklime. "Quick enough," says Durdles, "with a little handy stirring, to eat your bones." Further, the story introduces a diamond ring, entrusted to Edwin by Rosa's guardian, Mr. Grewgious, and to be returned in case doubt exists on either side as to the wisdom of the betrothal. The boy and girl agree to part, and Edwin, in consequence, makes no reference to the jewel in his pocket.

After Drood has disappeared, such of his valuables as Jasper is aware of are found in the river, but nothing more is told of the ring. Finally, Grewgious comes to Cloisterham and calls upon the stricken uncle. Choosing a most inappropriate occasion, and almost entirely ignoring the catastrophe, he imparts the comparatively insignificant news of the broken engagement; whereat Jasper swoons away, not at all to the surprise of Grewgious, who evidently knows that he has disclosed "the needlessness of the murder for its object."

We are enormously indebted to Forster for the light thrown upon the intended use of the betrothal ring. Even Poe's powers might have failed to connect this bauble with the heap of lime in the mason's yard. Not so much reliance, however, is to be placed upon the statement that the original part of the scheme was Jasper's confession in the cell, though there is little doubt that the villain was to come to that ignominious end. Dickens himself shows that the real mystery lay in another direction. Writing to Mr. J. T. Fields in January of 1870, he thus refers to his work: "There is a curious interest steadily working up to number 5, which requires a great deal of art and self-denial. . . . I hope, at numbers 5 and 6, the story will turn upon an interest suspended until the end."

The novelist evidently refers to the appearance upon the scene of Mr. Dick Datchery, the mysterious white-haired stranger who keeps such a close watch upon Jasper, and who is so elated by the discovery of an old opium woman from London, come down to Cloisterham to track the villain, that the hieroglyphic score upon the inside of his cupboard is made to record an almost overwhelming access of intelligence.

The identity of Datchery is enshrouded in mist; it is the heart of the entire problem, and has been interpreted in a variety of ways, as we shall see. Yet this character forms the subject of the only detached note of any importance left by the author.

The first number-plan, or sketch-chapter, of the story—"Mr. Sapsea. Old Tory Jackass, connect Jasper with him (He will want a solemn donkey by and by)"—does no more than confirm our certainty of Jasper's guilt, but the accidentally discovered manuscript called, "How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a member of the Eight Club," gives us a group of new characters, throws a possible light upon Datchery, and enables a more complete estimate to be formed of the great Mr. Sapsea him-

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self. The chapter is fully quoted in Forster's "Life," but the part of it which most nearly concerns the mystery-solver is the broken fragment of conversation between the inflated auctioneer and the obsequious Mr. Poker, for the latter is surely a study sketch of the "Idle Buffer" who lived upon his means, at Mrs. Tope's, in Cloisterham.

In the following chapters it is intended to set forth data which, it is hoped, may not only be interesting reading, but be sufficient to give a clear idea of the nature of the many different solutions of the "mystery" which have been published in this country and in America, and so present a complete record of all that has been written on the subject, much of which is not easily accessible to the general reader to-day.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SOLUTION

"RUMOUR," said Miss Twinkleton to the ladies of her select seminary, "has been represented by the Bard of Avon as painted full of tongues."

Some of these tongues were very busily whispering shortly after it became known that Dickens had not lived long enough to finish his work: whispering that another writer would be appointed to supply the deficiency; that the younger Charles, or Wilkie Collins, or both, or some other, had already been approached on the matter. So persistent, in fact, did these "airy breaths" become, that at length it was deemed advisable to issue an authoritative denial. This took the form of a letter to the *Times*, from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who emphatically stated that the three numbers still in hand would be published without any added matter whatsoever. "No other writer," they asserted, "could be permitted by us to complete the work which Mr. Dickens left." And, to the present day, this very commendable attitude has been preserved by the excellent firm so long associated with the works of our author.

But there was the unauthorized Continuator to reckon with, which genus was particularly active during the early days following the death of Dickens. It may, or may not, be a tribute to our national modesty that none of these hasty attempts to assume the cloak of the Prophet is of British origin, but it is not the less certain that, for a number of years, America virtually held a monopoly in continuations of *Edwin Drood*.

We may now examine these extraordinary attempts in some detail.

Right of priority, at least, is due to Mr. R. H. Newell, who, as "Orpheus C. Kerr," published in 1870 an extravagant burlesque entitled *The Cloven Foot*, professedly "an adaptation of the English novel to American scenes, characters, customs, and nomenclature." Originally issued at New York, this grotesque work found its way to London, where it first received notice in the pages of the *Piccadilly Annual* for 1870. In the following year an English edition was printed, under a new title, *The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood*, and with several minor alterations. The publisher was John Camden Hotten, of Piccadilly.

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Considering the circumstances of the time, the vein in which this book is conceived must have appeared singularly infelicitous; but it may be that burlesque was the author's strong point, and certainly this comic paraphrase exhibits considerable cleverness in its close parallel with the original, while the humour, although it perhaps relies too frequently upon the alcoholic vagaries of the chief character, is at times irresistible.

A remarkable peculiarity of the work is that it forms a burlesque, in part without an original, for the story is carried to a definite conclusion. It is a book with a theory, too. Whether a seriously advanced theory or not it would be difficult to say, but the clue is derived from chapter iii. of *Edwin Drood*, wherein a suggestion of dual consciousness in man is illustrated by the strange remark: "If I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where."

In the adaptation, Mr. John Bumstead (Jasper) divides his affections amongst three objects: his nephew, an umbrella, and powerful stimulants. Under the influence of the last-named he disposes of the two others and fails to recollect their whereabouts, until Mr. Tracey Clews (Datchery), following an inspiration, screws him up to precisely the same condition of inebriety as before, when discovery results.

Space forbids any but the briefest quotation from Mr. Newell's book, but the following extracts from the chapter describing Jasper's meeting with his nephew at the gatehouse may convey some idea of the author's methods:—

"Mr. Bumstead, lighting his lamp, has, abstractedly, almost covered it with his hat . . . but you can just detect, above the mantel, an unfinished sketch of a schoolgirl. There is no artistic merit in this picture; in which, indeed, a simple triangle on end represents the waist, another, and slightly larger triangle the skirts, and straight lines, with rake-like terminations, the arms and hands. . . . A young man fourteen years old enters the room with his carpet bag.

"'My dear boys! My dear Edwins!'

"Thus speaking, Mr. Bumstead sidles eagerly at the new-comer, with open arms, and falling upon his neck, does so too heavily, and bears him with a crash to the ground. Mr. Bumstead rises slowly, and with dignity.

"Excuse me, my dear Edwin. I thought there were two of you."

". . . Mr. Bumstead motions with his whole right side towards an adjacent room in which a table is spread, and leads the way thither in a half circle. After dinner Edwin Drood produces pea-nuts. Bumstead, with a wet towel round his head, drinks a great deal of water.

"'Crack!' on Edwin Drood's part.

"'Hic!' on Mr. Bumstead's part. . . .'

"Mr. Bumstead, very carefully poising himself on both feet, puts on his hat over the wet towel, gives a sudden horrified glance downward towards one of his boots, and leaps frantically over an object.

"'Why, that was only my cane,' says Edwin.

"Mr. Bumstead breathes hard, and leans heavily on his nephew as they go out together."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE SCENE OF THE BAGMAN'S STORY

By HAMMOND HALL
AUTHOR OF "MR. PICKWICK'S KENT"

IN the July number of *The Dickensian* Mr. Arthur Schomberg asks: "Has the inn in which Tom Smart wooed and won the widow ever been identified?" Eight years ago I addressed this question to the Rev. W. H. Davis, Vicar of Avebury, who very kindly interested himself in the matter. He was inclined to favour "an old-fashioned thatched inn called the 'White Hart,' at West Kennet, on the main Bristol road, which was, about 1820, kept by a widow named Shugnell," and of which a drawing existed. There were, however, at least two obstacles to the identification. One was the fact that the "White Hart" was on the wrong side of the road; the other, more serious, was the doubt whether the date of its conversion into a brewery, certainly antecedent to the writing of *Pickwick*, was not antecedent also to Dickens's knowledge of the road. In these circumstances Mr. Davis referred the question to the Rev. A. C. Smith, author of *British and Roman Antiquities of North Wilts*, and for many years Rector of Yarbury. Mr. Smith, who has since died, sent the following very interesting notes. He wrote:—

"I cannot encourage your notion as to the 'White Hart' at Kennet. I was at Eton when *Pickwick* was first published, and I took in the numbers as they came out. I have my original copy now before me, well thumbed and somewhat the worse for wear. When 'The Bagman's Story' appeared I think I may safely say that all North Wiltshiremen at once identified the inn as that at Shepherd's Shore. . . . To us who live at Devizes Shepherd's Shore is strictly on the Marlborough Downs. . . . Is there in all England a spot better calculated than Shepherd's Shore for the bleak, desolate, exposed road as described by the Bagman? . . . From Beckhampton to Shepherd's Shore there is a three-mile stretch of as howling a wilderness as you may find anywhere, and from Shepherd's Shore towards Devizes another two miles of equally exposed road. During the thirty-seven years of my holding the rectory of Yarbury my father and mother lived here (Devizes), and I was very frequently on the road from Beckhampton to Devizes—I may say nearly every week—on horseback or on wheels, at all seasons and in every sort of weather, and I know well by experience how rough the weather and how exposed the road was at times; indeed, stage coachmen used to declare (I have often heard them) that there was no spot from London to Bristol so bleak and exposed as that."

I have never had time and opportunity to pursue the matter farther. I do not even know whether the inn referred to is yet in existence, but I believe that its traditional connexion with "The Bagman's Story" is mentioned in Mr. Smith's *British and Roman Antiquities of North Wilts*.

"This is the Reverend Archibald Duke, a very dyspeptic and evangelical man, who takes the gloomiest view of mankind and the prospects, and thinks the immense sale of the *Pickwick Papers*, recently completed, one of the strongest proofs of original sin."—*Scenes from Clerical Life*. By George Eliot.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ELEMENT IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD." *Good Words*, June and July, 1904.

WHO'S WHO IN DICKENS. *T.P.'s Weekly*, 21 October, 1904.

NEW PICTORIAL POST CARDS

WE have received a series of photograph cards of the most prominent places and scenes in Rochester, Chatham, Stroud, and New Brompton from Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Warwick Lane. There are fifty views in all, most artistically reproduced, many of which, naturally, have a direct Dickensian interest. These comprise such places as Sapsea's House, High Street, Rochester; Walls's Charity, interior and exterior; Eastgate House; Guildhall; The Bull Hotel; Jaspar's Gatehouse; The Castle, etc. For the benefit of collectors, the numbers of these were given in our "Dickensiana" page last month.

We have also received from Mr. Goldwin, of Rochester, a set of six cards representing scenes in Canterbury connected with *David Copperfield.* These are reproduced from excellent photographs taken by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, and bear appropriate quotations from the novel.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

"Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Tale of Two Cities," "Great Expectations" and "Hard Times." In Macmillan's India Paper Editions. 2s. net and 3s. net.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"The Great North-East," by John o' London (Dotheboys Hall and Greta Bridge). *T. P.'s Weekly*, 21 July.

"Oliver Twist," at His Majesty's Theatre. Illustrated. *Queen*, 22 July.

"Boz-on-Sea" (Broadstairs). By Harold Begbie. *Daily Mail*, 22 July.

"The Drood Case." By Andrew Lang. *Morning Post*, 28 July.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood: the Disguise of Helena" (reply to William Archer's second article). By J. Cuming Walters. *Morning Leader*, 26 July.

"The George Inn" (Amesbury). *Saturday Review*, 29 July.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (third article). By William Archer. *Morning Leader*, 29 July.

"The Plot of Edwin Drood." By Andrew Lang. *Academy*, 29 July.

"The Clearing of a Mystery." By Harry Beswick. *Clarion*, 28 July.

"Round Rochester in Dickens Land." By W. C. B. Whitwell. Illustrated. *Cycling*, 2 August.

"The Drood Case." Letter from J. Cuming Walters. *Morning Post*, 8 August.

"In Mr. Pickwick's Footsteps: with a New Dickens Character." *Daily Mail*, 9 August.

"Kipling and Dickens." *T. P.'s Weekly*, 11 August.

"The Plot of Edwin Drood." Letter from J. Cuming Walters. *Academy*, 12 August.

"The Novelist of the Country." By Walter Dexter. Illustrated. *The Country-side*, 12 August.

"At the Sign of the Ship." Interview between Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes on the Drood Mystery. By Andrew Lang. *Longman's Mag.*, Sept.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC CLUB

THE proposal to form a Dramatic Club in connexion with the Fellowship has met with a good response, and it has been arranged to have the organizing meeting at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on Monday, 4 September, at 8 o'clock. The meeting will be open to all members, whether they have intimated their intention of joining or not, and it is hoped there will be a good attendance. The proposals are: To found a club, with an annual subscription of 5s.; members to have tickets to that value for performances; to give three performances of plays during the coming winter. There is no doubt that such a club could be made a success, both socially and financially, and there seems every likelihood that such will be the case. Mr. James Chapman, who is well known as an amateur actor, has undertaken to devote his energies to it.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THERE was a large attendance of members and friends at the monthly meeting held on 14 June.

An excellent programme was contributed. Miss Fraser read a splendid

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character study of Esther Summerson (*Bleak House*), Mr. Frank Scrivenor gave a reading, "Betsey Trotwood and the Murdstones," and Mr. Du Soir, Vice-President, who presided, gave an address on "Bleak House" and a reading, "Flight of Lady Dedlock."

The July meeting was held in Glen's Concert Hall, Collins Street. The Hon. Secretary read an extract from a letter from the General Secretary of the parent Society stating that ours was now the third largest branch, being beaten only by Portsmouth and Sheffield. At the present time the roll numbers 382 members, and our branch is only ten months old. The Rev. E. Rorke, Vice-President, pursuant to notice of motion, moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously: "That the minimum subscription next year be 2s. 6d." The first year's experience of working the branch has shown that it cannot be carried on successfully on the nominal subscription of 1s. With the increased subscription it is hoped to extend the influence of the fellowship and engage in some charitable work. The programme for the evening was one of the best yet given.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, LEWISHAM BRANCH.

THE ladies' needlework party in connexion with this branch has arranged a garden party, concert, and sale of work, to take place on Thursday, 7th inst., at 4.30 p.m., at Sangley Hall, Catford. The house and grounds, which will be decorated and illuminated at night, are a few minutes' walk from both South Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover stations, and close to the Catford terminus of the Lewisham and Greenwich Tramways. Among the many attractions being arranged will be a concert under the direction of Mrs. Clement Foster, an exhibition of old needlework arranged by Mrs. Gladstone, palmistry, refreshments, and dancing. A number of fancy and useful articles made by the members will be on sale. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee, of which Mrs. E. I. Hall is Hon. Sec. They hope to be able to extend a welcome to many metropolitan members of the Fellowship, and those from other branches. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Hall, 33 Albyn Road, St. Johns, S.E., of any member of the committee, or from the Hon. Sec. of the branch, Mr. James E. Palmer, 2 Marischal Road, Lee, S.E.

YORK AND LEEDS BRANCHES.

On Saturday, 12 August, a number of the members of the York and Leeds branches of the Dickens Fellowship united in an excursion to Coxwold and Byland Abbey. The object in view was to cultivate the spirit of fellowship, not only amongst the individual members, but also between the branches; and the result was most encouraging. Favoured with beautiful weather, amid the charming surroundings of Coxwold a delightfully pleasant time was spent, and the success was all that could be wished.

Tea was served at the quaint village inn at Coxwold, after which speeches were made by the Rev. E. L. Perry (York branch), Mr. F. Kidson (Leeds branch), and Mr. Medd (York branch).

The historic church was visited and the renowned "Shandy Hall," where Laurence Sterne wrote *Tristram Shandy* and *Sentimental Journey*, 150 years ago. The happy associations of this delightful excursion will long be remembered.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Sept. 2. Conference of Branch Secretaries at headquarters, to be followed by a Dinner at Carr's Restaurant, Strand, at 7.15.

,, 4. Fellowship Dramatic Club. First meeting at St. Bride's Institute, at 8 o'clock. Open to all.

,, 27. Meeting of Needlework Guild at St. Bride's Institute.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

SIR,—I have not yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. J. Cuming Walters's *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood,"* but the interesting review of it by Mr. Matz in the July number of the *Dickensian* moves me to point out the curious fact that the most distinguished of Mr. Walters's predecessors in the study of the "mystery" overlooked the authoritative clues furnished by Forster. Mr. Matz gives 1887 as the date of publication of the "loving study" in which the late Richard Proctor "set himself to prove that Drood was not murdered." I am at this moment remote from works of reference, but I believe I am right in saying that the last volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens* was published in 1875. A reference to this would have shown Proctor that Drood was indubitably dead. Forster relates how it was originally intended that the interest of the story should arise out of "the going apart from one another" of two young people "pledged to be married after many years," and how in August, 1869, Dickens wrote to him: "I laid aside the fancy I told you of, and have a very curious and new idea for my new story." Forster gives the following outline of this idea :—

"The story, I learnt immediately afterwards, was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle, the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if not he, the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told by another, had brought him."

In chapter xxiii.—the last of the uncompleted story—the murderer, his brain fuddled by the drug habit, has already begun to incriminate himself under the expert stimulation of the old opium woman. One can scarcely doubt that she was to have been the chief instrument in "elaborately eliciting" the details of his wickedness. Forster's reference to the condemned cell is borne out by a statement made by Mr. Luke Fildes to the late Mr. Hughes (*Rambles in Dickensland*) to the effect that Dickens had intended to take him, Mr. Fildes, to sketch the interior of a condemned cell, probably at Maidstone jail. Forster's narrative continues :—

"Discovery by the murderer of the utter needlessness of the murder, for its object was to follow hard upon commission of the deed."

This discovery, it will be remembered, is made in chapter xv., with startling effect.

"All discovery of the murderer" (continues Forster) "was to be baffled till towards the close, when, by means of a gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body, not only the person murdered was to be identified, but the locality of the crime and the man who committed it. So much was told to me before any of the book was written ; and it will be recollected that the ring, taken by Drood to be given to his betrothed only if their engagement went on, was brought away with him after their last interview."

It will be recollected also :—

1. That whereas John Jasper "had an inventory in his mind of all the jewellery his gentleman relative even wore, namely his watch and chain and his shirt-pin"—articles which were removed from Drood's body and thrown into Cloisterham Weir — he was not aware on the eve of Drood's disappearance that he carried in the breast-pocket of his coat the ring confided to him by Mr. Grewgious.

2. That John Jasper knew there was outside the residence of Durdles a mound of lime, "quick enough to eat your boots ; with a little handy stirring quick enough to eat your bones."

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In view of Forster's statement, and its corroboration by the story as far as it goes, there is hardly room for doubt that Drood was murdered by Jasper. There is evidence that the last walk of uncle and nephew followed the route taken by Jasper and Durdles, as described in chapter xii., that the tragedy took place in the great tower of the cathedral; that there was "no struggle, no consciousness of peril, no entreaty" (chapter xxiii.); and that the body was concealed either in the crypt or in the Sapsea vault. Mr. Luke Fildes came to the conclusion from Dickens's remarks to him that the long scarf worn by Jasper was an instrument of the crime, and this is likely enough.

Finally, Forster indicates how the other characters would have been disposed of had their creator lived to finish his task. He says:—

"Rosa was to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle, the sister of Landless, who was himself, I think, to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer."

My recollection is that Mr. Proctor's deductive method led him to these same conclusions, a fact which renders all the more remarkable his disbelief in the death of Drood.

Yours faithfully,

HAMMOND HALL.

THE "BLUE DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—It would be unfortunate that this little matter should attain the importance of a *quæstio vexata*. I have, therefore, the pleasure to accept the ruling of your Paddington correspondent, and willingly adopt the authority of Mr. C. G. Harper's book as trustworthy and conclusive.

In reference to the westward time-table quoted by Mr. Gibbons in relation to the *Amesbury* route (from 1837 onwards), allow me to remark that the author, also speaking by the card, gives—first in order—a similarly detailed time-table for the Devonport Mail via SALISBURY, the latter being the established "Quicksilver" route *until* 1837 (see Vol. II, p. 31). I need not occupy your space by quotation *in extenso*. During the year above mentioned and thereafter, the course of the coach was changed to "the upper road by Amesbury and Ilminster."

Martin Chuzzlewit having been originally published in 1843-4, it should be borne in mind that the action of the tale, *looking backward*, would include a term of at least seven or eight years, in accordance with the suggestions of its final chapter, as well as the twelve months (there or thereabouts) of its previous history. It would thus be brought fairly within the limit of the "Quicksilver" period, when the Devonport Mail was still running by way "of the fair old town of Salisbury."

It is abundantly evident that the Chuzzlewit story deals exclusively with that county capital as a place of calling, arrival, and departure for the London coach (note specially that delightful thirty-sixth chapter), and refers to its *direct* metropolitan journey thence; which journey could be conveniently joined *en route*—at two miles' distance—from a contiguous village as already indicated.

The main question raised for consideration relates to the locality of the village aforesaid and the whereabouts of "The Blue Dragon."

Faithfully yours in fellowship,

BRIXTON, *August 8th*, 1905. ROBERT ALLBUT.

DICKENS'S RECIPE FOR PUNCH

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—The word milk which puzzles Mr. Yapp should presumably be silk, which it would be quite natural to use as a strainer.

Yours faithfully,

HADLOW, KENT, *1st August*, 1905. H. SNOWDEN WARD.

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THE COACH AND HORSES, ISLEWORTH
From a drawing by C. G. Harper

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1905. No. 10.

WHEN FOUND——

THE sympathy of our readers will be extended towards the only daughter of Bret Harte, who, having been left unprovided for, is now much in need of help. She was trained as an elocutionist, but through ill-health is unable to follow her profession. A fund has been started to relieve her straitened circumstances, and subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Dr. C. L. Alexander, Holly Lodge, Upper Parkfields, Putney, S.W. Her father, as is well known, was a great admirer of Dickens and his works, and his poem, *Dickens in Camp*, which we print on another page, is considered one among, if not the very finest of the numberless poems which the novelist's fame has inspired.

* * *

The announcement that a complete collection of the poems of Adelaide Anne Procter is to be issued by Messrs. Bell & Sons will interest Dickensians. Many of her legends and lyrics appeared in *Household Words*, and when they were issued in a volume Dickens wrote a very sympathetic introduction to it. This introduction will of course appear in the new volume. Miss Procter's father was "Barry Cornwall," a great friend of Dickens. But it was not on account of that friendship that her poems first saw the light in *Household Words*, for they were sent to the editor over the assumed name of "Mary Berwick." "If I send him in my own name verses he does not honestly like," she said, "either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake and not for their own."

* * *

His Majesty's Theatre opened its present season on 4 September with Mr. Comyns Carr's dramatic version of *Oliver Twist*, which we dealt with on the occasion of its first production on the last night of Mr. Tree's season in July. Some alterations in the cast have been made. Miss Nellie Bowman now takes the part of Oliver, Miss Alma Murray that of Mrs. Maylie, Miss Jennie Lee, whose fame as "Jo" is world-wide, is Mrs. Bedwin, and Mr. Frank Stanmore the Artful Dodger. The three chief characters of Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Nancy are sustained by Mr. Tree, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Miss Constance Collier, as remarkable a trio of power in impersonation as has appeared in any one play of its kind for years. No lover of Dickens should lose the opportunity of witnessing the realistic representations of these three great creations of the master's pen. By the courtesy of Mr. Tree we are able to reproduce in the present issue two of Mr. C. A. Buchel's clever posters, one representing the scene on the steps of London Bridge and the other the chief characters of the play.

* * *

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A handsome tablet to the memory of Charles Dickens has just been fixed to the outer wall of Bleak House, formerly Fort House, Broadstairs, where the great novelist lived for many years. The tablet, which is of granite, has in the centre a fine bronze bust of Dickens surrounded by a wreath of laurels, on which are inscribed in gilt letters the titles of some of his most famous works: "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," "Little Dorrit," and "Bleak House." It is unfortunate that the name Bleak House should have been bestowed upon this house, because it is in no way connected with the novel bearing that name. The original house of the book is near St. Albans, besides which not a line of *Bleak House* was written there. The idea, however, of memorializing the house in which Dickens lived and wrote is a good one.

* * *

In Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's new book on Dickens, a review of which appears on another page, there is an interesting reference to Edwin Drood's watch, which comes very apropos just now, when so much attention is being given to the mystery. Mr. Fitzgerald had been concerned, professionally, some three or four years before in a murder case. "It had been first tried without issue," he says; "on the second trial the man was convicted and hanged. The chief evidence was the silent one of a watch found in the River Lagan, near Belfast, and which was an inducement to the crime. This dramatic case made a deep impression on me, and I wrote a highly coloured account for Dickens's journal, where it appeared under the title of *The Fatal Watch*. Dickens was much struck with it. When he came to deal with the murder in his story, this element of the watch may have suggested itself as a new and telling incident."

* * *

At the historic pump-room at Bath on Saturday, 9 September, a bust of Charles Dickens, the gift and work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, his friend and pupil, was unveiled. The pedestal is decorated with three of the Bath scenes from *Pickwick*—the leg of mutton "swarry," the sedan-chair adventure, and the card party at the Assembly Rooms.

* * *

The third annual meeting of the Dickens Fellowship will take place at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, on 11 October, at 7.30, when the report and balance-sheet will be presented, and some proposed alterations in the rules. All members should have received a copy of the report by this time, and should any one have been overlooked, communication should be made to the Hon. Secretary.

* * *

Owing to the discontinuance of *Household Words*, the Dickens Fellowship has made arrangements with the proprietors of *Great Thoughts* for that paper to become the weekly organ of the society, and all notices and other official matter will appear therein from week to week.

* * *

The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of that of *A Tale of Two Cities*, drawn for the cover of the original issue in monthly parts.

THE EDITOR.

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DICKENS'S INSTINCT FOR REFORM

By W. WALTER CROTCH, F.S.S.

II

AT one time Dickens urges that our primary duty is to help in the uplifting of "the community at large"; at another is bespeaking "your enlightened care for the happiness of the many"; at another quoting favourite strophes from Tennyson's *Palace of Art* and *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, in which the same lesson is taught. Always the message is the same, the inalienable right of all men to equality of opportunity for social service and self-development. It cannot be said, either, that this view of his democratic leanings is weakened by that confession of political faith which he made at a great gathering in Birmingham in 1869: "I will now discharge my conscience of my political creed, which is contained in two articles, and has no reference to any party or persons. My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable." Mr. Gissing, it is true, used to affect that this phrase, which had bewildered many newspapers, was a further proof that Dickens "was never a democrat; in his heart of hearts he always held that to be governed was the people's good." This seems to be a strangely inconsequent finding, for Dickens himself pointed out a few months later the charge of ambiguity was not justified, and that he certainly on that occasion used expressions which prove the precise antithesis of Mr. Gissing's contention. His faith in those who were governing the people was small; his faith in the great mass of the people who were governed was boundless. The declaration was not that it was "good to be governed" in the narrow sense in which the word is used, but that he had the profoundest belief that in spite of the yoke of class government, the people—the great mass of toiling, sinning, erring people—would yet work out their own salvation. This is no mere sympathetic interpretation of Dickens's words, for in order to make his meaning quite clear and free from all other dispute, he uses Buckle's words: "They may talk as they will about reforms which Government has introduced, and improvements to be expected from legislation, but whoever will take a wider and more commanding view of human affairs will soon discover that such hopes are chimerical. They will learn that lawgivers are nearly always the obstructors of society instead of its helpers, and that in the extremely few cases where their measures have turned out well their success has been owing to the fact that, contrary to their usual custom, they have implicitly obeyed the spirit of their time, and have been—as they always should be—the mere servants of the people, to whose wishes they are bound to give a public and legal sanction." Dickens approved these words specifically.[1] He believed not as Mr. Gissing would have us think he did, that "the vast majority of men are unfit to form sound views on what is best for them," and that "though the voice of the people must be heard, it cannot always be allowed to rule," but that the people should be represented by themselves; that Parliament should give expression to the views of the many, should

[1] Birmingham, January 6th, 1870.

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exist to redress their grievances, promote their well-being and happiness, and make laws for their greater prosperity.

And here Dickens disagreed with Ruskin, as many of us think rightly so, for whereas the latter believed that social progress would come through an hereditary aristocracy, the other, out of a large observation and actual experience of the poor, believed that the patronage which it would inflict would cripple and enslave, and that the only hope of social conditions being made healthy rested with the people themselves.

He was quite ready to jeer with Carlyle, at Parliament, as an idle talking-shop. Take, for instance, that satiric speech on Administrative Reform, delivered in 1885. Talking of the House of Commons he said, "I will not ask how it happens that bills which cramp and worry people, and restrict their scant enjoyments, are so easily passed, and how it happens that measures for their real interest are so very difficult to be got through Parliament. I will not analyse the confined air of the lobbies, or reduce to their primitive gases its deadening influences on the memory of that honourable member who was once a candidate for your and my 'independent vote and interest.' I will not ask what is that secretarian figure, full of blandishments, standing on the threshold with its finger on its lips. I will not ask how it comes that those personal altercations, involving all the removes and definitions of Shakespeare's Touchstone—the retort courteous, the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, the countercheck quarrelsome, the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct—are of immeasurably greater interest in the House of Commons than the health, the taxation, and the education of a whole people. I will not penetrate into the mysteries of that secret chamber, in which the Bluebeard of Party keeps his strangled public questions, and with regard to which, when he gives the key to his wife, the new-comer, he strictly charges her on no account to open the door. I will merely put it to the experience of everybody here whether the House of Commons is not occasionally a little hard of hearing, a little dim of sight, a little slow of understanding, and whether, in short, it is not in a sufficiently invalided state to require close watching, and the occasional application of sharp stimulants; and whether it is not capable of considerable improvement. I believe that in order to preserve it in a state of real usefulness and independence the people must be very watchful and very jealous of it." In that was best expressed his attitude towards Parliament; so long as it was unrepresentative of the people, so long did he distrust it, so long did he prescribe that it should have "its memory jogged and be kept awake" as to the reforms waiting attention at its hands. He held steadfastly, nevertheless, that Parliament did exist to obey the mandates of the people, and should be made to do it. "I hold that no power can deprive us of our rights as electors," he declared. He took the democratic view that Parliament existed for the people, that the people made it, and that its functions were to do the serious legislative business desired by the nation, and have done with "drowsy twaddle, unmeaning routine, and worn-out conventionalities." Here, in spite of what the critics may say, Dickens was an ardent democrat, and it is equally obvious that his interest in "poor and hard-driven sons of men" was much greater than that evoked by pity only; it was too deep-rooted for

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that, it had its foundations in his unswerving democratic impulse, and in his intuitive judgment that it was the divine right of the majority of citizens to rule.

The only ground the critics have for their contempt of Dickens's middle-class leanings is that he was largely a mediator in our social life. Whilst he was the unflinching champion of the poor, whilst he exposed evils with an undaunted courage and suffered continually abuse for his pains, he yet believed that progress would be won more by general consensus of faith and desire than by class uprising; he advocated nothing merely for the sake of gratifying the restless pruriency of innovation. For this reason, his stories seem to bear the design of reconciling the upper and the middle classes (more especially the latter) to the inevitability of change and reform. He taught them that social change did not mean national disaster; that they could have complete faith and assurance in the sturdy common sense of the British people. He stood for steady and prudent advance, not only because he believed that in progress and in improvement in the conditions of the poor lay the real safety and security of other classes. The danger which existed in the neglect of public evils he recognized always; and in *A Tale of Two Cities* he constantly insists that the Revolution was evoked not because the principles of human brotherhood and industrial emancipation were waiting to be applied to a bold and ill-fated social experiment, but because oppression had stalked abroad, corruption had eaten out the hearts of nobles and of kings, and indifference—stolid, immovable indifference to the needs of the poor—prevailed in the national life. For him this great internecine struggle possessed no tinselled splendours. Just as the insular rationalism of Tennyson had caused him to jeer at "the red fool fury of the Seine," so Dickens, whilst exciting our sympathy for the revolutionists, realized but imperfectly all the Revolution has meant for us, and the sheer gain which has come to England, for example, as a result of that singularly tragic, swift, and audacious act in which the people of France engaged. He did not see that certain ideas of liberty were forged in the memorable heat of that bloody time, which we, as a nation, have since approved; all he did see clearly was that France's mistake must be avoided; that by patient and gradual reform we should obviate extreme or raw haste and excesses in political discontent. In so far as this is a fault it is so only because it is the excess of a great virtue. He was fearful lest the waves of democracy, through dashing too high and relentlessly upon the bulwarks of privilege, should recede the further for the effort. He believed that by the steadier flow would the ground be permanently gained. But he had faith in the final issue all the same. "In my sphere of action I have tried to understand the heavy social grievances of our time and to help to set them right." That was no idle boast, but the one outstanding feature of his work was that in all his declarations of human equality he went to the very roots of social reform, and impressed the divine stamp upon the uttermost claims of democracy. "I have found even in evil things that soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them. Throughout my life I have been anxious to show that virtue may be found in the bye-ways of the world, that it is not incompatible with

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poverty and even with rags, and to keep steadily through life the motto expressed in the burning words of your Northern poet:—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'"

Therein was he true to the great reforming band of his time. Whitman had told us "that amid the measureless grossness and the slag, enclosed and safe within its central heart nestles the seed-perfection"; Tennyson had declared that he had found ploughmen and shepherds veritable "sons of God and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind"; Carlyle was uttering his fierce diatribes against mistaken nobility; Ruskin was preaching a new doctrine of brotherhood in service; Browning was writing poetry which "shows a heart blood-tinctured of a veined humanity." Mrs. Browning was plucking up "social fictions bloody rooted," and declaring that "first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child." And so one might proceed. Democracy was being deified in literature and art. The long-neglected were invited to claim their inheritance. The nobility of humble men was being taught, and Dickens came to the teaching with an enthusiastic regard for its truth. He endeavoured by the might of his energies, as Professor Wilson (Christopher North) well said, to transmute what was base into what is as precious as beaten gold. "I believe," said Dickens, "that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefooted as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and bye-ways than she does in courts and palaces." Here again his words ring true, when tested at the heart of social reform, for it is no question of present fitness which determines ultimately social and political changes; fitness is only found in the exercise of disputed privileges; it is faith that in all humanity there is the same nature from which the realized fitness of the privileged class has been evoked, as the prophecy that the same opportunity will produce the same fitness in all.

So that whilst Dickens was not the exponent of any particular theory of general constructive reform; whilst his teaching was limited to emphasizing the necessity for better sanitation and housing and education and denouncing the evils of landlordism, the poor law, the prison system, gambling, usury, war, slavery, child-labour, sweating, and other particular social defects, he yet became the prose prophet of the cause of social reform itself, and the firm upholder of that which alone is the assurance of its ultimate success, namely, our equality in the primary and fundamental instincts of faith and love and duty. Only from such an equality can just political and social institutions rise and take shape.

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

SUBSCRIPTIONS received to date towards establishing the above are as follows: Sidney Marriott, 21s.; H. Snowden Ward, 21s.; Dr. A. Barwick (U.S.A.), 4s.; Walter Dexter, 21s.; A. Schomberg, 5s.; and M. H. Spielmann, 21s.; in addition to many promises.

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POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

X

DICKENS IN CAMP

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,--for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that trills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

July, 1870. BRET HARTE.

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WITH BILL SIKES TO CHERTSEY

By JOHN SAYCE PARR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. G. HARPER

FROM Bethnal Green to Chertsey is not now, nor ever was within the memory of man, the ideal walking tour, or the ideal tour by any method of progression. But if you would follow in the footsteps of Dickens and those strangely assorted characters of his, Bill Sikes, the eminent crib-cracker and beau-ideal of burglars, and little Oliver Twist, you must, to be thorough, progress all the way from that East-end starting-point to what is still, happily, the rural townlet of Chertsey, in Surrey. Thus only shall you obtain the "atmosphere" of the thing. But the literary pilgrim need not follow the actual conditions of Sikes's journey too exactly. Like the more artful medieval pilgrims on their penitential journeys, he may *boil* his peas, instead of wearing them in hard and painful fashion in his shoon; or, less metaphorically, he may bus it; nor need he, in search of that literary atmosphere of which I have spoken, select a day of atmospheric conditions similar to those which obtained when Sikes and Oliver set out. If, on the other hand, you would reproduce those circumstances as closely as may be, you should select a day when the roads are thick with mud, when a fog broods in London and a mist in the country, and a time when the waters of the Thames Valley are out.

The feat of tracing the footsteps of the pair from the Bethnal Green Road, through Shoreditch, thence "down Sun Street and Crown Street, and crossing Finsbury Square" into Chiswell Street and Barbican, "thence into Long Lane, and so into Smithfield," should be no difficult one, despite the changes and chances in London street topography since sixty-nine years ago; and so much accomplished brings us "through Hosier Lane into Holborn."

A very different Holborn from that of to-day. In 1837, when *Oliver Twist* was written, Holborn Hill—the "'Obun 'Ill" of Cockneys—was a fearsome descent and ascent on the way to and from the City—heartbreaking for horses; you can gather something of what it was like by gazing over the balustrade of the Holborn Viaduct of this our time. Only you must please to select the middle of it, where you look down, down upon Farringdon Street, far below. Thus only shall you be by way of comprehending those ancient terrors of Holborn Hill, which were for ever abolished in 1867, when the Holborn Viaduct was opened, to make a level roadway spanning the valley of the Fleet River.

"Now, young un," said Sikes, looking up at the clock of St. Andrew's Church, "hard upon seven! You must step out."

The clock of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is a good deal nearer the eye now than it was then, for the roadway of the Viaduct brings wayfarers some thirty feet above the old ground-level at this point, and you look down upon the churchyard as from an eyrie.

From here Dickens takes us in an abrupt transition to Hyde Park Corner. We are not told which way the burglar and the boy walked; whether they went down to Chancery Lane, or whether they held on down High Holborn and Oxford Street to Park Lane. They are

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dumped down by the novelist at Hyde Park Corner, and made to walk some distance toward Kensington before they meet a man with an empty cart, with "Hounslow" painted on it, who gives them a lift. These incidents show how archaic are the methods of that age. Conceive the Bill Sikes of to-day *tramping* from Bethnal Green to Chertsey to crack a crib! He would almost certainly take a train from Waterloo; he might go part of the way by the "Tuppenny Tube"; if he were particularly stupid he might do part of the distance by bus. But at the time of which Dickens wrote the London and South Western Railway had not come into existence, the Central London Railway in particular and electric traction in general were not even dreamed of, and omnibuses were not running to Kensington. The thing is almost inconceivable, but the only way of reaching such a place as Chertsey at that era was by walking, or by taking one of the infrequent and expensive "short stages" from one of the inns in the City—the "Belle Sauvage," perhaps, or the Blossoms Inn, Lawrence Lane, or another. Travellers were few, and to have to take one of the lumbering two-horsed "short stages" that ran between the City and the small outlying towns would have attracted attention. So Sikes walked when he was obliged to, and begged a lift from chance carters when he could.

Imagine any one in these days of penny fares and a continuous stream of omnibuses asking for and obtaining a lift from a carter in Kensington! The thought makes one smile. But Sikes got his lift, and they went jogging on their way. "Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they went on as steadily as if they had only just begun their journey." At length they came to a public-house called the "Coach and Horses." Here the cart proceeded to Hounslow, leaving Sikes and Oliver, whose road turned off to the left.

The topographical accuracy of Dickens, where he is wishful to be accurate, is astonishing. The literary pilgrim sets out to follow the route he indicates, possibly doubtful if he will find the places mentioned. There is, however, not the slightest excuse for making mistakes, for Dickens apparently visited the scenes and described them with the accuracy of a guide-book.

Thus, one finds the "Coach and Horses," sure enough, at the point where Brentford ends and Isleworth begins, by the entrance to Sion Park, and near the spot where the road branches off to the left. The "Coach and Horses" is not a picturesque inn. It is a huge four-square lump of a place, and wears, indeed, rather a dour and forbidding aspect. It is unquestionably the house of which Dickens speaks, and was built certainly not later than the dawn of the nineteenth century. In these latter days the road here has been rendered somewhat more urban by the advent of the electric tramway; but I have in my sketch of the scene taken the artistic licence of omitting that twentieth-century development, and, to add an air of verisimilitude, have represented Sikes and Oliver in the act of approaching. The left-hand road beyond leads to a right-hand road, as in the story, and this in due course to Hampton, although the "large gardens and gentlemen's houses on both sides of the way" are, after this lapse of time, somewhat to seek.

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At Hampton, Sikes lingered over dinner at the "old public-house with a defaced signboard" until it was quite dark, and then secured another lift—this time as far as Lower Halliford. "As they passed Sunbury Church the clock struck seven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite, which streamed across the road, and threw into more sombre shadow a dark yew tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water not far off, and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like quiet music for the repose of the dead."

PYRCROFT HOUSE
The house at Chertsey burgled by Bill Sikes

They walked through Shepperton in mud and darkness, through gloomy lanes and over cold open wastes, "and then came down to the river, where there stood a solitary house, ruinous and decayed." In this apparently uninhabited house the burglar's two comrades were awaiting him. Here Sikes and Oliver and the two others slept until half-past one in the morning, when Toby Crackit, Sikes's especial pal, woke the rest; and, preparing their housebreaking tools, the two criminals, each holding Oliver by a hand, started across Chertsey Bridge into the sleeping town.

They hurried through the main street of Chertsey and "cleared the town as the church bell struck two. Quickening their pace, they turned up a road upon the left hand. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall; to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling."

This house has long been locally identified with the story. It is an early eighteenth-century mansion of red brick called Pyrcroft House, and stands in a lane at the end of Pyrcroft Street. For some years past, and until about 1894, it was the residence of Baron de Cosson.

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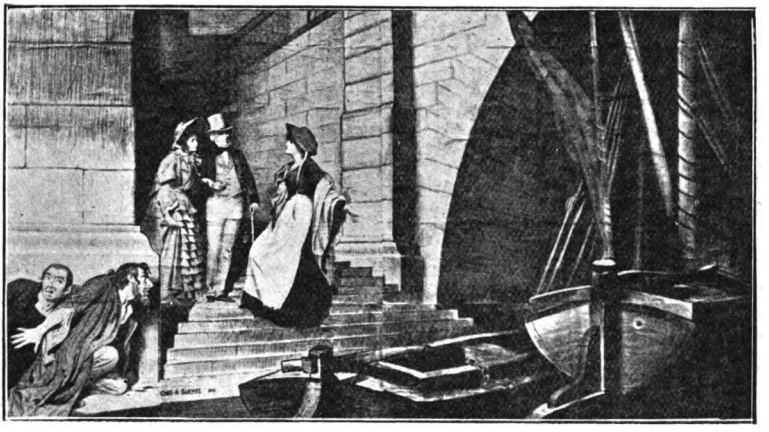
The wall, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, is a particularly high one, and the scaling of it "in a twinkling" does credit to Mr. Toby Crackit's agility.

To find this Dickens landmark, having turned into Pyrcroft Road, take neither the first turning to the left nor the one to the right, but keep ahead on the road past the "Carpenter's Arms"; and then, having passed that inn, take the left hand at a fork in the road. This immediately brings the traveller to an old-fashioned lane, bordered on the left by a tall, red-brick wall, supported at regular intervals by a long series of buttresses, which now appear to be themselves in need of buttressing. Over this decrepit wall can be glimpsed the upper part of the old mansion, which is situated in a singularly lonely and burglary-provoking situation.

"OLIVER TWIST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE



THE SCENE AT LONDON BRIDGE

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

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MR. FITZGERALD'S NEW BOOK *

WHATEVER may be the verdict of the outside world, Mr. Percy FitzGerald's new book is certain of a hearty welcome within the borders of the Dickens Fellowship. And the welcome will have many reasons to commend it. To begin with, the enthusiastic Dickensian is never weary of reading about the subject of his enthusiasm, and Mr. FitzGerald's whole-hearted devotion to Dickens's memory is not only infectious, but stimulating. In the second place, Mr. FitzGerald is now one of the very few survivors of the old Dickens circle, and what he has to say has the authority of a genuine and far-reaching intimacy with the inimitable "Boz." And thirdly, if a third reason be desired, all subscribers to *The Dickensian* will feel a sincere loyalty to Mr. FitzGerald himself as the first President of the Dickens Fellowship and the original founder of the Boz Club—two institutions which, in their different ways, are doing something to keep green the memory of the most potent force in the fiction of the Victorian era. Mr. FitzGerald's two handsome volumes are therefore sure of a large public within the circle of our own readers, and, since most of these readers will be well-equipped to form their own estimate of the value and variety of the contents, we will confine ourselves to a brief suggestion of the nature and extent of the material which Mr. FitzGerald provides.

The book, let it be said at once, is in no sense a formal biography of Charles Dickens. It may very well be that Mr. FitzGerald feels, in common with many careful students of Dickens, that that work has been done once and for all by John Forster in a book of which we may agree with Professor Ward in assuming that "its shortcomings have been more frequently proclaimed than defined." In any case, Mr. FitzGerald makes no attempt to supplant or supersede the authorized biography. He does not even follow the outline of Dickens's life deliberately, but supplements it with a collection of bright, entertaining gossip, drawn from the stores of a fertile and flowering memory, and ranging at will over every side of Dickens's character and interests. The result is a work somewhat unwieldy and indefinite as a desk-book, but full of little intimate touches and quaint pieces of information—a storehouse of Dickensiana that future biographers of Dickens (if more are to arise) will be bound to consult in the course of their literary excavations.

Gossip is, indeed, of the essence of the volumes, but it is gossip of a quality not always associated with that somewhat elastic word. Too often the name of "gossip" is made to cover and excuse a licence for ill-natured personalities, but no such indulgence is granted to Mr. FitzGerald's active and kindly penmanship. There is not a word in his two volumes that can give offence to the keenest and least critical admirer of Dickens's genius. Here and there the variety of Mr. FitzGerald's recollection leads him to recount little anecdotes that seem almost too trivial for a permanent record, but this is the only criticism that can be justly advanced against the even level of his taste and discretion. The book is not without mistakes, and the proofs seem to

* *The Life of Charles Dickens, as Revealed in his Writings*, by Percy FitzGerald, M.A., F.S.A. In two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus.

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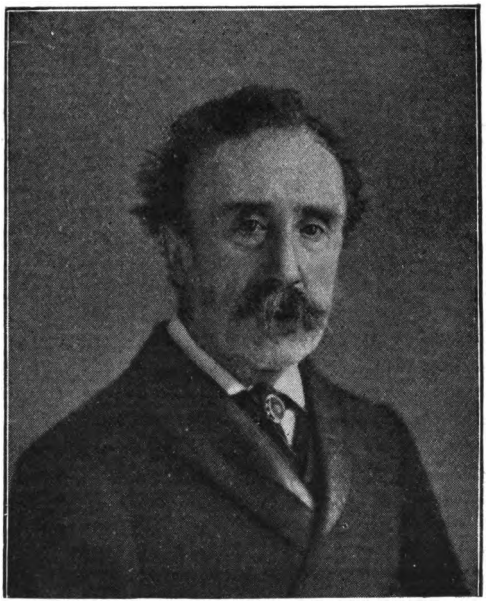
have needed a more careful revision, for the printers have indulged in an unusually liberal inconsequence in the matter of proper names and punctuations. These things, however, can be set right in a new edition, and will only give serious offence to the critic of the literal and verbal school of dissection.

The book abounds in little pictures of Dickens, very carefully remembered. Here is one that bears the impress of reality upon the face of it:—

"I recall the last gloomy day before he set out in the *Cuba*, a noted Cunarder. There was a sort of general rendezvous at the office, all sorts and sundry stumbling up the little narrow stairs to intrude on him and have a talk. All through the long day there was this tumultuous incoming of eager, fussy people struggling up the dark stair. 'I wish to see Mr. Dickens; give him my name.' These folk generally contrived to force their way in, he good-naturedly receiving them in all his troubles—'So kind of you to come,' etc. What a busy day for him! He was ordering things to the last moment."



MR. PERCY FITZGERALD

And here is a passage of criticism which strikes us as remarkably true, and fresh as well:—

"Dickens's own ebullient personality was exhibited in his writings after a fashion that might escape the observation of the general reader. His correction of an offender was often marked by personal violence and actual chastisement. Some of this must be set to the account of the habits of the time, when a word and a blow were so often in company. No one is 'knocked down' nowadays; then it was the regular answer to an offensive remark. In Dickens's case it was really owing to his generous indignation at the behavour of his own characters."

But the reader must go to Mr. FitzGerald's pages themselves to judge of the many bright and vivid little touches by which he recalls the genial, eager, impetuous "Boz" to the fancy of a new generation. The material is heaped together, with too little method and some occasional incongruity, but it is "good measure, shaken down, and running over," and the more one knows of Dickens the more one appreciates its value as an aid to the general impression of a singularly delightful personality.

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CONFERENCE OF BRANCH DELEGATES

THE first annual conference of delegates from the various branches of the Fellowship took place at headquarters, on the afternoon of Saturday, 2 September. The branches represented were Manchester (Mr. Arthur Humphreys), Liverpool (Mrs. Howard Bell), Leeds (Mr. G. F. Furniss), Stockport (Mr. W. Hatfield), York (Mr. G. Medd), Nottingham (Mr. S. Hinton Edwards), Portsmouth (Mr. B. W. Matz), Maidstone (Miss O'Shaugnessy), Southampton (Miss Moody), West London (Mr. A. E. Hurdle), Forest Gate (Mr. T. Webb), Brixton (Mr. R. Allbut), whilst Mr. J. W. T. Ley represented the Parent Fellowship and the Bristol and Clifton Society.

The chair was occupied by Mr. B. W. Matz. The Conference was a great success in every way, and there is no doubt much good will accrue from it. Apart from the fact that it brought together many of those who, working independently in their respective towns, have contributed by their individual efforts greatly to the present power and strength of the Fellowship, it gave an opportunity for the discussion of ways and means for collectively working to still further increase the scope of the work of the Society. Among the many suggestions which it is hoped will in course of time be made to bear fruit, was the one that all branches should make a special effort to celebrate Dickens's birthday on the same day, viz. 7 February. It is intended that the Conference shall be an annual and a movable one, and in all probability next year it will be held in the north of England.

In the evening the Council entertained the delegates to dinner at Carr's Charles Dickens Restaurant, in the Strand, with Mr. Arthur Waugh in the chair, and a most enjoyable and entertaining evening was spent. The menu card and toast list, the work of Mr. J. W. T. Ley, was most ingeniously arranged. On the front was a portrait of Dickens, and every item was prefaced by a most apt quotation from the novelist's works. Every one was appropriate, not the least so being that to the toast of the Fellowship taken from one of Dickens's speeches: "I can only assure you that this Society continues its plain, unobtrusive, useful career. I can only assure you that it does a great deal of good at a very small cost."

During the evening songs by Mr. J. E. Palmer and Mr. F. J. Evans, and recitations by Mr. Frank Speaight, were given, as were also many interesting speeches.

Mr. Arthur Humphreys, in submitting the toast "The Dickens Fellowship," remarked that those who organized the society only three years ago must see much cause for satisfaction in the fact that it had obtained such a world-wide hold upon the English-speaking peoples. He did not exaggerate when he said that the founders of the Fellowship had earned the gratitude of thousands for having started a movement which was of such far-reaching importance. When they considered that in the three years of its existence about eight thousand persons had joined, it must appear to the least observant person that this was an institution which was not a mere passing phase of some literary interest, but an organization which had come to stay. As members of the Fellowship, he thought they might flatter themselves

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that they were taking part in a movement which was destined to do a great amount of good in the world.

Mr. B. W. Matz (the first Hon. General Secretary of the Fellowship) responded and gave a brief but interesting account of the origin of the Society. Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary, also replied, and spoke of the tremendous growth of the Fellowship during the last year.

Mr. Waugh, the Chairman, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens." They talked, he said, of the immortal memory of Charles Dickens. Immortality was a very long word, but long as it was in any field of action, it surely was a particularly long word as they applied it to the literary profession. There was a Latin saying, "the written word remains," but true as that was in one sense, it was even more true in another that there was no field of activity in which reputation changed more quickly, in which the fickleness—almost the ingratitude—of the public was more evident, than the literary profession. All of them with ten, fifteen, or twenty years of professional experience had seen the reputation of novelists suddenly blossom and as suddenly fade, and they who did anything with the pen must feel that when they spoke of immortality they were speaking of a very great thing, and a thing which was given to very, very few. Thirty-five years had now passed since that morning when the whole civilized world was paralysed with the news that Charles Dickens was dead—half the ordinary span of man's life. What did it mean when they said that thirty-five years had passed since that day? It meant that a whole generation had been swept away; it meant that very few of Dickens's contemporaries remained; it meant that there were few in the room that night who remembered that June morning, and fewer, of course, who had seen Dickens or spoken with him face to face. The world which he pictured was passing also. Temple Bar had itself moved out into the country; the Strand had changed its face; of Lady Dedlock's graveyard nothing was left, and he believed that shortly a block of model dwellings was to be erected on its ground. The very manners, the very customs of Dickens's period were passing away. Not only did Mrs. Gamp no longer walk down Kingsgate Street—the street itself was no more, and Mrs. Gamp was dead. The "W's" and "We's" of Sam Weller had passed away. And something more than this. When a great man died he left behind him a great wake of personal influence—all that his strong individuality, life, and letters stood for. But thirty-five years had gone, and Charles Dickens came now to stand upon his reputation, as he said in his will that he most desired to stand—on the reputation of his published works. Thirty-five years had gone by, and what of his immortal memory? He (the speaker) would not say that his memory stood as high as it did when he died. It stood much higher; it stood much higher in the public gaze, far, far higher in the public affection. Charles Dickens to-day was unquestionably the best-loved writer in the English language. If they looked round the whole field of English literature there was only one writer to compare with him when they spoke of personal affection. That one was Charles Lamb; but the affection which was felt for him was perhaps that of only the inner circle of literary people, whereas the affection for Charles Dickens was that of every English-speaking man, woman, and child throughout every country where the imperial speech was spoken.

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Take the Dickens Fellowship: it gathered together men of every class, men of every race, men of every shade of political feeling, men of every grade of religious belief—all joined together in one desire to honour him, not only by words, but by deeds. Why should all this be? It surely could not be only because he was a great writer of romance and wielded a trenchant style. After all, Walter Scott was a greater writer of romance, and Thackeray wielded a surer and firmer style than Dickens. Yet for some undefined reason it seemed impossible to think of a Scott or a Thackeray Fellowship. The reason why Charles Dickens was so loved was because, long before he was a novelist, he was a man, and a man of men. The old quotation so hackneyed, and yet so inevitable, "I am a man, and nothing that pertains to a man do I consider foreign to myself"—that was the secret of his life and works. The speaker was not one of those who believed that the memory of the great was served by pretending that they had no faults. Dickens's faults were written in black and white, but they were withal the faults of a human man. They were the faults of a perhaps too keen, too eager temperament, of a nature swift to act and perhaps sometimes too quick to judge. Against these slight defects across the face of the sun they had to place the memory of a pen that never signed a page that registered a lie, that never flattered or fawned—the memory of a mind and heart always full of tolerance, never spoiled by success, always rich in human sympathy, the mind and heart of a man of men. And the creatures, the children of that noble heart were found implanted in his books. "I seem to be sending some part of myself into the shadowy world." In every character he created there was something of his own sympathy, his own humour, many of his own sufferings, and he sent forth these characters, not indeed into the shadowy world, but into the world of light, where they lived immortally for evermore.

Professor Dowden in a fine critical passage selected three figures from Shakespeare's plays as showing, as it were in a sudden flood of light, the breadth and depth of his human sympathy and insight: Falstaff in the tavern, Lear upon the heath, and Perdita among her flowers. This was finely said—Falstaff, the spirit of broad humour; Lear, sounding the depth of pity and terror; and Perdita, queen of the daffodils, bringing beauty and love into the woodlands.

And if he were asked to select three characters from Dickens to place beside these, he should name Mrs. Gamp in Mr. Mould's parlour—full of the clean and natural mirth of Dickens; Fagin in the condemned cell, solving the depths of pity and terror; and Sydney Carton on the scaffold, presenting his lesson of beauty and love. Humour, power, and love—the secret of our laughter and our tears. Humour, power, and love—three great and good gifts:

> But the greatest of the three,
> And the best is love.

Mr. James E. Palmer gave "Our Guests," to which Mr. G. F. Furniss and Mr. W. Hatfield replied. "The Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Robert Allbut in a delightfully felicitous speech. Mr. H. Snowden Ward submitted "The Visitors," which was acknowledged by Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, whilst "The Chairman," proposed by Mr. Sidney Marriott, brought a most delightful evening to a close.

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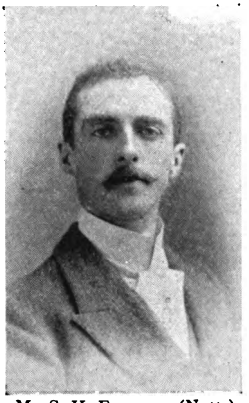
SOME HON. SECRETARIES OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Mr. W. W. HOAD (Hastings)



Mr. S. H. EDWARDS (Notts)

Mr. W. HATFIELD (Stockport)

Mr. PERCY MAGGS (Portsmouth)

Mr. R. ALLBUT (Brixton)

Mr. G. MEDD (York)

Mr. C. ANDREWS (Bristol)

Mr. C. COVELL (Brighton)

Mr. J. JENKS (Shrewsbury)

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THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY

A REVIEW OF THE SOLUTIONS TO "EDWIN DROOD"

By GEORGE F. GADD

CHAPTER III

"JOHN JASPER'S SECRET"

THAT Edwin Drood should reappear upon the scene, safe and sound, was an idea quite in keeping with the spirit of burlesque adopted by "Orpheus C. Kerr," and possibly that writer had no other reason for advancing it; but his suggestion of the identity of Datchery with Mr. Grewgious's clerk Bazzard was probably the outcome of conviction, and must take its place in the list of solutions. Many readers of *Edwin Drood* are attracted by the seeming importance attaching to Bazzard, who is said to labour, during off hours, on a tragedy, and who, on one occasion in the story, is markedly "conspicuous by his absence." Possibly these readers have in mind the parallel case of Wemmick (*Great Expectations*), another lawyer's clerk, and certainly a man with two distinct sides to his character; but if so, they underrate the objection that their theory charges Dickens with flagrant repetition.

In suggesting that Jasper has innocently spirited away his nephew whilst under the influence of his favourite narcotic, the author of *The Cloven Foot* is entirely alone, but in the other important suppositions noted above he is corroborated by subsequent writers, including the authors of the work to which we must now refer.

Not long after Mr. Bumstead made his first appearance in English circles, a New York journalist named Henry Morford arrived in London, and, with the assistance of his wife, entered upon the laborious task of preparing an elaborate sequel. Firm in the belief that Dickens had "unwittingly supplied hints for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could possibly have believed while in life," this ambitious pair pursued energetic inquiries into the details of the book itself, and amongst newspaper or other published announcements, adding variety to their work by frequent excursions to Staple Inn, Rochester, Cobham, or other localities likely to yield information concerning the story. The result of this labour appeared simultaneously in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* in America, and in *The Chimney Corner*, a weekly periodical, in England, but a subsequent publication in eight monthly parts, at one shilling each, more closely approached to the conditions under which the original novel was issued. These parts, appearing from October, 1871, to May of the following year, were sold in green pictorial wrappers, uniform in size with *Edwin Drood*, with eighteen woodcuts, twelve of which were reproduced in miniature on the cover.

Meanwhile the complete work, entitled *John Jasper's Secret: a Sequel to Charles Dickens's Unfinished Novel "The Mystery of Edwin Drood,"* appeared in the form of a volume (Peterson and Bros., Philadelphia), and, presumably, met with a degree of success, for an English reprint followed in 1872. This latter contained two extra drawings, and was described as "a narrative of certain events following and explaining" the mystery. Copies of these early examples have become so rare

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that they have been advertised at eight or nine times their published price; but a much more recent edition, issued by Fenno and Company, East Sixteenth Street, New York, in 1901, somewhat discounts that valuation, notwithstanding the fact that the whole of the illustrations are omitted.

The work was originally anonymous, but later a singularly audacious statement of authorship was allowed to creep in and still remains. The names of Charles Dickens the younger and Wilkie Collins, jointly associated with this book, recall the rumours to which Messrs. Chapman and Hall opposed their announcement, and one wonders how far those rumours are responsible for an absurd claim which scarcely needs the emphatic contradiction to be obtained from a letter written by Wilkie Collins in December, 1878. "I was asked to finish the story, and positively refused."

So many inquiries concerning *John Jasper's Secret* have been made, at various times, through the pages of *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere, that the foregoing lengthy explanation may be deemed excusable, although, perhaps, disproportionate to the merits of the subject. For information concerning the actual authorship and certain other details, acknowledgment is due to Mr. H. Snowden Ward, who adds, in his published statement, that future editions of the book will bear the names of the true authors.

Like all continuations in the fictional form, this literary effort must, of course, meet with a certain amount of disapproval on principle. Attempts here and there to imitate the style of Dickens are, as might be expected, not a success. Neither do the actors in the story retain the characteristics with which we have learned to associate them: they employ their own, or similar, phrases, but that is a very different thing. Nevertheless, as an attempt to grapple with a complex problem the book is not without interest, and, if some of the threads left by the original author are incorrectly manipulated, few are entirely neglected. The salient features of the solution may be briefly noted as follows: During one of the "strange expeditions," when Jasper finds himself at liberty to wander over the cathedral, he makes the discovery that the edifice is doubly walled, a space, only partially filled in, being left between the two erections. Into this safe hiding-place, through a hole made by him in the roofing, he casts his nephew, thinking he has strangled him effectually. The betrothal ring he discovers and carries away, using it long afterwards in a further attempt to incriminate Landless.

Drood, rescued by Durdles, discloses the crime to Bazzard, who thereupon assumes the character of Datchery. Edwin, on his recovery, returns, also disguised, and is present at an interview when Jasper is startled by the production of an article supposed by him to be buried with the body. Later, the murderous scarf is "found," and Jasper, feeling insecure, revisits the scene of his crime. He is about to descend into the pit in search of the body, when the boy Deputy, attracted by an unusual light in the cathedral, yelps out his war-cry, and sends a stone crashing through a window, entirely destroying the remnant of Jasper's nerves. To complete the punishment, the wretched man is inveigled into the crypt by Durdles and confronted with

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Edwin Drood. Helena Landless, Grewgious, and Tartar pursue an independent course. Dressed as a boy, the sister of Neville invades the opium den, and supplies Jasper with a potent "mixture," which causes him to babble his secret. A second dose, administered by the Opium Woman, who has recognized an old enemy, proves too powerful, and Jasper ends where the original story found him. Landless joins the Church, Rosa accepts Tartar, and Helena gives her hand to Edwin Drood.

CHAPTER IV

A SPIRIT SOLUTION

THE uninitiated reader may be readily excused if he assumes that the present subject is largely dependent upon conjecture, but it now becomes our duty to disclose a sequel or conclusion which is far from acknowledging any such uncertain basis. The birthplace of this unique production is the village of Brattleborough, Vermont, United States of America; the date is 1873, and the alleged author is—Charles Dickens! Not the younger Charles this time, but the originator of the mystery.

We will not stay to inquire why Brattleborough, so far away from Gadshill, has been selected for so much honour; nor will we seek to know why the world has deliberately preferred the darkness of ignorance to this astounding flood of light. It were better to proceed at once with our examination, and, perhaps, these reasons may appear unsought.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete is a motley production of nearly five hundred pages, containing two titles, two prefaces, and a great mass of amazing inanity cheek by jowl with the old familiar text. It is stated that "Part the Second" is "By the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens, through a Medium," and the further information is afforded that the next work, to appear through the same channel of communication, shall be entitled *The Life and Adventures of Bockley Wickleheep.**

The peculiar setting of the dedication to "The Honest Poor" is, presumably, responsible for that inscription being reminiscent of Sapsea's epitaph; but, whether or no, the reader will view it leniently, for there is little enough in the second part of the book which, in any degree, serves to recall the genius of the first. Not a few of the original characters are altogether abandoned, without regard to any possible purpose for which they were created, and new puppets are introduced in a spirit of irresponsible prodigality, tending to burden the final chapters with a crowd of ticketed marionettes. But those faults are as nothing in presence of the awful grammatical vagaries, the inexplicable blunders in relation to locality or situation, the entire disregard of early device, suggestion, and definite statement, confounding the artistic sense at every turn of the leaf. These, indeed, make us thankful that the spirit of Dickens abroad amongst the numerous branches of the Fellowship owns no kinship to the ghostly author of this precious continuation.

* A published foretaste of the spirit solution appears to have given this name as "Nickleheep." Until the promised novel appears, there will probably remain a doubt on the point.

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Certainly it is not extremely distressing to learn that "Grewgious is *most* always at home," or that he "*loaned* the portrait to Tartar," or that Rosa wondered if Drood "*had changed any*" during his long absence. The position of Brattleborough on the map prepares us, in some measure, for such-like attacks. But when we are told that "bidding each other good-night, the reverend gentleman wended his way homeward," or that "a quarrel takes place between *he* and young Landless," our sorrow is more than that of parting, on the one hand, or of sympathetic agitation on the other.

The Dickensian who has learned to associate the Gate House in Rochester with Jasper's lodging will note, with some surprise, that Mr. Crisparkle, standing in the road, could peer through the window into the choirmaster's room; and the same reader will probably be a little puzzled at the reference to a "cross street leading directly" out of the High Street "to the river," for he will conclude, with some reason, that the most direct cut to the river is by way of the High Street itself. But these details, however interesting, must give way to a brief inquiry into the nature of the solution. The explosion of the Datchery mystery is perfectly in accord with the remainder of the explanation. That eccentric individual is not Mr. Bazzard, the lawyer's clerk; he is not Grewgious himself; he is not one of the other prominent characters of the "earth-life" fragment; he is not even the "Flying Waiter" of the Grewgious dinner, although, as an ingenious wit has suggested, this lowly character has a claim to consideration by reason of the fog described as hanging about him. Datchery, in point of fact, proves a total disappointment, in that his actual personality is less familiar to us than his assumption. As the Opium Woman's son, with no apparent reason for *watching* Jasper, and with a definite grievance quite distinct from that of Drood, he leaves his early actions in Cloisterham more of a mystery than ever. Moreover, it seems a paltry excuse for a risky disguise that it is assumed in order to be "on the safe side," there being little probability that the wearer would be recognized, in any case.

As to the rescued Edwin, a stained face and cropped hair suffice to meet his modest ideas of concealment, though he certainly deems it expedient to envelop himself in boguey white when appearing to his uncle in the crypt.

Jasper lends material assistance to the designs of his enemy by rather carelessly dropping the betrothal ring at the opium den; and on a later occasion, after another storm has broken open the Sapsea vault, he further expedites matters by a most injudicious line of action. Altogether he is in danger of forfeiting the reader's respect for his artistic criminality when he saves the situation by qualifying for a madhouse and so escaping the prison. Helena and Crisparkle, Rosa and Drood, pair off. To complete Edwin's joy, Princess Puffer and her long-lost son take up their abode with him. Grewgious, too, is invited, but fortunately declines.

The discovery, on a snowy Christmas morning, of Jasper's dead body, brings this extraordinary sequel to a dramatic conclusion.

(*To be continued.*)

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CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Oct. 1.—"There is one quality which all men have in common with the angels, the blessed opportunity of exercising if they will—mercy."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Charles Cheeryble.

Oct. 2.—"Though their merriment was rather boisterous, still it came from the heart, and not from the lips, and this is the right sort of merriment, after all."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Oct. 3.—"There is, perhaps, no profession, however useful; no pursuit, however meritorious; which can escape the petty attacks of vulgar minds."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Oct. 4.—"The busy people achieve their full share of mischief in the world, you may rely upon it. What have the people been about who have been the busiest in getting money and in getting power this century or two? No mischief?"—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Wickfield.

Oct. 5.—"Oh! ye Pharisees . . . who soundingly appeal to human nature, see first that it be human. Take heed it has not been transformed during the slumber and the sleep of generations into the nature of the beast."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Oct. 6.—"Oh, the nerves, the nerves, the mysteries of this machine called Man. Oh, the little that unhinges it! Poor creatures that we are!"—*The Chimes*—Alderman Cute.

Oct. 7.—"It is a melancholy truth that even great men have their poor relations."—*Bleak House.*

Oct. 8.—"Without strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is Mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, happiness can never be attained."—*Oliver Twist.*

Oct. 9.—"Long may it remain in this mixed world a point not easy of decision which is the more beautiful example of the Almighty's goodness—the delicate fingers that are formed for sensitiveness and sympathy of touch, and made to minister to pain and grief, or the rough hard hand that the heart touches, guides, and softens in a moment."—*Dombey and Son.*

Oct. 10.—"Gratitude and devotion are Christian qualities."—*Pictures from Italy.*

Oct. 11.—"There's good in all of us—if we only knew where it was in some of us."—*Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*—Mrs. Lirriper.

Oct. 12.—"There are dark shadows on this earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Oct. 13.—"There is disinterestedness in the world. . . . We are not all arrayed in two opposite ranks, the *off*ensive and *de*fensive. Some few there are who can walk between; who help the needy as they go; and take no part with the other side."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Oct. 14.—"It is difficult to smile with an aching heart."—*Pickwick Papers*—Serjeant Buzfuz.

Oct. 15.—"Many a gentleman lives well upon a soft head, who would find a heart of the same quality a very great drawback."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Stagg.

Oct. 16.—"Love must suffer in this stern world. It ever had been so, and it ever would be so."—*David Copperfield*—Julia Mills.

Oct. 17.—"Our judgments are so liable to be influenced by many considerations, which, almost without our knowing it, are unfair, that it is necessary to keep a guard upon them."—*Little Dorrit*—Arthur Clennam.

Oct. 18.—"It is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too."—*A Christmas Carol.*

Oct. 19.—"Practical jokes are very capital in their way, if you can only get the other party to see the fun of them."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Oct. 20.—"Young ladies will look forward to being married, and will jostle each other in the race to the altar, and will avail themselves of all opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage, down to the very end of time as they have done from the beginning."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

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Oct. 21.—"The absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Oct. 22.—"The law is a ass—a idiot."—*Oliver Twist*—Mr. Bumble.

Oct. 23.—"Let us take heed how we laugh without reason lest we cry with it."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Oct. 24.—"No man ever loved a woman, lost her, and knew her, with a blameless though unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother; but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive, delicate pity for him."—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

Oct. 25.—"I like to see the humbler classes of society careful of their dress and appearance, and even, if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, I would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self-respect, in any person I employed; and should no more be deterred from doing so, because some wretched female referred her fall to a love of dress, than I would allow my construction of the real intent and meaning of the Sabbath to be influenced by any warning to the well-disposed, founded on his backslidings on that particular day, which might emanate from the rather doubtful authority of a murderer in Newgate."—*American Notes.*

Oct. 26.—"There's no royal road to learning, and what is life but learning?"—*Our Mutual Friend*—John Harmon.

Oct. 27.—"There are very few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Oct. 28.—"She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be."—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

Oct. 29.—"The windows of the house of Memory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly; they rattle in the night."—*Somebody's Luggage.*

Oct. 30.—"It is the invariable practice of many mighty philosophers, in carrying out their theories, to evince great wisdom and foresight in providing against every possible contingency which can be supposed at all likely to affect themselves."—*Oliver Twist.*

Oct. 31.—"It's a world full of hearts, and a serious world, with all its follies; and it is a world on which the sun never rises, but it looks upon a thousand bloodless battles that are some set-off against the miseries and wickedness of battle-fields; and it is a world we need be careful how we libel, Heaven forgive us, for it is a world of sacred mysteries, and its Creator only knows what lies beneath the surface of His lightest image."—*The Battle of Life*—Dr. Jeddler.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Oct. 5. Basingstoke: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, in eight chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Town Hall.

,, 6. Manchester Branch: Recital of *The Chimes* by Mr. John Harwood, at Memorial Hall, at eight.

,, 9. Brixton Branch: Opening Night of season.

,, 11. Annual General Meeting of Dickens Fellowship at Memorial Hall, London, at 7.30.

,, 13. West London Branch: Annual General Meeting, followed by Readings, at Municipal Buildings, Ealing.

,, 16. Southampton Branch: First meeting of season.

,, 25. Needlework and Charitable Guild Meeting at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C., at seven.

,, 27. Manchester: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Athenæum.

,, 28. Brighton Branch: Recital of *David Copperfield*, in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Steine Hall.

,, 31. Hornsey: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Ferme Park Baptist Church.

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Life of Charles Dickens, as Revealed in his Writings. By Percy FitzGerald. Two vols. 21s. net. London: Chatto and Windus.

Child Characters from Dickens. Retold by L. L. Weedon. With Six Coloured Plates and Seventy Half-tone Illustrations by Arthur A. Dixon. London: Ernest Nister. 7s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Dickens and Broadstairs: a Memorial Tablet at "Bleak House." Illustrated. *Daily Graphic*, 29 August; *Lady's Pictorial*, 2 September; *Black and White*, 2 September.

Mystery of Edwin Drood: Letters from H. H. F. *Academy*, 26 August. J. Cuming Walters and Andrew Lang, 9 September.

Living People in Famous Novels. *Royal Magazine*, September.

A Living Memorial to Charles Dickens (Dickens Fellowship). By James O'Donnell Bennett. *Chicago Record Herald*, 6 July.

Dickens and Chigwell: a Famous Inn. Illustrated. *Daily Graphic*, 9 September.

Charles Dickens and "Toby, M.P." (Mysteries of Coincidence). *Daily Graphic*, 9 and 13 September.

Dickens as Melodramatist. By Cecil Chesterton. *Saturday Review*, 9 September.

In the Steps of Little Nell. By C. S. S. Illustrated. *Sphere*, 9 September.

David Copperfield's Birthplace. *Sheffield Telegraph*, 5 September.

Half an Hour in a Library (*David Copperfield*). By F. J. H. *Umpire*, 3 September.

Bazzard and Helena: Letter by H. H. F. *Academy*, 9 September.

Where David Copperfield was Born: a Visit to Blundeston. By B. W. Matz. *Daily Chronicle*, 9 September.

A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree. Letter from B. W. Matz. *Athenæum*, 16 September.

Dickens Memories: With Some Reflections on the Edwin Drood Mystery. By Percy Fitzgerald. *Daily Chronicle*, 20 September.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood: More opinions regarding the identity of Datchett. By Dr. Blake Odgers, J. Cuming Walters, Willoughby Matchett and A. Bawtree. *Daily Chronicle*, 23 September.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Dickens Characters. Two packets of six cards each, Nos. 145 and 146. Universal Pictorial Post Card Company.

Reproductions of original wrappers to Dickens's works. Thirteen cards in packet. 1s. net. London: Chapman and Hall.

DURBAN PICKWICK CLUB.

ON Wednesday, 2 August, in the Government Art Schoolroom, the annual business meeting of the Durban Pickwick Club was held. The election of officers and the annual report, with various preliminaries, were the programme. Mr. W. Osborne, J.P., was elected President, and Mr. W. E. Turnbull Vice-President. Mr. J. Sinclair was re-elected Treasurer, Mr. T. H. Green Auditor, Mr. Atkinson Secretary, and Mr. Martin Librarian and Assistant Secretary. A strong Committee of eight members was chosen, and an excellent syllabus for the ensuing year was submitted.

The Secretary read the annual report, which showed what excellent work the club had done, and how successful had been the various meetings and entertainments.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF BRANCHES—*The Editor would feel obliged if Secretaries would send him list of meetings for the season for inclusion in the Diary as early as possible, and in sending reports of meetings he would be glad if they could be kept as brief as possible.*

THE DICKENS DRAMATIC CLUB

THE above club was formed at a meeting held at St. Bride's Institute, E.C., on 4 September, and the officers duly appointed. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore has kindly consented to be stage manager jointly with Mr. James Chapman—whose long connexion with the Cripplegate Institute is well known—and with the support of the members of the Fellowship the success of the club is assured.

On all hands the formation of the club has been very favourably received. Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree have already expressed the keenest interest in it, and in the next number of *The Dickensian* we hope to give a complete list of presidents and vice-presidents.

But it remains with the general members of the Fellowship to make the club a thorough success, and every London member should make a point of becoming a member of the Dramatic Club. The annual subscription is very small, only 5s. For this acting members will receive tickets during the season to the value of 3s., and non-acting members tickets to the full value of their subscriptions. The expense of producing a Dickens play is very great, and we shall require at the very least two or three hundred members if in any way a successful issue is to be obtained. All subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Walter Dexter, 40, Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E.

CONCERT AT STEPNEY AND BROMLEY SICK ASYLUM

ON 14 September the Fellowship provided an evening's entertainment at the Stepney and Bromley Sick Asylum at Blackwall for the folk in residence there. The programme was arranged by Mr. W. Miller, and comprised vocal and instrumental music. The old ladies, many of whom were over eighty years of age, enjoyed themselves immensely, and laughed heartily at the humorous items provided by the company brought by Mr. Sydney Rist. Mr. Joyce, with his daughters and friends, composed a band, and rendered some delightful pieces. The Council of Fellowship was represented by Miss Miniken, Mr. Sidney Marriott, and Mr. W. Miller. The Rev. Morris Roberts, Chaplain of the Institution, presided. The whole performance was greatly enjoyed by all present.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

NOW that the winter session is drawing near, it is hoped that members will do their utmost to help substantially in the annual sale of work. The date is not yet fixed, but will be announced in good time for the end of November, and in the meanwhile all may be preparing. Funds are very low, but a great deal of work has been done during the past year, and it is hoped to do more in the coming one. Plain and fancy articles of every description will be gratefully received, and should be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the Guild at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C., after the date is announced.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

IN aid of their benevolent funds, this branch held a garden party, concert, and sale of work at Sangley Lodge, Catford, 17 September. The Mayoress opened the sale at four, and was welcomed by Mrs. E. J. Hall, the secretary

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of the ladies' needlework party, and a vote of thanks was accorded to her, on the proposition of Mrs. Palmer, seconded by Mrs. Curd. Five well-laden stalls displayed attractive wares, with happy results.

The stall-holders were: Needlework and fancy articles, Mesdames Hall, Palmer, Thomas, Herne, and Miss Thomas; flowers, Mesdames Inglis, Lewis, and the Misses Lewis; periodicals and post cards, the Misses Palmer and Pett: refreshments, Mesdames Curd, Hubble, and Pett; needlework exhibits, Mrs. Goldstone. During the afternoon musical selections were rendered by the Misses Pett, Mace, and Trevor. At seven o'clock an enjoyable vocal and instrumental concert was given, under the direction of Mr. Clement Foster, and the evening wound up with dancing.

BRIXTON BRANCH

THE annual meeting was held in the Ladies' Parlour of Brixton Independent Church on 18 September, Mr. J. Skeen in the chair. The Treasurer reported the financial position of the branch as satisfactory. The report, given in detail, was unanimously adopted. A letter was received from Mr. P. A. Jones, resigning the office of President, in consequence of his many engagements for the coming winter. His resignation was accepted with regret, and the Secretary was desired to acknowledge the same with an expression of cordial thanks for past services. The Committee recommended the nomination of Mr. W. Davenport, and on the proposition of Mr. R. Allbut, seconded by Mrs. A. Stuart, that gentleman was elected as President for the session 1905–6. The present Committee, with the addition of Mr. Howard Rose, were reappointed. Mr. S. R. Marriott and Mr. R. Allbut were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively. A notice from Mrs. Stuart was read in connexion with "The Little Dorrit" Society, announcing the next ladies' working meeting, which will be held at Mrs. E. H. Jones's, 1, Tierney Road, Streatham, 4 October.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY

THE first general business meeting of the 1905–6 session was held on 5 September, in the C.M.S. Hall, Park Street. The Rev. A. N. Blatchford, in presiding, said the society were enabled to congratulate themselves on the work of the past session, and he looked forward to getting into blue water as far as their adventures next year were concerned. He had no doubt that the society had a long course of success in front of them.

The Secretary and Treasurer (Mr. C. Andrews) then presented his report, which, compared with former years, was decidedly satisfactory. They had taken steps that were new to the society during the past year, notably the holding of a dinner on the birthday of Charles Dickens. This had proved a great success, and he hoped the event would become an annual one. A letter was read from Miss Vachell, of the Guild of Poor Things, in which she thanked the society for the gift of sixteen guineas as a result of the "Trial Scene from Pickwick," which was presented at the Colston Hall last session.

BENALLA (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH.

EVERY success seems to be attending the above branch, and the enthusiasm of its members culminated in a Dickens Costume Ball in July last, which proved to be the most delightful function ever held in Benalla, according to the Australian paper to hand. The company was a brilliant one, and the characters represented were numerous. During the evening a procession took place headed by Mrs. Jarley, amongst which was that mythical person, Mrs. Harris. We congratulate Benalla on having discovered her. Sairey Gamp, we understand, was absent; a fortunate thing, no doubt, for the happiness of the meeting, under the circumstances.

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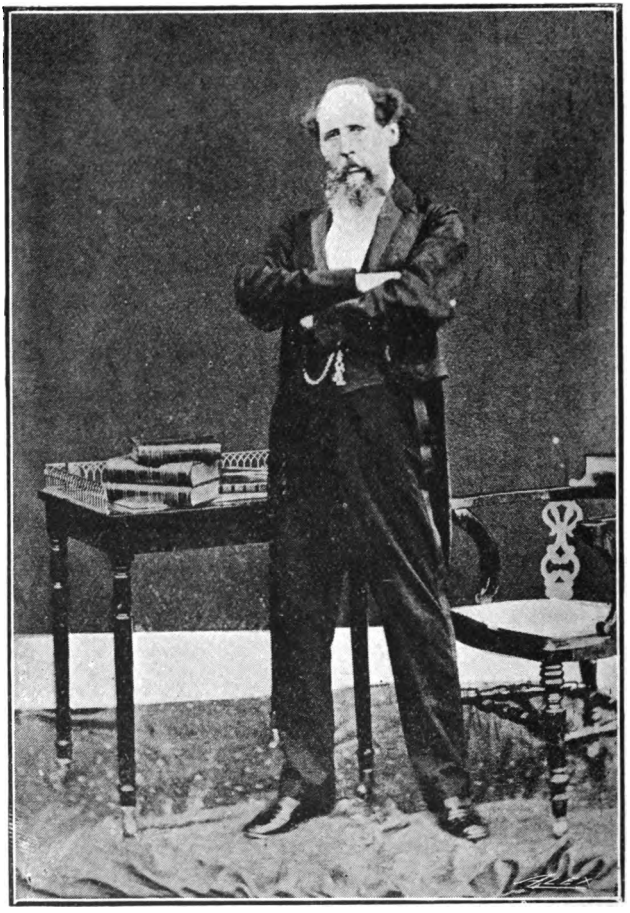

CHARLES DICKENS
From a photograph *circa* 1866

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1905. No. 11.

WHEN FOUND——

WE have to record the death of Sir Henry Irving, which occurred at Bradford on the 13th of last month. Sir Henry was one of the original Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, and evinced the keenest interest in the society up to the very last. Only a day or two before his fatal seizure, a kindly note was received at headquarters bearing evidence of this. Busy as his life was, he never failed to reply to any communication sent him regarding the Fellowship, and his letters always contained some message of appreciation for Dickens and commendation of the Fellowship and its work. We need hardly say that on the first opportunity a vote of condolence was passed by the Council and forwarded to the representatives of the family.

* * *

One of the subjects set for the Grand Eisteddfod to be held in connexion with the Horbury Literary and Debating Society, on 22 February next, is an essay on the character of Sam Weller. The essay is not to exceed 1200 words, and the competition is open to all comers, but is strictly confined to amateurs. Those members of the Fellowship who wish to compete should communicate with Mr. R. I. Vanstone, 25 St. Lawrence Road, North Kensington, W., for full particulars. Mr. J. W. T. Ley will be the adjudicator. There are, of course, other subjects, amongst which is photography, with Mr. H. Snowden Ward as adjudicator.

* * *

Mr. Harry Furniss is giving his illustrated lecture, "A Sketch of 'Boz,' his Art, his Artists, and his Admirers," in several of the largest towns in England and Scotland this winter. He has made it his special subject for the platform for the season, having enlarged upon it since he gave it to the Dickens Fellowship in the spring. Engagements have been made for the lecture at Bournemouth, Bristol, Leeds, Nottingham, Sheffield, Hastings (twice), Jarrow-on-Tyne, Hull, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham (twice), Swindon, Highgate, Ealing, the London Institution, Bishopsgate, and many other places over the country, including some of the public schools. At Leeds the members of the Dickens Fellowship are entertaining Mr. Furniss at supper on 8 November—the date of his lecture there.

* * *

As every one knows, most, if not all, of Dickens's books have been translated into practically every important language. Translations exist in every European language, we believe. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald possesses a copy of *Pickwick* in Chinese; whilst only recently we handled a Japanese edition of the *Carol*. The latest translation,

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however, is that of the *Carol* into Esperanto, the new "international language," which is spreading so rapidly; and we may say that this will form a special Christmas supplement to the Esperanto magazine—*Tra la Mondo*—next month.

* * *

A German dramatized version of *Little Dorrit*, by Herr Franz Schoenthan, under the title of "Klein Dorrit," a comedy in three acts, was presented on 5 October at the Imperial Hofburg Theatre, in Vienna. It was excellently mounted and well received, although apparently it was not a very adequate representation of the original story. The principal characters were sustained by Herr Thiemig and Fräulein Retty. It was stated that the play was to be produced simultaneously at forty theatres in Germany, Austria, aud Hungary.

* * *

The Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club is fairly on its legs, and the first performance will be given at the Cripplegate Institute on 19 December. Two pieces will be produced—*The Gentleman in the Next House*, an adaptation of scenes in *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Miss I. M. Pagan, a member of the Edinburgh branch of the Fellowship, and the ever popular *Pickwick* trial scene, which has been adapted by Mr. J. W. T. Ley. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, Assistant Hon. Stage Manager, has charge of the production, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening may safely be predicted. The price of reserved tickets is 5s. and 2s. 6d.; other tickets 1s. each. It may be mentioned that the rules of the club have been slightly altered. All members are equal now. The annual subscription is five shillings, and members will receive five shillings' worth of tickets for the club's ordinary performances during the season. The question of a second performance during the present season will depend entirely upon the membership and the success of the first performance. * * *

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers to the effect that a new story by Dickens has been discovered in an American annual. The story referred to is entitled "A Suburban Romance, by Charles Dickens," and *The Josephine Annual* in which it appeared was published in New York in 1861. We wish to point out to Dickensians that the story was *not* written by Dickens. The author of it was W. H. Wills, as a reference to his volume, *Old Leaves gathered from "Household Words,"* will testify. The story appeared in Dickens's paper on 14 December, 1850, and it is obvious that the editor of the American annual erroneously assumed it was by Dickens.

* * *

The National Home Reading Union has set as one of its subjects in the special courses of the coming season, "Dickens as a Social Reformer." Full particulars may be had of the Secretary at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. In their magazine an excellent résumé of Lord James of Hereford's recent speech on the subject is given. * * *

The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of the original cover of *Our Mutual Friend*. THE EDITOR.

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SIR HENRY IRVING AND DICKENS

By O. SACK

BY the death of Sir Henry Irving, England has lost one of her really great men. He was one who had raised his calling, not only to the highest pinnacle of art, but had made it a potent force for the intellectual improvement of the taste and culture of the community. Much has been written during the last few weeks concerning the man, his art and influence, and I do not propose enlarging on the theme here. The nation has set its hall-mark upon his work by giving him his last resting-place amongst its greatest.

HENRY IRVING AS JINGLE
From a drawing by F. G. Kitton

During the whole of his career he was an ardent Dickensian, and his interest in the Dickens Fellowship and the Boz Club was keen right up to the last. During his stage life he played several Dickens characters, and it is hoped that to recall them in a brief article will interest Dickensians.

The first occasion on which he impersonated a Dickens character

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was in Scotland with a touring company, during the latter period of the fifties. He was Nicholas Nickleby in a play founded on the novel. During this tour he also played the part of Monks in a version of *Oliver Twist*, whilst he took the part of Mr. Dombey in a version of *Dombey and Son* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in 1861. He was then striving hard to make his way, which he tells us he found very difficult. In the following year, on 8 April, he figured in a triple bill at the same theatre, one of the pieces being *Nicholas Nickleby*, in which he again played Nicholas.

In the course of time Irving made his way to London, and played at the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre. Here, in April, 1868, *Oliver Twist*, adapted by John Oxenford, was produced, with Irving as Bill Sikes. He gave to the character the viciousness and savagery it demanded, and considerably increased his reputation. On this occasion Lionel Brough was Bumble, and Toole the Artful Dodger. It was about this time that Dickens first saw Irving act. He had gone to see the *Lancashire Lass* at the Queen's, and in it Irving played the villain, Robert Redburn. The cast also contained Charles Wyndham, Sam Emery, Lionel Brough, and John Clayton. On his return home Dickens, in criticizing it, said, "There is a young fellow in the play who sits at the table and is bullied by Sam Emery; his name is Henry Irving, and if that young man does not one day come out as a great actor, I know nothing of art."

Before Irving left the Queen's he played another of Dickens's creations, John Peerybingle in *Dot*, the title under which *The Cricket on the Hearth*, recently revived by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, first saw the light.

It was, however, in 1870 at the Vaudeville that Irving made his first real sensation, and so fulfilled the prophecy of Dickens. In James Albery's comedy, *Two Roses*, he found in Digby Grant a part thoroughly worthy of his powers, and one which brought him to the front as a great actor. It is curious to note that an eminent critic has pointed out that the play is an ingenious variation on *Little Dorrit*. In 1871 Albery adapted the *Pickwick Papers* for the stage under the title of *Pickwick*, and Irving was cast for Jingle. It was a real triumph for him, for he impersonated the impudent strolling player to the life, and his performance on all hands was characterized as marvellous. *Pickwick* was revived at the Lyceum in 1887 as *Jingle*, and was then rightly termed "a farce." Irving sustained his old part in it.

Sir Henry Irving always had a great admiration for Dickens, and continually found delight in reading and rereading his works. And when in 1877 he was invited to give readings at Dublin University, one of the three selections he chose was a chapter from *David Copperfield*.

NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY FUND

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the above fund are not coming in as quickly as they should. It is an important national scheme which should obtain the support of all lovers of Dickens. Many have promised to contribute, and since our last issue we have received from Mr. Osborn Walford 21s., Mr. J. W. Wilson 8s., Miss A. C. Lovejoy 10s., Miss Helen Brinckman 1s., Mr. Frank Speaight 5s., Mr. E. H. Tomlin 2s 6d., Anon. 1s., A Member 1s.

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TURVEYDROP AND DEPORTMENT

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE
AUTHOR OF "THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP."

AS that highly esteemed friend of the Prince Regent, Mr. Turveydrop, once sagely observed: "A levelling age is not favourable to deportment." Your democrats care nothing about pose and carriage, the courtly bow is anathema to them, the graceful pirouette an aristocratic abomination! Alas! have they not revolutionized the terpsichorean art itself, abolishing utterly the stately minuet—a dance, indeed, for ancestors!—instituting in its stead the plebeian and inconsequent waltz, whose first appearance on British ground did so shock our matrons and the aunts that once were! A levelling age this, in truth, to an extent not dreamt of even by prophetic Turveydrops, when the very Veres de Vere have lost much of their repose! Howbeit, some of us there are who still do our best to polish, polish, polish. But, to again quote that pink of politeness above named, *there are things!*

A small matter, sirs, but how many mammas of this later date may be heard admonishing their young daughters as heretofore to "walk nicely and turn their toes out"? Alack! it is no more to be met with than the past-day solicitude of a Podsnap for the blushes of the Young Person, or the Pinkertonian predilection for *Johnson's Dictionary* as a parting gift for the "finished" young ladies of a Chiswick high school. It is gone utterly, together with the moral precepts and sage counsel which the grandpapas and old fogies of another day were in the habit of bestowing upon the rising generation. What young sprig is now stayed in our streets by reverend age, and after being admonished "to be a good boy and mind his book," sent on his way rejoicing with a parting benediction and a peppermint lozenge? Sirs, our youthful sexagenarians do not attempt it. They do not unbend; for the most part they still display the unstudied manner, the impulsive movements of the juvenile. They would blush at the very thought of bestowing counsel and comfits on the superior youngster of to-day. Their white hairs are a mere inadvertence, a fashion that does not pass; there must be no talk about them as "the snows of winter"—we have no place for patriarchs in our philosophy. Dignity and deportment reach their full mellow ripeness and flavour only with age, and age we have dispensed with—abolished! Mr. Turveydrop is no more!

The silk dress, almost a religion in itself, so majestically worn by our dames on the Sabbaths, long chimed into the night. Its rustlings no more strike awe and dread in tender young souls, and deportment in its most terrible, uncompromising, feminine shape, brooding so heavily over those still afternoons, has lifted and dispersed, driven before the strong winds of freer and fresher days. Miss Lavinia Wilfer, that early rebel against parental tyranny, was after all justified in her remark, and Mrs. Wilfer's under-petticoat undoubtedly *was* a backboard, and had much to do with that lady's attitude towards society in general, and to her own family in particular. "I wish to goodness, ma," said Lavvy, "that you'd loll a little." "I hope," said that impressive lady, "that I'm incapable of it"; and, in truth, the Mrs. Wilfers of that day

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assuredly *were* incapable of it; they did not, they could not loll. When the gentlemen could not unbend in the game of cricket to the extent of anything less respectable and awful than a tall beaver hat by way of headgear, it was not to be expected that their good dames at home would spend their leisure moments in fashioning cosy corners in their stiff little best parlours, that their daughters would be suffered to recline in American camp chairs, or that the reading of profane literature would be so much as tolerated on that one dread day in seven. The best parlour!—was it not the very temple of aristocratic and Tory exclusiveness, when the savour of the plebeian pipe was never permitted to mingle with its scented atmosphere of potpourri? There he sat, the houseowner, in the back kitchen, sending clouds of banned cavendish up the chimney, in a lonely exile that was only cheered by the presence of the domestic cat, or haply, on occasion, by his own offspring stealing upon him with boyish adventurousness at unauthorized hours, breaking in upon the stillness and the loud ticking of the clock. Ah, sirs, can you not afford to laugh now at those iron times, when a socialist federation of smokers meet in that once inviolate parlour and assume democratic attitudes and un-Turveydrop positions on chair and sofa?

Mrs. Wilfer could not have understood us better at that time; the lady who could be impressive with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief knotted under the chin, and who provided her family with Dutch cheese for supper every evening, would of a surety have found little to approve of in the light elegancies, the posings, the raptures, the stained-glass attitudes that distinguished some of us at that period. Nay, it is gone; we do not now "rise to our full height," "sweep from the room," assume haughty disdain, wring our hands, make proud gestures and what not, for Mr. Turveydrop has not taught them to us, and now we should make, methinks, but awkward pupils. When, I would fain ask, was that last memorable occasion when Amelia fainted away in her lover's arms? Sirs, it is not done on any stage. The trick of it is lost; faintings are out of fashion; there are no Amelias now.

Mayhap there is still some dignity among us, though not of the Turveydrop quality; mayhap there is still some charm and grace in Sylvia's actions when she sits dallying with a fan, idly turns the music leaves at the piano, or trips lightly towards us with a smile and extended fingers—aye, something of charm and grace apparent e'en to him without the "precious seeing" of the lover's eyes. I would dare hope we have still some stiffening capacity and evidence of backbone, though the backboard is no longer the secret of it; that while the blushes of the Young Person may not receive the excessive consideration of Podsnappian times, yet neither has the fashioning of prudes had any share of our solicitude. That even as beneath the stiffness, together with the gushing sentiment marking our past-day folk, the human heart beat ever kindly, so beneath the free camaraderie, and open, frank, unemotional manner of these times the human heart beats kindly still, and that all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, we can still say with the desperate courage of Mr. Sampson, when he referred to an invisible article of lady's attire, "After all, you know, madam, *we know it's there!*"

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From a drawing by Harry Furniss *See page* 281

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Nov. 1.—"It would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could be stopped in time and brought back separately."—*The Holly Tree.*

Nov. 2.—"There's a surprisin' number of men, who, as long as they've only got their own shoes and stockings to depend upon, will walk downhill, along the gutters quiet enough, and by themselves, and not do much harm. But set any on 'em up with a coach and horses, and it's wonderful what a knowledge of drivin' he'll show, and how he'll fill his vehicle with passengers and start off in the middle of the road, neck or nothing, to the Devil!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mark Tapley.

Nov. 3.—"Poverty should engender an honest pride."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Nicholas.

Nov. 4-5.—"Utilitarian economists, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Fact, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog's-eared creeds, the poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn and make an end of you."—*Hard Times.*

Nov. 6.—"Conventional phrases are a sort of fireworks, easily let off, and liable to take a great variety of shapes and colours not at all suggested by their original form."—*David Copperfield.*

Nov. 7.—"You cannot make people religious by Act of Parliament."—*Sunday Under Three Heads.*

Nov. 8.—"Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Nov. 9.—"Love at first sight is a trite expression quite sufficiently discussed; enough that in certain smouldering natures . . . that passion leaps into a blaze, and makes such head as fire does in a rage of wind, when other passions, but for its mastery, could be held in chains. As a multitude of weak, imitative natures are always lying by, ready to go mad upon the next wrong idea that may be broached . . . so these less ordinary natures may lie by for years, ready on the touch of an instant to burst into flame."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

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Nov. 10.—"It will usually be found that the meaner domestic vices propagate themselves to be their own antagonists. Selfishness does this especially; so do suspicion, cunning, stealth, and covetous propensities."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Nov. 11.—"The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise."—*Preface to American Notes* (first cheap edition).

Nov. 12.— "Social usage has the power to change
Good thoughts to evil; in its highest range
To cramp the noble soul, and turn to ruth
The kindly impulse of our glorious youth,
Crushing the spirit in its home of clay."
Prologue to *The Patrician's Daughter.*

Nov. 13.—"We do, in families, magnify our troubles and make mountains of our molehills in a way that is calculated to be rather trying to people who look on—to mere outsiders."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Meagles.

Nov. 14.—"I entertain a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncracy as a reason why I would give them a little more play."—*Hard Times.*

Nov. 15.—"There are some landmarks on the way to the tomb, which, but for the impiety of the aspiration, a man would wish never to have passed."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Micawber.

Nov. 16.—"Tongue, well that's a wery good thing, when it ain't a woman's."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

Nov. 17.—"Time and tide wait for no man, saith the adage. But all men have to wait for time and tide."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Nov. 18.—"I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. . . . I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another."—*The Chimes*—Trotty Veck.

Nov. 19.—"Wine in moderation—not in excess, for that makes men ugly—has a thousand pleasant influences. It brightens the eye, improves the voice, imparts a new vivacity to one's thoughts and conversation."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Sir John Chester.

Nov. 20.—"Be wery careful o' widders all your life, 'specially if they've kept a public-house."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Weller, sen.

Nov. 21.—"No member of Parliament ought to be married, inasmuch as three married members out of every four must vote according to their wives' consciences (if there be such things) and not according to their own."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Nov. 22.—"Those darling byegone times, with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeances, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!"—*Dombey and Son*—Mrs. Skewton.

Nov. 23.—"Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief."—*Oliver Twist.*

Nov. 24.—"Only men are shabby-genteel; a woman is always either dirty and slovenly in the extreme, or neat and respectable, however poverty-stricken in appearance."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Nov. 25.—"Self-love and egotism are bad qualities, of which the unrestrained exhibition, though it may be sometimes amusing, never fails to be wearisome and unpleasant."—*Sketches of Young Couples.*

Nov. 26.—"All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never exercised power of unbuttoning fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man."—*Little Dorrit.*

Nov. 27.—"We know that when the young, the beautiful and good, are visited with sickness, their pure spirits insensibly turn towards their bright home of lasting rest."—*Oliver Twist*—Harry Maylie.

Nov. 28.—"Waiters never walk or run. They have a peculiar and mysterious power of skimming out of rooms, which other mortals possess not."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Nov. 29.—"Love, though said to be afflicted with blindness, is a vigilant watchman."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Nov. 30.—"A little learning is a dangerous thing, but a little patronage is more so."—*Sketches by Boz.*

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A PICKWICKIAN PILGRIMAGE

THE third anniversary of the inauguration of the Dickens Fellowship was celebrated in an informal, and consequently very enjoyable, manner on 6 October by a small party of members of the Council, who visited the famous "Leather Bottle" at Cobham, where they lunched in the Pickwick room.

On the journey down many views were offered on the value of clubs, Pickwickian and others, and led the speakers on to multifarious subjects dear to the hearts of good Dickensians, until Sole Street Station was reached. Thence the party took a brisk walk, in quest of luncheon, across fields made rough by many spades, until the "Leather Bottle," with its windows looking like bright diamonds under the rays of

THE PICKWICK ROOM, "LEATHER BOTTLE," COBHAM
From a photo by Catharine Barnes Ward

the autumn sun, was brought into view. All were so ready for the meal provided that no one suggested passing. On entering the party was greeted by Mr. Anthony Smith, the genial host, who soon put every one out of his misery by a proposition to "fall on, as the Englishmen said to the French when they fixed bagginets," which was readily accepted. The company was so low that no second invitation was needed, and all partook of an abundance of the best, and were more than once reminded in a true Dickensian spirit that "there is more pie, gentlemen!" After the craving of nature was satisfied, the toast of the Fellowship was drunk in a specially brewed Pickwickian punch provided by the host.

Some time was spent in the neighbourhood prior to starting off on a very pleasant walk through Cobham Woods to Rochester, where the pilgrims arrived in time to take tea in the coffee-room of "The Bull," and to visit Watts's Charity.

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THE DROOD MYSTERY AGAIN*

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

IT is a mystery that Mr. Andrew Lang should have added himself to the already overlarge number of those who are busily striving to solve the mystery of Edwin Drood, and who, quite unintentionally, are at the same time running the risk of obscuring the beauty and humour of a delightful story. If Mr. Lang had had some truly startling and startlingly true solution of the problem to offer it would have been clear why he has written this little book, but there is nothing new or novel; according to his theory, all "ends well." Jasper comes to grief, so does Neville at Jasper's hands, Helena marries Crisparkle, Rosa weds Tartar, Edwin Drood emerges from the tomb and departs for Egypt, and Datchery is—Datchery. And all this to-do about nothing, because Mr. Lang and Company will shut their eyes to probabilities, and conceiving it to be possible that Dickens, an admirable writer of picaresque-novels-with-a-nineteenth-century-difference, did by sheer force of will turn himself into a double-distilled Wilkie Collins! The book is a model of wasted ingenuity, but will doubtless appeal to those who prefer the dry bones to the spirit and the flesh.

When we have done reading about what Dickens wrote and would have written had he lived longer, let us turn to our bookcase and take therefrom *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, read therein all that the fates allowed us to receive, and for what we have received let us be truly thankful. For myself I do not own to any deep affection for Rosa, or Helena, or Neville; but Crisparkle is surely one of the most delightful fellows, and Grewgious is—worthy of Staple Inn. Never did Dickens succeed to greater degree than in his last work in creating an "atmosphere"; Cloisterham is not altogether Rochester, but it is altogether an old-fashioned, sleepy city, the dull air of which is stirred magnetically by the thunderstorm that gathers round the people there.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XI

AS when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar,
So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy Household Words and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.—LEIGH HUNT.

* *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot.* By Andrew Lang. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

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PICKWICK ABROAD, OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE

EVERYBODY knows of the fever that the inimitable *Pickwick Papers* created as the monthly parts issued from the Press, and how it became infectious and inspired imitators, plagiarisms, and so-called continuations. *The Penny Pickwick*, *Pickwick in America*, *Posthumous Papers of the Cadgers' Club*, *The Post-Humourous Notes of the Pickwickian Club*, *Pickwick in India*, *Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France*, were some of the titles of those which so annoyed and disgusted Dickens. The most important, indeed the only one which showed any claim or pretension to worthiness, was the latter, written by G. W. M. Reynolds, a novelist of some standing of the period. The book met with a certain amount of success and appreciation, and was favourably received in many instances by the Press as "a very respectable continuation of the original," and it was said that the author had caught much of the humour of "Boz." In it the author professed no piracy, and if, he said, he could "creditably amuse the public by spiritedly carrying on the Pickwick fancy as it may please himself," he would only add to the fame of his eminent original, without detracting from his own. Reynolds was fortunate in having the artistic collaboration of Alfred Crowquill, who had already distinguished himself in publishing a set of extra plates to the *Pickwick Papers*, which had real merit. He, however, only had his assistance for about half the book, and the services of John Phillips were then secured. The book appeared, after starting in the *Monthly Magazine*, in the usual monthly parts with a pictorial wrapper by Crowquill, whose real name was Alfred Forrester, and was then issued in volume form "with forty-one steel engravings by Alfred Crowquill and John Phillips, and thirty-three woodcuts by Bonner."

Readers of *The Dickensian* will be interested to learn that Mr. W. Glaisher, the bookseller of Holborn, has just issued a reprint of the edition published by Henry G. Bohn, with reproductions of all the pictures. The price of the volume is six shillings. B. W. M.

DICKENS CALENDARS, ETC.

WE have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. a parcel of their excellent Dickens Calendars, varying in price from sixpence to six shillings. The latter is a most artistic production, comprising four charming drawings by Harold Copping, of incidents from Dickens, reproduced in photogravure with the calendar printed on the margins. Each is well worth framing. The other calendars bear scenes from Dickens-land, whilst there are two of Messrs. Tuck's welcome and useful block calendars.

The same firm have also issued under the general heading of "Children's stories from Dickens. Told by his Granddaughter, Mary Angela Dickens," a series of six little books, with coloured frontispiece and other illustrations, at sixpence each. The six volumes can be had in a case, price 3s. 6d.

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NEW EDITIONS OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

MESSRS. J. M. Dent and Co. have published this season charming editions of *A Christmas Carol*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and *The Chimes*. Each volume is illustrated by C. E. Brock with eight delicately coloured pictures, and many line drawings executed in his happiest vein. There are two editions of the volumes, one in decorative cream cloth at 2s. 6d. each net, and the other in white vellum at 5s. each net. By the courtesy of the publishers we are able to reproduce one of the smaller pictures, which will give an indication of how well the artist has entered into the spirit of these masterpieces of Dickens's genius.

FROM "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"
Drawn by C. E. Brock

IF DICKENS HAD BEEN AN ACTOR!

By JUSTIN McCARTHY

DURING the earlier days of my work in London journalism I had the great good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of Charles Dickens. I was only a beginner in literature at the time and was an absolutely obscure young man; but I was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to Dickens, and I found him always friendly, genial, and kind. I can well recall even at the present moment the thrill of gratification which I used to feel in those far-off days, when on casually meeting Charles Dickens I found that he recognized me and even remembered my name. I was ever unfailing in my attendance at Dickens's readings in London, and became filled with the conviction which impressed itself on most of those who heard them, that if Dickens had chosen to make the stage his career he would have ranked amongst the greatest English actors. The world has good reason to rejoice that he kept to his own work and has left us in his books a living reality, whereas even had he been the greatest of actors, he could have bequeathed to us nothing but a tradition.

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THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY

A REVIEW OF THE SOLUTIONS TO "EDWIN DROOD"

By GEORGE F. GADD

CHAPTER V

"A GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED"

THE "authentic" solution of the Drood problem having thus proceeded in 1873 from the United States, there could be no possible reason why America should attempt to "go one better" in any spirit of patriotic rivalry. Accordingly, it need not surprise us to find that, thenceforward, the mania for constructing sequels to Dickens's work was permitted to die out of the New World.

But Great Britain, hitherto silent—save in protest or commentary—becoming, evidently, too sceptical of the Brattleborough Spirit's claims to accept the situation, began in course of time to publish guesses at the secret on her own account; and, to her credit be it said, these efforts assumed in the main the reverent attitude of the analyst rather than the presumptuous arrogance of the "continuator."

It was not, however, until the year 1878 that the new era actually commenced, though probably long before that date the midnight oil of preparation was burning. In the early autumn of the year named there appeared a three-volume conclusion entitled *A Great Mystery Solved*, written, under the curious pen-name of "Gillan Vase," by a lady of some literary reputation in the North of England. This pretentious work was, the preface informs us, the outcome of a desire to see the broken threads of the fragment gathered up and the story woven to its end. The authoress—ignorant of or ignoring the glorious productions of her literary cousins across the water—grew weary of waiting for a continuation, and at length began to solve the Mystery for herself; at first merely for her own amusement and the gratification of a few kindly interested friends, but afterwards in obedience to the dictates of a growing ambition. Indeed, she found, to her consternation, that she had "idly entered upon a road from which there is no turning back."

"Gillan Vase" launched her book in fear and trembling, expecting her "audacious venture" to be punished, "either by having to run the gauntlet of sharpest criticism, or—a thousand times worse—being passed over in contemptuous silence." Fortunately, the milder fate befell the work; but it must be confessed that the criticism of the reviewer who noticed it in the columns of *The Examiner* on October 5th, 1878, was sharp indeed.

"The head and front of 'Gillan Vase's' offending," said this remorseless penman, who might have mixed less vinegar with his ink had he guessed the sex of his victim, "is not that he has attempted to continue Dickens to the best of his ability and has failed, but that he has, with a great deal of perverted ingenuity, set seriously to work to mimic Dickens, and in a lamentable way may be said to have succeeded. It is the reverse of the old fairy tale when straw was spun into gold. Mr. Vase has, indeed, gathered up the broken threads of the story, but these threads of pure gold have magically and imperceptibly become transformed by his touch into common straw; and

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the worst of the matter is that it is extremely difficult to realize afterwards that they ever were threads of gold."

No student of Dickens will be disposed to disagree with this judgment, nor with the rest of the review, which is sufficiently lengthy to have afforded Gillan Vase a gloomy kind of consolation; but we may perhaps be forgiven for assuming that the critic, if he had been doomed to plough through the earlier solutions, would have welcomed "A Great Mystery Solved"—which he prefers to call "A Great Work Spoiled"—with open arms and a thankful heart.

Gillan Vase has, in fact, produced immeasurably the best of the story continuations—whatever that commendation may be worth—and has at least given us an Edwin Drood free from that unholy thirst for vengeance which, despite the assertions of her predecessors, cannot be fitted anyhow into the nature of our cherished author.

The ingenuity of the work is not confined to its mimicry. There is something startling in the suggestion that the heap of lime in the mason's yard was destined to receive the body of the defunct Mrs. Sapsea, in order that room might be provided in the vault for Edwin without exciting the suspicions of stone-tapping Durdles. What better hiding-place than a coffin supposed to contain a legitimately buried corpse? What more natural result of Drood's unseen escape from the tomb than the confounding of Jasper by this same Durdles, who cries, in the words of his early demonstration to the scheming villain "Holloa! Hollow!"? The ring having been left in the coffin, Jasper's act is thus brought to light without the complicity of Edwin Drood. That stricken youth, changed by illness and grief almost beyond recognition, and further disguised by the aid of blue spectacles, takes service with Grewgious in succession to Bazzard, choosing to be considered as dead rather than bring punishment upon his erring relative. He is able, without disclosing his identity, to save Rosa from her persecutor's clutches, and incidentally from a watery grave; but he hesitates to clear the fame of poor Landless at Jasper's expense, and for this latter adherence to his principle he can scarcely be commended. John Jasper is, however, laid by the heels at last, and destroys himself in Cloisterham Gaol after horrifying Crisparkle with a detailed account of his criminal proceedings.

The Datchery nut—always a particularly hard one to crack, and, it would seem, only to be properly broken in the door of the cupboard on which the buffer kept his cryptic score—is crushed shapeless under the heel of misconception. Mrs. Tope's lodger is revealed as a detective in the employ of Mr. Grewgious, and we are left to wonder why in the world he should have imperilled his secret and inconvenienced his person, parading before all Cloisterham in that aggressive white wig.

CHAPTER VI

SOLUTION BY INFERENCE

FOR the sake of clearness, we have disposed of the "Gillan Vase" conclusion a trifle out of the correct chronological order; insomuch that, in June of the same year, 1878, there appeared in the *Belgravia* magazine a clever article—signed "Thomas Foster"—by a writer whose brain was more usually devoted to the elucidation of abstruse scientific

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problems. The mystery of "Edwin Drood" appears to have possessed a remarkable power of attraction for this learned mathematician. An anonymous contribution to *The Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1884 ("Suggestions for a Conclusion"), attempting to explain the mystery on the lines laid down by Forster in the Dickens biography, immediately produced from the enthusiastic "Belgravian" the first of a long series of articles in the analytical vein—"Dickens's Story Left Half Told"—which appeared in the pages of the scientific periodical *Knowledge*, founded by Richard A. Proctor.

Subsequently (1887) the whole of the writer's work on this subject, including contributions to *Leisure Readings* (of the *Knowledge* Library Series) was collected, revised, and republished in the form of a volume, bearing the extremely unscientific title *Watched by the Dead: a loving study of Dickens's half-told tale.* This book, as we shall see, essayed to prove that Drood had not met his death at Jasper's hands; that he had already reappeared upon the scene, and that, in fact, he was none other than the mysterious buffer Datchery himself. The same book indubitably proved that Thomas Foster, writer of the scattered articles, and Richard Proctor, astronomer and editor, were one and the same person. So did it come about that *Watched by the Dead* took its place amongst volumes of able discourses concerning other worlds than ours.

A considerable portion of the argument is concerned with the methods adopted by Jasper in preparing for his crime, and many of the unrevealed details are convincingly deduced with admirable skill.

Jasper's peculiar action of clinking the stonemason's keys together during the interview at Sapsea's has been noted by various solutionists, with equally various results. The Brattleborough Spirit asserts that Jasper's object was to so dent the wards of the vault key that he might readily recognize it by sight. Mr. Proctor is more artistic in his perception. He argues truly that a trained musician like Jasper would but need to hear the tone of the key to distinguish it from others, in light or darkness. Durdles, on this occasion, cries—"You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper." And again, in a later scene—"You pitch your note, don't you? So I sound for mine." The theorist is on solid ground of his own when he takes up the question of the moonlight; and it is not a little instructive to note how conclusively he shows that the night of the murder was necessarily a dark one—notwithstanding "Gillan Vase," who makes our satellite a fitful but evident witness of the crime.

Proctor's case for the reappearance of Drood is a very elaborate one, based mainly upon three grounds: the significant heading to chapter XIV., "When shall these three meet again?"; the general demeanour of Mr. Datchery, and the strange conduct of Grewgious after the disappearance. The last-named certainly forms a strong support for the theory.

The lawyer is more than suspicious. But why should he suspect? The average reader has become so certain of Jasper's guilt that the importance of this question is overlooked. Grewgious has not the knowledge which the reader possesses. He has not accompanied Jasper and Durdles on those strange nocturnal expeditions; he has not seen the stern, knitted face as the murderous hand unwound the black scarf from its owner's throat; he has not observed the choir-

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master's elation at Edwin's disposition to quarrel with Landless, nor noted how that quarrel was deliberately encouraged. Whence does he derive his knowledge? From Drood, answers Mr. Proctor triumphantly. From the only one—save Jasper himself—who could tell the story of that night of villainy.

As to the Datchery-Drood argument—for which the solutionist reserves his greatest enthusiasm, and which he attempts to force home with a degree of impatience, we are offered a comparison, in considerable detail, of the various passages in which the two characters are referred to. Notably attention is drawn to the interviews with the opium woman. That unpleasant old person, telling Datchery of her previous meeting with Drood, instinctively feels—at least Proctor says so—that he is the same person, and asks for the same sum. "He changes countenance when he learns it is for opium, but does not recognise the full significance of the fact." Neither does the solutionist. It has always seemed to the present writer that this part of Mr. Proctor's evidence is amply sufficient to disprove his pet theory. Neither the solutionist nor his supporters appear to have noticed the fact that Drood was fully aware this woman smoked opium. He had asked her the question point-blank. Datchery may have forgotten the information, but its repetition would certainly not startle him.

The rescue of Drood by Durdles of course dispenses with Forster's explanation of the betrothal ring and the destructive lime. Proctor, however, evades this difficulty with characteristic ingenuity. The ring is speedily restored to its former owner, and "so soon as Drood and Grewgious knew that Jasper's main idea in removing the watch and pin was that they might not afford evidence against him, the power to inflict a terrible punishment would be manifest. They would force on Jasper the completion of his main purpose. What horror to find he has unwittingly left a fatal witness within the tomb!" Mr. Proctor pictures the wretch creeping down the *crypt* steps (a strange mistake as to the location of Sapsea's vault), holding up his lantern, and shuddering at the thought of what it may reveal. He sees Drood sternly confronting him, and flies up the winding staircase of the tower, pursued by Landless, Tartar, Drood, and Crisparkle. There is a struggle at the top, and Neville is killed. Jasper is captured and cast into prison, but not until he has been made to feel how, while he supposed himself safe, every movement had been watched by one whom he had thought dead.

This conclusion, though apparently confirmed by one of the original cover illustrations, which the theorist reproduces, has, nevertheless, serious defects. Its weakness is not so much that it presents Edwin as burrowing about in search of clues leading to already familiar facts; for, as a supporter has recently suggested on his own account, perhaps Drood was not sure that Jasper was his assailant. Nor is it altogether the old objection of empty vengeance on the part of characters better disposed by nature, though in this respect Mr. Proctor is decidedly inferior to "Gillan Vase." It is rather the insuperable difficulty that an innocent man must be mentally tortured to the verge of the grave in order to create a dramatic situation, and for this reason, if for no other, the solution should be rejected.

(*To be concluded.*)

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SOME HON. SECRETARIES OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

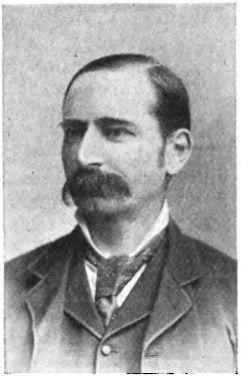
Mr. A. HUMPHREVS (Manchester)

Mr. F. YOXALL (Birmingham)

Mr. T. W. PADMORE (Sheffield)

Mr. J. W. T. LEY (London)
Hon. General Secretary

Miss E. E. MOODY (Southampton)



Mr. SIDNEY MARRIOTT (London)
Hon. Financial Secretary

Mr. J. E. PALMER (Blackheath)

Mr. T. WEBB (Forest Gate)

Mr. F. KIDSON (Leeds)

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.

The Boz Birthday Book. Compiled by J. W. T. Ley. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net, cloth; 5s. net, leather.

Children's Stories from Dickens. Six volumes. Illustrated. London: Raphael Tuck and Co. Cloth, 6d. each. In case, 3s. 6d.

Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France. By G. W. M. Reynolds. Illus. by Crowquill and others. Reprint. London: W. Glaisher. 6s. net.

A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* With coloured and other illustrations. By C. E. Brock. London: J. M. Dent and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.

Oliver Twist. Cameo series. London: The Library Press. 6d. net.

Story Lives of Great Authors: Charles Dickens. Illustrated. London: Wells Gardner and Co. Price 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"A Memento of Dickens: The Dog's Head in the Pot." Illustrated. *Daily Graphic,* 22 September. Letter on same, 27 September.

"Oliver Twists I have known." By H. C. Newton. *Answers,* 23 Sept.

"The Brothers Cheeryble: a Visit to their Country." By J. Cuming Walters. *Manchester Courier,* 25 September. Letter from I. N. Grunday, 26 September.

"Edwin Drood Mystery." Letter from J. Cuming Walters. London: *Daily Chronicle,* 27 September.

Dickens and the Drama; and Adelaide Anne Procter. *T. P.'s Weekly,* 29 September.

"A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree." Letter from H. Buxton Forman. *Athenæum,* 30 September.

"Boz and Others." Mr. Fitzgerald's Literary Reminiscences. By J. M. *Book Monthly,* October.

"The Johnson Club: a Literary Pilgrimage to Rochester." By Sidney Lee. Illustrated. *Pall Mall Magazine,* October.

"The Inimitable Percy." *Punch,* 27 September.

"Two Days in Dickensland." By Walter Dexter. Illustrated. *Cycling Tourist Club Gazette,* October.

"The New Life of Dickens." Letter from William Mackay. *Academy,* 7 Oct.

"Dickens's London." By Walter Dexter. *Daily Chronicle,* 14 October.

"A Dickens Mystery: Mr. Andrew Lang's Adventures with Edwin Drood." By J. Cuming Walters. *Daily Chronicle,* 14 October.

"Cigarette Papers: The Identification of Eatanswill." Devizes: *Wiltshire Advertiser,* 12 October.

"Dickens and 'The Trade.'" By Geraint. *The Referee,* 15 October.

DICKENS CALENDARS

"Oilette Leaflet," 6d.; 2s. 6d. "From Dickens-land," 3s. 6d.. "Scenes from Dickens." Photogravure, 6s. "Block" Calendars, 6d. and 1s. each. London: Raphael Tuck and Co.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Oliver Twist. Nine Photo cards of Characters from the Play. 2d. each. London: J. Beagles and Co., 9 Little Britain, E.C.

Miss Bowman as "Oliver Twist." 2d. Geisen and Co., 28 Monkwell St., E.C.

Charles Dickens reading to his daughters; Garden of Dickens's Birthplace; Charles Dickens at his Desk; Maclise's Portrait of Dickens; and Portrait of Dickens from photo by Watkins. Portsmouth, Dickens Museum.

Dickens's Christmas Carol. A set of six colour cards. London: Valentine and Co., Creed Lane, E.C. 6d.

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THE FELLOWSHIP AND THE POOR

By EMILIE M. MINIKEN

HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

ONE of the objects of the Dickens Fellowship, as laid down in its rules, is "to help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the oppressed," and the Needlework and Charitable Guild was formed to assist in carrying out this side of the Fellowship's work. Its purpose is to make garments for the poor, render assistance in case of need whenever and wherever possible, and to make various articles during the year for the sale of work held in November to augment the Guild funds for carrying out its work.

Called into being at a meeting of a few members on 13 May, 1903, it has gradually but surely grown, until to-day we have a roll of one hundred and twenty names in the parent Guild, and active working parties in connexion with other branches of the Fellowship. The Guild has special departments, the "Bertha Plummer" section, and the "Lending Library." Last year special massage treatment, by Miss Hawthorne, was given to children between the ages of one and fourteen years who were suffering from paralysis or contraction of muscles, and whose parents were too poor to pay for proper medical treatment. Many terrible cases were received and have greatly benefited; a little girl, given up two years ago by hospital doctors as a hopeless cripple, can now run about like other children; a boy, the tendons of whose feet were so contracted that he had never rested his heels upon the ground, now walks in an ordinary manner; a baby, not yet one year and a half old, who had never raised its little arms, can now lift them above its head and hold a tiny pair of dumb-bells.

In the "Bertha Plummer" section—named after the blind toy-maker in *The Cricket on the Hearth*—we make scrap-books and dress dolls for sick children at home or in hospitals, or visit and read to adults with failing eyesight. The darkness might more often be brightened for some poor blind man or woman if more members would find time to read aloud to them for one hour each week.

The "Lending Library" has been a source of blessing to many. Periodicals and books of all kinds are lent week by week to the lonely and sick, and parcels of varied literature forwarded to hospitals and institutions of all styles and denominations. Members of the Fellowship generally will greatly assist this section by sending us any old magazines, etc., for which they have no further use.

These sections of the Guild do excellent service, and relieve the control of the general work considerably. The chief objects of the Guild, however, are to supply new or cast-off garments to men, women, or children in need; visit the sick; provide (when funds allow) food for the hungry; seek to cheer and raise the downcast; brighten dreary walls with pictures; and "do what it can" in every way. Visiting the Remand Home, Pentonville, in the early part of last year, we were struck by the bareness of its walls. "Might we send some pictures?" we asked. "Certainly," was the ready reply. So pictures have gradu-

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ally found their way to Pentonville; the authorities have voted a sum of money for their framing, the bare walls have little by little put on smiling faces, and last month came a letter of appreciative thanks from the chief clerk on behalf of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Just after Easter a substantial meat tea, followed by a Dickensian entertainment, was given to a hundred of the poorest old men and women we could find in Tottenham. The old folk spent a really happy time. One of the latest and saddest cases which have come under the notice of the Guild is that of an old gentlewoman, well known by sight in the vicinity of the law courts and at public lecture halls. How many, we wonder, as they sat beside that energetic little woman, listening so earnestly to some intellectual discourse, guessed that bit by bit her garments were finding their way to the pawnbroker's for the smallest sum with which to purchase a scanty meal! Well, we found her, ill and starving, suffering in silence rather than take help from the ordinary sources or let the world know of her troubles; and now, through the kindness of one of our members and a few friends, we are raising a little weekly pension to procure food and lodging for the remainder of that sad life. If appearances are to be trusted, the time will not be long. Recently we laid to rest one of our poor sufferers, and glancing over the past we cannot wish him back again.

It would take too long to go more fully into detail, but we want more of our branches to take up the work of the Guild; more unattached members in out-of-the-way corners to help us; more of those connected with the parent Fellowship to come forward and offer their services in one way or another.

Perhaps it would be well sometimes to remember that we who have joined together in the Fellowship have done so not merely for the sake of amusement, but rather to help each other in an effort to brighten some of the grey lives of those with whom we come in daily contact; but we must also bear in mind that talking alone will not do this. Possibly some may say, "But what can I do?" The answer to each and all is, "Do anything that comes in your way." It may be you will not have far to seek before finding some one who needs your help; but if there is no work at hand, go out and search for it! If it be not in your power to do this, send what help you can to us at home. New garments, strong and suitable, cast-off clothing of any description, magazines, books, toys, or small contributions towards the Guild funds. All or any of these will be gratefully accepted, and will help us "to spread the love of humanity," only don't say there is nothing you can do! Willing hearts must soon find work in abundance, and as that work grows, so will the interest increase. No matter what we do, no matter how small our share of work may be, it must be in reality; we must be in thorough earnest. Half-heartedness will but prove a failure; earnestness will find us worthy of that honoured title—"a good Dickensian."

Parcels should be forwarded to me at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., but all monetary contributions to me at the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship, Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE third annual meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, which was held on Wednesday, 11 October, was very successful. Mr. J. Comyns Carr, whose adaptation of *Oliver Twist* has proved such a success, was in the chair, and Mr. Arthur W. à Beckett, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship, was also present.

After the adoption of the annual report and accounts, Mr. Carr delivered a very interesting address. He said great men, he had found, always thought Charles Dickens a great man. He might mention Burne-Jones, who in many evenings he had spent with him could cap and continue any quotation from Dickens; and so with Rossetti and Swinburne, who had recently written to him that he read and re-read Dickens continually. What was the gift which so endeared him to such men? It was, he thought, faith in romance. That it was that held the world through the centuries. The men who painted, however terribly, some of the dark corners of life always remembered the patch of blue sky. George Meredith once said to him: "Believe me, there is nothing too terrible which an artist may not paint or a writer describe; but there is always with them some window that looks to the sky." Dickens had from the beginning a belief in the beauty of humaniy and the world, and that was the enduring secret of his hold on his own and following generations. To him (the speaker) Dickens was the greatest original genius this country had seen since Shakespeare. They could scarcely exaggerate what Dickens had done for London. He it was, and no other, who made the romance of London. He did for it what Scott did for Scotland. He had penetrated London with the glamour and enchantment of an ideal world. When Americans came to London they wanted to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, of course, but next to them the London scenes immortalized by Charles Dickens.

There is no need to give a detailed report of the formal business transacted at the meeting. All the alterations of rules recommended by the Council were adopted. Mr. Henry F. Dickens was re-elected President, and Messrs. H. Beerbohm Tree and W. Walter Crotch were added to the list of Vice-Presidents. Mr. Sidney Marriott and Mr. J. W. T. Ley were re-elected Hon. Financial Secretary and Treasurer and Hon. General Secretary respectively. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected to serve on the Council in the ensuing year: Miss E. M. Miniken, Miss Irene Neidermann, Messrs. B. W. Matz, J. E. Palmer, T. W. Tyrrell, W. Miller, W. J. Gadsden, E. P. Haslam, F. J. Evans, H. Snowden Ward, Walter Dexter, and E. W. Brown.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE annual Sale of Work will be held at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., either on Monday, 4 December, or Wednesday, 6 December. Fuller particulars will be announced in *Great Thoughts* as soon as possible, and also in next issue of this magazine. Articles of any description suitable for the "sale" should be forwarded to Miss E. M. Miniken, Hon. Secretary of the Guild, at St. Bride's Institute, during the last week in November, but not later than 29 November. Tickets—1s. each for opening ceremony, and 6d. each admitting after seven o'clock—will be on sale at headquarters shortly, and all correspondence referring to the Guild should be directed to the Guild Secretary at that address.

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BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THIS Society started its season in earnest on 19 September, at Hamilton's Rooms, Park Street. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Charles Andrews, opened the entertainment with an admirable recital of "David Copperfield's Dinner Party," and the Rev. A. N. Blatchford's reading of *Somebody's Luggage*, one of the most cheering of all Dickens's delightful Christmas stories, was excellent. This Society, by the way, is forging ahead. Already there has been a remarkable increase in the membership, and a successful session is assured.

MANHATTAN (NEW YORK) BRANCH

FROM the Secretary of this branch an artistic circular has been received. We quote one or two extracts from it, as showing the wonderful popularity of "Boz" in the land of our "cousin Jonathan," as well as demonstrating that our members in New York are fully alive to the spirit of Dickens and the spirit of the Fellowship. As a striking proof of Dickens's popularity we are told that "of the number of lecturers in the Free Popular Course of the New York Board of Education, no fewer than ten discourse upon or give readings from his works." By direction of the Supervisor of Lectures the *Christmas Carol* is read in as many halls as possible at Christmas time. The Manhattan branch, we are told, "mean to do what is possible to brighten the lives of our less fortunate fellow-beings, especially the little children whom poverty and disaster have not spared. To this end we purpose giving entertainments in the Home for Incurables, the Home for Crippled Children, and other places whose inmates are condemned through long years to the dreary monotony of institutional life. . . . We shall lend our influence, as opportunity serves, to the work of remedying public abuses, and will support such measures as tend to widen the field of employment, or in any other way conduce to the benefit of the people at large." We can only wish success to a branch which means to try to do such work as this.

LEEDS BRANCH

THE above branch entered upon its fourth session on 30 September with a good gathering at the Church Institute. The President (Mr. G. F. Furniss) was in the chair, and Dr. S. Jacob gave an interesting address, entitled "A Tribute to Dickens." Touching the recent discussion upon the character of Fagin as produced in the present dramatization of *Oliver Twist*, Dr. Jacob dispelled the idea that Dickens ever intended to cast any unjust reflection upon the Jewish race. If he had given a bad Jew like Fagin, it was equally true that he had given to the world many bad Gentiles. Dr. Jacob drew a comparison between Dickens and modern novelists, and denied that in any of the former's works there were any of the latter's morbid creations.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

THE annual general meeting was held on Saturday, 16 September, at Steine House, Mr. Henry Bristow presiding over a good attendance of members. Mr. Henry Davey was elected President for the year, and the Vice-Presidents were re-elected with the addition of the Rev. George Plumb, and Messrs. Henry Bristow, F. G. Gauntlett, and W. Adams. Mrs. Pennifold and Messrs. R. Pennifold and W. W. Bartlett were added to the existing Committee, while Mr. Colin Covell was re-elected Hon. Secretary. The meeting voted and resolved to meet on Saturday instead of Wednesday evenings.

An attractive syllabus for the ensuing session was outlined by the Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Pennifold, the Hon. Secretary of the Needlework Guild, reported a satisfactory collection of garments for the "Tiny Tims," who were entertained to tea, etc., on the 20th of last month.

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MANCHESTER BRANCH

ON Saturday afternoon, 23 September, a party of nearly fifty members and friends journeyed to Ramsbottom, the country of the Cheeryble Brothers, and, under the guidance of Rev. W. Hume Elliot, visited several places of interest associated with the Grants, the originals of Dickens's two famous characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*. After seeing Grant's Tower, Nuttall, and St. Andrew's Church and its memorial tablets, the party had tea in the Old Dundee Chapel, where William Grant, the elder of the Cheerybles, was ordained an elder of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. John Harwood (Vice-President) took the chair at the meeting subsequently held, and a pleasant evening was spent in listening to recitations—"Nickleby and Mr. Squeers" by Mr. B. Rideout, and "Silas Wegg and Nicodemus Boffin" by Mr. J. W. Smith—and to appropriate speeches by Rev. W. Hume Elliot, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and Mr. W. H. Vaughan. Among others present were Mrs. and Miss Bell (Liverpool branch), Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield (Stockport branch), Mr. John Duxbury, and Mr. W. Hewitson (*Bury Times*). The excursion was voted a complete success, and will do much to promote the spirit of good-fellowship among the members.

Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, formerly editor of the *Morning Post*, and now editor of the *Manchester Courier*, has accepted the position of a Vice-President of the branch.

The session was opened on 6 October with a recital of *The Chimes*, by Mr. John Harwood, Vice-President. This was the first public recital of this story since the days when Dickens himself gave it. The event aroused much interest, and the Memorial Hall was well filled. Mr. Albert Nicholson presided. The audience followed his masterly delivery of the story with rapt attention, and at times was powerfully moved by the graphic delineations of the characters. At the next meeting Mr. G. F. Gadd will read a paper on *Martin Chuzzlewitt*.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

A SPLENDID programme was presented at the monthly meeting on 7 August. Mr. W. A. Windas read an excellent paper on "Uriah Heep," and his wife recited very beautifully "A Child's Dream of a Star." Miss George gave with much animation "The Return of Miss Miggs to the Varden Household," and Miss Haig, the Hon. Secretary of the Elsternwick branch, read "Tim Linkinwater, Town and Country." As an additional item, Mr. J. H. Crowther recited "Copperfield and the Waiter." The esteemed President, Sir John Madden, has consented to preside at the annual meeting on 4 September. He is a ready and popular speaker, and will no doubt deliver one of his characteristic addresses.

A very successful performance of the "Bardell *v.* Pickwick" trial scene was given on 23 August in the presence of a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The Rev. E. Rorke was inimitable as Serjeant Buzfuz, while Mr. W. Masters made a very capable Serjeant Snubbin. The part of Sam Weller was admirably rendered by Mr. W. A. Windas, and Mr. H. Fookes was responsible for that of Nathaniel Winkle. Mrs. Blackburn was Mrs. Cluppins, and Mrs. Harrison Mrs. Bardell. All the minor parts were well sustained. Mr. Fred Scrivenor filled the judge's chair with becoming dignity, this being the fourth occasion on which this gentleman has occupied this exalted position in this famous trial. The performance returned our branch a clear profit of £5. 7s. 6d.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE Mayor (Mr. G. E. Couzens, J.P.) has accepted the Presidency of the Portsmouth branch.

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SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THE Sheffield branch has made rapid progress during the past year. A large number of members assembled in the Cutlers' Hall on 6 October, the occasion of the second annual general meeting, over which Mr. G. W. Parker presided.

The balance sheet, read by the Hon. Treasurer, showed that the year was commenced with a deficit of 5s. 3½d. The receipts during the year had been £64. 6s. 1d., which included £25. 7s. members' donations. The expenditure was £51. 1s. 3½d., leaving a balance in hand of £13. 4s. 9½d. The membership at the end of the season was 444, being an increase of 359. The Rev. V. W. Pearson, B.A., was elected President for the ensuing year. The other officers elected were: Vice-Presidents, Mrs. S. A. Roberts, Mrs. W. F. Jackson, Mrs. J. Derry, Sir Joseph Jonas (Lord Mayor), Sir Charles Skelton, Mr. Samuel Roberts, M.P., Ald. Batty Langley, M.P., Mr. J. F. Hope, M.P., Ald. George Franklin, Ald. W. H. Brittain, Mr. W. F. Jackson, Mr. A. Beckett, the Rev. V. W. Pearson, the Rev. J. T. Clemens, and Mr. V. F. J. Tlach; Committee, Miss L. Walton, Messrs. R. W. Dodsworth, G. W. Parker, J. W. Lee, A. Rotherham, W. Leggett, E. King, H. Bullock, J. H. Wild, C. R. Smith, J. H. Mudford, and James Dyall. Miss L. H. Rhodes was re-elected Hon. Treasurer; Mr. Thomas W. Padmore, Hon. Secretary; Mr. C. E. Parker, Assistant Secretary; Mr. J. W. Lee, Branch Librarian; and Mr. E. Callum, Entertainment Provider. It was proposed by Mr. G. Milnes that the members should contribute small sums from time to time in order to give a treat to the poor children of the city. Votes of thanks were accorded Mr. and Mrs. J. Derry and Mr. Thomas W. Padmore (Secretary). At the conclusion of the meeting fifty new members were enrolled.

STOCKPORT BRANCH

THE first meeting of the fourth session of this branch was held in the Librarian's Room of the Stockport Sunday School. In the absence of the President (Mr. Edward Helm) the chair was occupied by Mr. Walter Hadfield (Vice-President).

The Secretary gave an account of his visit to London to attend the Conference of Branch Secretaries, and also described a visit paid on 23 September to the country of Cheeryble Brothers. The meeting decided that it was very desirable that the branch should endeavour to assist in some charitable work during the coming session. During the session papers will be read by the President, the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Pilkington, Mrs. Dawson, and other ladies, and Mr. M. Fletcher. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Edward Helm; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. Hadfield, W. J. G. Holt, and J. Dawson; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. William Hatfield; Council, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Hatfield, Miss Downs, and Miss Wild, Messrs. J. H. Pilkington, William Wilkinson, M. Fletcher, and Robert Hopwood.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THIS branch held their opening meeting on Monday, 16th inst., at the Kell Hall, London Road, with a conversazione, which was an unqualified success. The President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., gave an excellent opening address, which was followed by a speech from Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of the Manchester branch, whose presence on this occasion gave much pleasure. The Scarlet-Geranium Concert Party gave two excellently rendered part-songs; Mrs. Seaward, Miss Coebidge, Mr. Sprague, and Mr. Chas. Greenwood contributed a sketch in costume from *Nicholas Nickleby*; Miss G. Calder recited "The Children"; Mr. Frank Davis gave a reading; and several new members were received.

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MARK TAPLEY CLUB

IN connexion with the Mark Tapley Club at Middlesborough, Mr. Frank Speaight, of London, gave a recital on 26 September before a large and fashionable audience. His subject was the "Pickwick Papers," in six chapters. His audience was most enthusiastic, and heartily applauded the wonderful performance.

BRIXTON BRANCH

OPENING meeting of the session, held on 9 October, at Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church. Chairman, Mr. F. Pearce. After a short statement by the Secretary, Mr. J. Skeen gave an impressive reading from *Oliver Twist* — a realistic description of the trial and condemnation of Fagin. Mr. J. S. Baines offered some critical remarks on Mr. Fitzgerald's recently published *Life of Charles Dickens*, and Mr. Sidney Marriott followed with a humorous reading of Mr. Pickwick's "Romantic Adventure" at "The Great White Horse," at Ipswich. Mr. H. Grinyer gave a lively rendering of the Cricketers' Party at Muggleton, and Mr. R. Allbut read Bret Harte's poem, "Dickens in Camp," all of which items were well received. The interest of the evening's programme was pleasantly enhanced by three songs, delightfully rendered by Mrs. Max Guy.

The engagements for the meeting, 23 October, were arranged, in accordance with the published programme, by Mr. R. J. Block, the details of which will be duly reported in our next issue.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

THE annual general meeting of this branch took place on Friday, 13 October, in the Municipal Buildings, Ealing, Mr. Herbert Nield, J.P., presiding. The report was adopted, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. H. Watson; Vice-Presidents, Mr. James Bigwood, M.P., Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P, Mr. G. A. Chambers, Rev. W. P. Hindley, M.A., Rev. E. G. Meyrick Wood, M.A., Mr. James Morley, LL.M., Mr. Herbert Nield, Mr. Arthur Hutton; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Seward; Hon. Secretary and representative on Central Council, Mr. A. E. Hurdle; Hon. Auditor, Mr. W. Chevob. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected to form the Committee: Miss Debac, Mrs. Morley, Miss Newman, Miss Wingate, Miss L. Allen, Miss L. Freeman, Messrs. J. H. Watson, F. N. Percy, L. M. Hilton, and T. J. Davies. The Chairman delivered an interesting address dealing with the great social improvements which had accrued from the writings of Charles Dickens. He was glad to see the Fellowship movement, and rejoiced at the way in which it was spreading.

The business meeting was followed by a recital by Miss Eilien Hughes, of the "Child Wife" episodes, from *David Copperfield*.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ETHEL BRET HARTE FUND

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR EDITOR,—Please allow me to acknowledge in your bright columns the following kind contributions to the Ethel Bret Harte Assistance Fund: "Madame Defarge," 5s.; "Miss Pross," 5s.; "A Potter's Wessel," 10s.; "Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dressmaker," 2s. 6d.; "Tiny Tim," 2s. 6d.; "Codlin and Short," 5s. And pray accept our grateful thanks for your sympathy and help.

At this moment we are just £140 short of the £1000 that we want. Need I say more to true Dickensians?

I am, yours faithfully, L. C. ALEXANDER,
Hon. Secretary.

HOLLY LODGE, UPPER PARKFIELDS,
PUTNEY, S.W., 11 *October*, 1905.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Nov. 1. Langley Mill (Notts): Recital by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 1. Memorial Hall (London): Lecture, "Dickens and Walking," by W. Teignmouth Shore, at 7.30, Mr. Arthur Waugh in the chair.
,, 1. Southampton: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Hartley Hall.
,, 2. Rochester Branch: Paper on *Edwin Drood*, by Mr. H. Smetham.
,, 2. Maryland Point (Stratford): Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Presbyterian Lecture Hall.
,, 3. West London Branch: Monthly Meeting at Municipal Buildings, Ealing.
,, 3. Bayswater Literary Society: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Wesleyan Church, Denbigh Street, W.
,, 3. Stockport Branch: Paper on *Pickwick*, by Mr. J. H. Pilkington.
,, 3. Manchester Branch: Paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit* by Mr. G. F. Gadd, at Accountants' Hall, at 7.30.
,, 4. Manchester: Recital by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, at Rev. T. Collins's Mission.
,, 4. Dulwich: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at St. Barnabas Institute, Lordship Lane.
,, 6. Sheffield: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
,, 6. Liverpool: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 7. Hull: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
,, 8. Derby: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, at Victoria Hall.
,, 8. Leeds: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
,, 9. Bolton: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. John Harwood, at St. Paul's School, Astley Bridge.
,, 11. Newcastle: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 11. Leeds Branch: Miscellaneous Night, arranged by Miss Ethel Kidson.
,, 13. Gravesend: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, by Mr. Frank Speaignt, at Public Large Hall.
,, 13. Newcastle: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 15. Kearsley: Recital of *Dr. Marigold*, by Mr. John Harwood, at Wesleyan School.
,, 15. Yarrow: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
,, 16. Hull: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Arthur Mr. W. Hayes, at Assembly Rooms.
,, 16. Forest Gate: Dickens Recital by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Emmanuel Institute.
,, 18. Durham: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 18. Clapham: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, at Wesleyan Church, Broomwood Road.
,, 20. Southampton Branch: Paper, "My Reminiscences of Dickens and Others," by Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, at Kell Memorial Hall.
,, 20. Sheffield Branch: Monthly Meeting at Cutlers' Hall, at 8 o'clock.
,, 20. Brixton Branch: Reading from *Dombey and Son*, by Mr. Robert Allbut, at Brixton Independent Church, at 8 o'clock.
,, 24. Scarborough: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 25. Leeds Branch: Paper, "A Knight in Homespun: Daniel Peggotty," by Rev. E. C. Perry, at Church Institute, at 7.30.
,, 25. Bolton: Recital of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by Mr. John Harwood, at St. George's School.
,, 26. Matlock: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 27. Matlock: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
,, 27. Cheltenham: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
,, 27. Sheffield Branch: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Montgomery Hall.
,, 29. Manchester: Recital of *The Chimes*, by Mr. John Harwood, at Free Church, Urmeston.
,, 30. Barking: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Congregational Church, Broadway.

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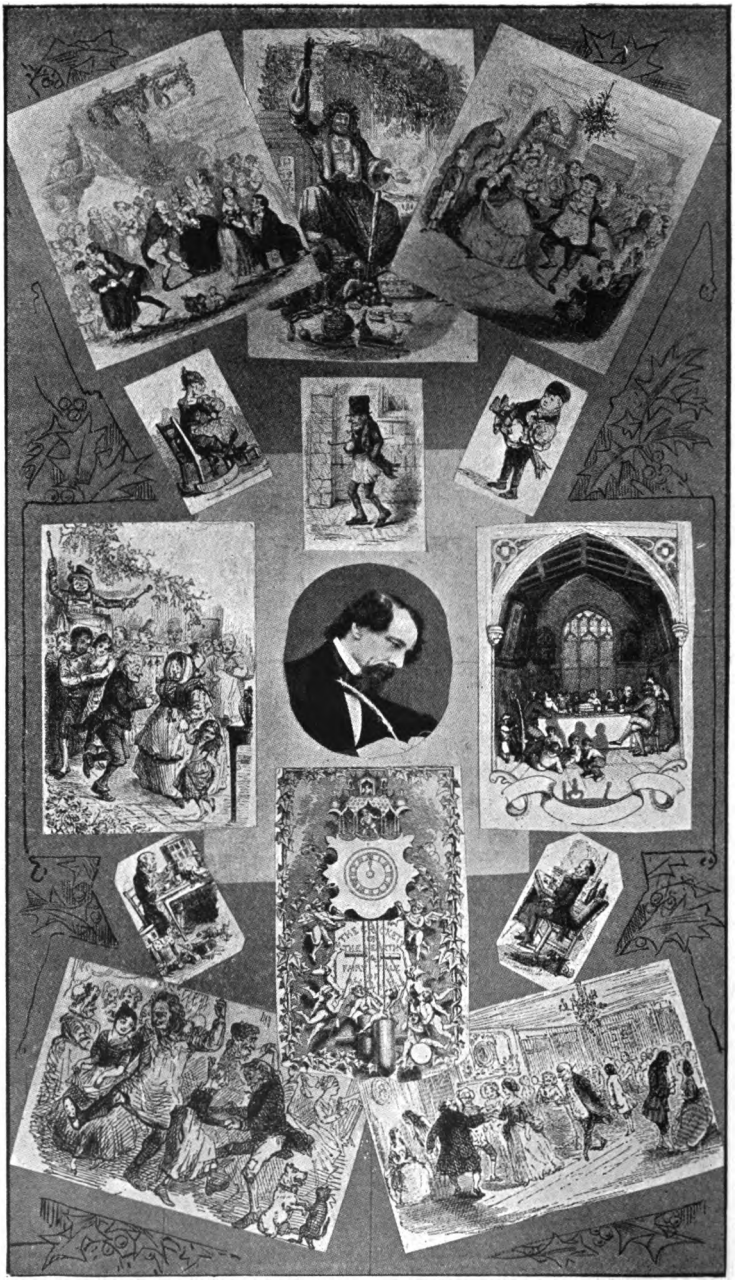

DICKENS AND CHRISTMAS

A REMINISCENCE

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1905. No. 12.

WHEN FOUND——

WITH the present number of *The Dickensian* is completed the first year of its existence, and it is very gratifying to be able to say that its success has been greater than was ever anticipated. There were many who hinted that there would be great difficulty in filling its pages and keeping up the interest in it for longer than three months. The difficulty so far has been to use a tithe of valuable contributions and pictures which have been, and continue to be, offered. So numerous have these been that if no more were to be sent for some months to come, the pages would easily be filled throughout the coming year. To those who have been so generous in this respect the Editor begs to offer his grateful thanks. * * *

One of the attractions of the first year has been the adaptation of the original covers of the novelist's books to those of the issues of the magazine. And next year arrangements have been made to maintain the interest in this respect by the use of another series of cover designs, perhaps less familiar than the last.

* * *

When Mr. Cuming Walters wrote his "clues" to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, he could have had no idea that it was destined to create the excitement it has. Everybody seems now busy on a solution, and if we were to publish all the literature on the subject which is dropped stealthily or otherwise into our letter-box, we should require to considerably increase the number of our pages. The publication of Mr. Andrew Lang's book has further stimulated the craze, and we should think nearly every character in the book has been proved beyond doubt to be Datchery. Almost the only exceptions we can call to mind are Mrs. Crisparkle and the Deputy. The literature on the subject is becoming extensive. During the last month, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Walter Harries Pollock, the *Times* critic, and Mr. Cuming Walters himself, have contributed long and argumentative articles on the theme to the daily Press, whilst Mr. Luke Fildes, who illustrated the book, sent a letter to the *Times*, which we reproduce on another page.

* * *

But the interest and excitement in the mystery are not to end with these solutions. It has already been announced that Mr. Comyns Carr is dramatizing the book for Mr. Tree. What Mr. Carr's solution will be, time alone must reveal. He has not only to solve the mystery, but to furnish a conclusion. Whatever line he takes in these respects,

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there will be a strong part in "Jasper," which we may assume Mr. Tree will fill. Doubtless there were many "Drood" plays shortly after Dickens's death put on the stage. One of these was published, but is now, we believe, very scarce. It was by Walter Stephens, and was produced at the Surrey Theatre. In it Neville Landless was "Datchery." Mr. Henry Neville played the part of "Jasper."

* * *

An interesting and suggestive letter was received by the secretary of the Notts branch from Mr. Bransby Williams last month, on the occasion of his visit to that town. The text of it will be found in the report from the branch in another part of this issue, and we commend it to members of the Fellowship and to our readers generally.

* * *

The library for the blind which the Portsmouth branch of the Fellowship established some time back, has now been removed to the Dickens museum, under the care of Mr. Clemenson, the curator there. Hitherto it was in the care of Mrs. Maggs, from whose house and under whose kindly supervision the books were distributed. The library was greatly appreciated by the sightless, and so welcomed was it that the books were soon read and re-read. Any reader therefore who is disposed to add a volume or two can feel assured they will be gratefully accepted. * * *

The Dickens Fellowship is making a new departure in January, by holding a dance at the Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., on 3 January. The chief object is to bring members into closer companionship with each other—a consummation that is not altogether possible at the usual large and formal monthly meetings. It is to be hoped that the venture will be a success. Dancing will commence at 7.30, and will continue till midnight. Tickets are on sale at headquarters, at the following prices, which include refreshments: Members, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d.; non-members, 2s. 6d.; double, 4s. Members are asked to pay for admission in order to cover the inevitable additional expenditure.

* * *

The Council of the Fellowship are making efforts to start a Leyton and District branch to take the place of the late Walthamstow branch. With that end in view, a meeting is to be held in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, High Road, Leyton, on 11 December, at 7.30 p.m., when Mr. Watson Thornton will give his popular lecture-recital, "Scenes and Characters from Charles Dickens," and the necessary business will be transacted during an interval. Admission will be free.

* * *

The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of that drawn by Charles Alston Collins for the original issue of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which has been so much in evidence during the last month or two.

THE EDITOR.

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CHRISTMAS IN DICKENS-LAND

A REVERIE

By J. W. T. LEY

"There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas."—*Sketches by Boz.*

IT is a platitude that "the old-fashioned Christmas is a thing of the past." But is it altogether true? It was true in 1837. The great Apostle of Christmas, as Charles Dickens has, with justice, been called, said in his heading to that delightful "good-humoured Christmas chapter" in *Pickwick*, that the good customs therein recorded are "not quite so religiously kept up in these degenerate days." But are we to say that his life's work has been wasted? Are we to say that the world has forgotten the lesson he taught in *Sketches by Boz*, in *Pickwick*, in the Christmas Books, in *Household Words*, and in *All the Year Round*? Surely not! Surely Christmas is with us, as it was with Scrooge's nephew, "a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time . . . when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys"?

"There is a magic in the very name of Christmas." Verily there is. Have you ever in your imagination spent half an hour in the company of the children of the master's brain? I have done so, often. Let us see them celebrating the season of goodwill.

It is the spacious but cosy parlour of an inn. "The walls and ceiling are hung with living green, from every part of which the bright, gleaming berries glisten. The crisp leaves of holly and mistletoe and ivy reflect back the light, as if so many little mirrors have been scattered here," and a mighty blaze goes roaring up the chimney. Here they are; all assembled round the festive board; as bright a company as man could wish to behold. Mr. Pickwick occupies the post of honour. He is at the head of the table, and his kind eyes beam with delight as he looks around him and sees nothing but joyous faces. Who is that seated opposite to him—that stout, jovial, elderly gentleman? Why, who else should it be but our dear old friend Wardle? Yes, there he is; happy and good-tempered as of yore. His face is a very picture of happiness as his eyes fall upon his two daughters, Isabella and Emily, seated by the sides of their respective husbands—Mr. Trundle and Mr. Snodgrass. At Mr. Pickwick's right hand is Miss Betsey Trotwood (the one I love best of all this glorious company). She still has that austere appearance which we know so well; but as she looks around the table her glance lights upon David Copperfield and his noble wife Agnes, and her face becomes softened, whilst I fancy a tear rolls down her cheek. At any rate, she takes her spectacles off, and vigorously rubs them with her pocket handkerchief.

Mr. Dick is at David's side, and in response to a question from Dr. Strong, who, with his good young wife Annie, sits opposite, remarks that he hopes before long to have the memorial completed, though he has not yet quite mastered the difficulty of keeping King Charles's head out of the document. That truest of friends, Tommy Traddles, is in the company, and, of course, "the dearest girl in the world" is at his

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elbow. Mr. Toots is close by, with a black-eyed, vivacious little woman, who, he assures John Westlock, is "a most remarkable woman." John Westlock, by the way, looks happy, as he introduces to John Jarndyce that best of little women, Ruth. And well he may be happy, for surely if any man in this wide world is to be envied, he is that man. And Mr. Jarndyce, as he exchanges jokes with Wardle, constantly assures his whilom housekeeper, Esther, that the wind has veered round from the east to the west. See, there is our old friend Wilkins Micawber. His face is another picture of perfect contentment, and his conviviality even infuses cheerfulness into Mrs. Nickleby, who informs him that she is reminded by this gathering of a family party years ago, which she particularly remembers, because on that occasion her boy Nicholas suffered the consequences of eating too much plum pudding. In her anxiety, she goes on to say, she summoned the doctor, who came in a new coach, which she distinctly remembers, because its wheels, which were round, were painted yellow. Arthur Clennam is present, with his pure-souled wife Amy. Mr. F——'s aunt, who has overheard Mrs. Nickleby's reminiscences, remarks to Flora Finching, with, perhaps, just a little more reason than her remarks may be credited with generally, "You can't put brains into a brass knob"; to which Mrs. Nickleby, apparently totally failing to discern any application of the remark, vouchsafes no answer.

Have I overlooked Tom Pinch? He is here; of course he is—the same dear old simple Tom that used to keep house with his sister at Islington. He is all smiles now, and he is cracking his jokes, Tom is, just as he was one famous morning when he and Ruth were surprised by the arrival of a certain visitor. And the "lean mummer," Jingle, is at the table, as welcome a member of the company as is Joe Gargery, who is struck with something like awe when introduced to David Copperfield, and whispers to Pip that before Mr. Copperfield could write books he had to learn his alphabet, just as had the King upon his throne before he could write his Acts of Parliament in print. Kind-hearted Dick Swiveller is seated at the table with a young lady, whom he introduces to Mrs. Todgers as "the Marchioness," and whom he informs that the "old min is frindly" nowadays. And Bob Cratchit and all the Cratchits; and Dr. Marigold; and Walter Gay and his brave wife; and Prince Turveydrop and his wife; and the man with a mouth like a post office, John Wemmick; and "the cherub," and the "Boofer Lady" and her husband; and honest "Noddy" Boffin and his partner (who justifies her husband's assertion to Mr. Dick that she is "a highflyer at fashion"); and Tony Weller; and Kate Nickleby; and Dolly Varden (whose lips are as kissable as ever); and Newman Noggs; and Lucie Manette; and Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, with Tattycoram; and honest John Peerybingle and his Dot and carry—(I was nearly doing what John himself only just avoided); and Captain Cuttle—all these are here, and many more. Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen are holding an animated conversation, of which, however, only a few odd words, such as "legs," "brains," "capital subject," are distinguishable. Mr. Winkle is seated by the side of a charming, black-eyed little woman whom we used to know as Arabella Allen.

Do you recognize the waiters? Never were there more jolly and

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attentive waiters. Sam Weller, standing behind his master's chair, is in his very best form, and keeps the Fat Boy, who is at the other end of the table (and who, by the way, is awake), in a constant state of terror with his awful grimaces; while, in response to Mr. Pickwick's request for "Just a little more beef, Sam," he says, "A little goes a long way, sir, as the nursemaid said when she dropped the baby over the Monument railings." Mark Tapley, the very picture of jollity, has very good reason for asserting, as he does in an undertone to Sam, that "there ain't no

DICKENS INVOKING THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

From a drawing by Kyd, kindly lent by Messrs. Maurice and Co., of Bedford Street, W.C.

credit in bein' jolly in such company." Bailey junior, since his announcement that "the wittles is hup," has been on his best behaviour.

And now the dinner is over, and Mr. Micawber is asked to brew a bowl of punch. As he complies with the request, his face wears a

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smile of perfectly ecstatic enjoyment. As the steaming mixture is handed round, the merriment increases, and every one enthusiastically drinks to Dick Swiveller's toast, "May the fire of soul be kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and may the wing of friendship never moult a feather." Mr. Pickwick makes a speech. There he stands, as he did when we first made his acquaintance, with one hand gracefully placed behind his back, and the other outstretched. The only differences are that he does not stand on a chair, and that he holds a glass of punch in his outstretched hand. His words are so drowned by the constant applause that we cannot catch them properly, but he concludes by wishing every one "fifty more Christmases at least in this world, and eternal summers in another." He is followed by Wardle, and he, in his turn, by Mr. Micawber, who takes the opportunity to tell the company that, after waiting for a considerable period, something has at last turned up, and that he entertains confident expectations that before many days have elapsed, he will be in a position to dispose of any obligations that he may be under to Mr. Traddles, and to the friend and companion of his youth, Copperfield.

Mr. Wardle is called upon for a song, and after informing the company that his voice is not what it once was, sings in his own hearty manner his favourite, "A Christmas Carol." And the company lustily take up the refrain—

> But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
> The hearty, the true, and the bold ;
> A bumper I drain, and with might and main
> Give three cheers for this Christmas old.

Tom Pinch accompanies him on the piano. Others follow, even Sam Weller being pressed into the service, and telling the company about Bold Turpin, who

> . . . vunce on Hounslow Heath,
> His brown mare Bess, bestrode—er,

whilst two of the most popular numbers are songs by Master Micawber and by Caleb Plummer, who sings about "the sparkling bowl."

And so the merry hours pass. Everybody is determined to be happy, and to make everybody else happy. Never was there a more light-hearted and good-tempered company. Not a single discord. By and by the tables and chairs are pushed back to make room for Sir Roger. "Now the music strikes up, and the dance commences. The bright fire crackles and sparkles, rises and falls, as though it joins the dance itself in right good fellowship. Sometimes it roars as if it would make music too. Sometimes it sports with the holly boughs, and, shining on the leaves by fits and starts, makes them look as though they were in the cold winter night again and fluttering in the wind. Sometimes its genial humour grows obstreperous and passes all bounds, and then it casts into the room, among the twinkling feet, with a loud burst, a shower of harmless little sparks, and in its exultation leaps and bounds like a mad thing by the broad cold chimney." Mr. Pickwick leads off with Miss Betsey Trotwood. "Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them, three or four and twenty pair of partners, people who are not to be trifled with, people who *will* dance and have no notion of walking." They are followed by Mr. Wardle and his mother, who goes through the numerous steps,

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if not with the same agility as she did sixty years ago, with the same buoyant spirits. Mr. Micawber, whose happiness seems to be constantly on the increase, leads out his life's partner; Mr. Tupman dances with Mrs. Nickleby; Sam Weller joins the revels with Mary, the pretty housemaid, for his partner; so does Mark Tapley, with Mrs. Lupin: and so does Bailey junior, with Tilly Slowboy; whilst Scrooge, who has vied all the evening with Tackleton for the honour of being the jolliest of the company, leads out his pretty niece, and as he goes through the mazes of the dance, his legs seem to wink, even as did those of Fezziwig on a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve. Only one sits out, and he, poor little chap, is lame. Yes, Tiny Tim sits alone in the chimney-corner; but there is no sign of discontent on his face, and he enters into the fun as heartily as does Sam Weller—"and that ain't sayin' a little, neither."

And so we reluctantly leave them. It is good to meet old friends, and assuredly we have been in the company of very dear old friends to-night. Blessed be the memory of him who gave them to us.

A STAGE VERSION OF "THE CHIMES"

By ARTHUR W. À'BECKETT

THE CHIMES has always had a peculiar fascination for me, as it was one of the stories that my father, the late Gilbert Abbott à'Beckett, metropolitan police magistrate, dramatist and journalist, adapted at the request of Charles Dickens for the stage. It was written in 1844, when *Punch* was three years old and Mark Lemon, its earliest editor, or (as some people assert) joint editor, was associated with his colleague in the conversion of the "goblin story of some bells that rang an old year out and a new year in" to a stage play. As I write the version is before me. It was produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday, 19 December, 1844. I cannot say I recollect its inauguration, as I was at the time only six weeks old. But looking through the list of the *dramatis personæ*, I find a number of very familiar names. The Prologue (the spirit of *The Chimes*) was played by Miss E. Chaplin, a niece of Charles Kean, a lady who a little later was to make her mark in the "juvenile lead" in the famous Shakespearean revivals at the Royal Princess's Theatre. Toby Veck was entrusted to O. Smith. This choice surprises me, as the actor had a reputation for stage villainy. The Adelphi sixty years ago was famous for its melodrama, and O. Smith was, usually the representative of vice, allowed to be triumphant during four acts of the piece, to be vanquished by virtue in the fifth. Then Alderman Cute was given to the leading low comedian, Mr. Wright, the predecessor of my dear old friend, J. L. Toole, in the same "line of business" in the same house. I find that there is a connecting link between Wright and Toole in the representative of Sir Joseph Bowley, Bart., M.P., Paul Bedford. It was the duty (as a rule) for Bedford to act as a foil to Wright, and he performed the same useful office to every one's favourite "Johnny" Toole. Richard was played by Selby, who was one of the "stock authors" at the Adelphi ever ready to "adapt from the French." Fish was entrusted to C. J. Smith, a clever little fellow who made a big hit when Jefferson

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appeared at the same house in Dion Boucicault's version of *Rip Van Winkle*. Cullenford, who appeared as Choker, subsequently migrated to the Haymarket Theatre, where he became a member of the stock company headed first by Benjamin Webster, and subsequently by Buckstone. The best-known actress in the troupe was Mrs. Frank Matthews, who played Mrs. Chickenstalker. *The Chimes* was divided into four quarters or acts. The first scene showed the belfry close to the house of Alderman Cute. A band of "original Tivoli professors"

TROTTY VECK AND MEG
From a drawing by W. Denby in *The People's Journal*, 1845

were engaged in playing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," the famous ballad from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, an opera then in the freshness of its youth. Jacob, the head of the "street musicianers" (German bands had yet to be imported), invites his colleagues to go down to a house round the corner. "They're werry partial to 'Marble Halls,' if you give it 'em with inflections," says he, adding that "he'll be down in time for the polka." This last was a measure that was rapidly becoming popular. It was a far more complicated affair than the present figure, and included a slide and kick something after the fashion of the barn dance of to-day, or rather yesterday. *The Chimes*

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was the second of Dickens's Christmas stories, following upon the *Christmas Carol*, published in 1843. Both booklets (to use a word recently coined) were published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, then the intimate friends of the author, and the two *Punch* men—Mark Lemon and Gilbert Abbott à Beckett—to whom the dramatization had been entrusted. In the preface to the edition of the Christmas Books, published in 1850, Charles Dickens wrote: "My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of masque, which the good humour of the season justified, to awaken some forgiving and forbearing thoughts never out of season in a Christian land." The story of *The Chimes* pointed the moral that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor the good in one another.

The Chimes was composed much on the same lines as the *Christmas Carol*, and was once again a whimsical kind of masque, the goblin of the *Bells* supplying the place occupied by Christmas Past, Present, and to Come. In the third story of the series, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, dramatized by Dion Boucicault, Dickens got away from fairy-land into the workaday world pure and simple. Reading *The Chimes* one cannot help being struck by the similarity of the situation of to-day to the situation of sixty years ago. We have still our poor and our unemployed. But where is our Dickens?

It has occurred to me that *The Chimes* could be very well dramatized once again, and I have taken the task in hand. It will be a labour of love. With the materials before me I have the opportunity of representing the story in the dramatic form that would have met with the approbation of its author. I have noticed that the Dickens Fellowship has its Amateur Dramatic Club. It may be that *The Chimes* will be too serious an undertaking for amateurs, although in the *Masque of Flowers* (which I produced at Gray's Inn, as Master of the Revels, in 1887) amateurs came well to the front, as actors, singers, and dancers.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME"

IT is the time of gentle thoughts and words,
When voices that make music in the ear
(As do the love-notes of sweet-throated birds),
Are speaking the old welcomes, trite, yet dear:
And folk, made happy by their Christmas cheer,
Tell o'er the names of friends in bygone times,
And sing old songs such as their sires did hear,
Until the carols mingle with the chimes.
At such a time thou comest, little book!
And find'st a welcome waiting everywhere:
The gorgeous chamber and the chimney nook,
The SPIRIT of thy leaves is asked to share,
As though he were a guest expected there,
And coming with an honoured kinsman's claim—
Such a "familiar face" he seems to wear—
And such a household word doth sound his name.

Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*, January, 1846.

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A "BOZ" BIRTHDAY BOOK*

By J. CUMING WALTERS

AUTHOR OF "CLUES TO DICKENS'S MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," ETC.

I HAVE reproduced at the foot of the page the full title page of this tastefully produced volume for a special reason. It is almost a commentary, and it is decidedly a recommendation in itself. The dear familiar "Boz" leads to pleasant anticipations of the results of intimate acquaintance, and these anticipations are fulfilled. What, too, could be more fitting and more felicitous than that a volume so agreeable to the desires of good Dickensians should emanate from the General Secretary of the Fellowship? He is a "choice spirit," as Dick Swiveller would say, and we obtain an initial understanding that we may repose complete confidence in the loving devotion and the scrupulous care with which he will carry out a self-assigned labour. The Index makes a new and valuable feature in compilations, for birthday books are but too frequently unsystematic and formless, and, as works of general reference, hopelessly impracticable. Finally, what could be more appropriate and assuring than the imprint of Dickens's own publishers? Their imprimatur is a testimonial in itself.

It has often seemed to me in examining birthday books that the compilers have chiefly succeeded in making their author look foolish. A detached phrase, never intended to stand alone as wisdom or philosophy, is put forth as a monument, whereas it is only revealed as a molehill. Mr. Ley has avoided this error. No compilation can be beyond criticism, and no selection can be perfect; but after careful examination of Mr. Ley's seven hundred and more extracts I have the feeling, the conviction, that these passages, almost without exception, stand firmly on their merits. They are concrete in their wisdom, their sentiment, and their humour; they are typical of the author's genius, and they embody his favourite ideas and the essence of his teaching.

By a happy and judicious arrangement Mr. Ley differentiates between Dickens, when expressing his thoughts, and the characters of his creation when uttering theirs. Herein this Birthday Book excels most of its class, where jumbled quotations give no exact hint given of their derivation. It would, for example, be unfair to quote some striking observation of Micawber's or Pecksniff's and leave us in doubt as to its origin; on the other hand, by naming the actual speaker, Mr. Ley contrives to give us in the selected passage an illumination of that speaker's character. Often, too, he allows Dickens to address us direct, and he has culled some rare flowers from letters and addresses as well as from the books. "The form of religion does not so greatly matter if we try to do good" was a dictum of his own, a message from his heart.

There is one other feature of the volume it were graceless to omit mentioning. The Dedicatory Preface is inscribed to Mr. B. W. Matz, who, in his double capacity as Editor of *The Dickensian* and as first Hon. General Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship—to say nothing of

* *The Boz Birthday Book.* Compiled by J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship. With an Index to Subjects and Portrait of Charles Dickens. London: Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.

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his lifelong interest in and devotion to Dickens and his works—fully deserves the enthusiastic words which Mr. Ley bestows upon him. I might be tempted to dilate upon this, but that I fear the fate that befell the author of *Somebody's Luggage*, whose complimentary parenthesis was "editorially struck out." *The Boz Birthday Book* should be conspicuously in evidence for many years to come. It is at once a textbook and a tribute.

THE MYSTERIES OF EDWIN DROOD

By LUKE FILDES, R.A.

THE following important and interesting letter from Mr. Luke Fildes, the illustrator of *Edwin Drood*, appeared in *The Times* of 3 November, a comment upon which appears on another page of this issue in the form of a letter from Mr. J. Cumming Walters:—

SIR,—In an article entitled "The Mysteries of Edwin Drood" in your issue of to-day, the writer, speculating on the various theories advanced as solutions of the mystery, ventures to say:—

> Nor do we attach much importance to any of the hints Dickens dropped, whether to John Forster, to any member of his family, or to either of his illustrators. He was very anxious that his secret should not be guessed, and the hints which he dropped may very well have been intentionally misleading.

I know Charles Dickens was very anxious that his secret should not be guessed, but it surprises me to read that he could be thought capable of the deceit so lightly attributed to him.

The "hints he dropped" to me, his sole illustrator—for Charles Collins, his son-in-law, only designed the green cover for the monthly parts, and Collins told me he did not in the least know the significance of the various groups in the design; that they were drawn from instructions personally given by Charles Dickens and not from any text—these "hints" to me were the outcome of a request of mine that he would explain some matters, the meaning of which I could not comprehend and which were for me, his illustrator, embarrassingly hidden.

I instanced in the printers' rough proof of the monthly part sent to me to illustrate where he particularly described John Jasper as wearing a neckerchief of such dimensions as to go twice around his neck; I called his attention to the circumstance that I had previously dressed Jasper as wearing a little black tie once round the neck, and I asked him if he had any special reasons for the alteration of Jasper's attire, and, if so, I submitted I ought to know. He, Dickens, appeared for a moment to be disconcerted by my remark, and said something meaning he was afraid he was "getting on too fast" and revealing more than he meant at that early stage, and after a short silence, cogitating, he suddenly said, "Can you keep a secret?" I assured him he could rely on me. He then said, "I must have the double necktie! It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it."

I was impressed by his earnestness, as, indeed, I was at all my interviews with him—also by the confidence which he said he reposed in me, trusting that I would not in any way refer to it, as he feared even a chance remark might find its way into the "papers" and thus anticipate his "mystery"; and it is a little startling, after more than thirty-five years of profound belief in the nobility of character and sincerity of Charles Dickens, to be told now that he probably was more or less of a humbug on such occasions.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

HARROGATE, *Oct.* 27. LUKE FILDES.

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THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY

A REVIEW OF THE SOLUTIONS TO "EDWIN DROOD"

By GEORGE F. GADD

CHAPTER VII

MINOR CONTRIBUTIONS

IT is now necessary to retrace our steps a little in order to fully cover the period separating Proctor's earliest "loving study" from his final volume, *Watched by the Dead.*

Reference was made in the last chapter to a contribution in *The Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1884, entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood: Suggestions for a Conclusion." This purports to be written from the point of view of a reader, on internal evidence only, and, as the first attempt to solve the problem in accordance with Forster's statement, it calls for some consideration at our hands, quite apart from the circumstance that Proctor specially selected it for attack. A considerable portion of the article is devoted to the superfluous question of Jasper's guilt, but, having established that proposition to his complete satisfaction, the author proceeds to consider the more subtle difficulties of the plot. The sole mystery, we are told, lies in the method of concealing the crime. Jasper contrives to obtain the Sapsea key while in temporary possession of Durdles's bundle, and either takes a cast then and there, or substitutes a false key, with which he may have come prepared. "If the substituted key," says the theorist, "were not precisely similar to the real one, it would not open the tomb, which would be all the more advantageous to Jasper." In what way the inevitable detection of such a fraud would benefit the choirmaster's plans is not at all clear, and the writer does not explain further. Lime, of course, is placed in the tomb, and the strangled Edwin is cast into it. Datchery, who, as "Gillan Vase" suspected, is a professional detective in the employ of Grewgious, prevails upon the opium woman to permit his presence at the den on the occasion of Jasper's next orgy, and the gallant Mr. Tartar, in sailor rig, likewise attends to furnish additional proof. As in *John Jasper's Secret*, the criminal unwittingly discloses his crime before interested company, whereupon a search for the body is instituted, and pursued with the aid of the stonemason's peculiar faculty for discovery. The stones of the betrothal ring are found and identified by Grewgious and Bazzard; the chain of evidence is completed by Durdles, Deputy, Puffer, and others, and Jasper is brought to justice. All the principal characters fare according to Forster, excepting Neville, who is allowed to live and "begin the world anew."

Early in 1885 a well-known paper, *The Weekly Budget*, included in its contents the opening chapters of a serial tale by Mrs. C. A. Read, called *The Welfleet Mystery.* According to the preface, "the story may be termed an outgrowth of Dickens's last work. The first half necessarily follows the plot of *Edwin Drood* very closely, although it has been the writer's aim to vary the characters, incidents, and conversations, so that they may not seem simply a tame repetition to those who have read the great master's work."

Certainly tameness is not an obvious failing of this production. If one might judge from the rude illustration of Welfleet Cathedral and

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graveyard on a moonlight night—with John Knight (Jasper) muffled, like Monks, in a long cloak, and listening in apparent dismay to the inopportune pleadings of a mysterious female who is certainly not the Puffer—one might be disposed to consider the story of a very wild and thrilling character indeed. The text, too, reminds one of the cheap sensational literature of the time rather than recalls the mature work of our great novelist. All the familiar figures of the original story revel, in these pages, in a complete change of name, and their personal characteristics are distorted, perhaps in accord with that circumstance.

In September, 1887, the *Belgravia Magazine* returned to the subject, but this time the celebrated mystery was employed for the purposes of a short story. *Mystery on Mystery*, by Edward Salmon, is the supposed narration of an author of recognized "Dickensesque" powers, who is editorially commissioned to write a conclusion. He accepts, but is deterred from his task by the appearance of Dickens's ghost, which utters a solemn protest. How little Mr. Salmon's author penetrated into the real mystery is evident from the statement that at the end of a week's study he had "spotted" the murderer, and discovered where the body was hidden. To "spot" the criminal is no great feat. As Mr. Marzials says in his *Life of Dickens:* "Guilty, guilty, most certainly guilty. Let the judge put on the black cap and Jasper be devoted to his merited doom."

CHAPTER VIII

FINAL CLUES

WHETHER *Watched by the Dead* was generally regarded as a satisfactory solution, or whether public interest and individual ingenuity alike declined after that work appeared, the fact remains that for many years no further attempt was made to revive the subject of this alluring problem. The smithy which had so long resounded to the ring of hammer on anvil, as links were forged to complete the unfinished chain, became silent and dark. The links themselves, powerless to "hold and drag," lay neglected, and almost forgotten, all of them covered with the rust of time, and many well-nigh hidden beneath the dust of obscurity.

Nevertheless, further work remained to be done. In June of the present year Mr. J. Cuming Walters published his now well-known little book in green covers, *Clues to Dickens's Mystery of Edwin Drood*, setting forth therein an entirely new theory. This solution, at once surprising in its nature and admirable in its presentment, fully admits the Forster explanation of Dickens's intentions, and at the same time furnishes abundant evidence of the novelty and ingenuity which were promised by the great author at the outset of the story. It is a noteworthy fact that the first serious inquirers into the mystery handled the very thread or clue which Mr. Walters has operated so successfully; and it is, perhaps, still more strange that the two deductions should be so widely different.

Readers of *Edwin Drood* will freely admit that the seventh chapter of that work gives a vivid impression of the character of Helena Landless. Her past history and present demeanour are set forth in detail too clear to be lightly disregarded. The authors of *John Jasper's*

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Secret, a sequel now nearly thirty-five years old, duly noted Helena's early essays in male impersonation, and dispatched her, once more in boy's attire, to Jasper's opium haunt in London. Mr. Walters sees in Miss Landless the capacity for a much more difficult task, and is firmly of opinion that he has laid his hand upon the real Mr. Datchery, white wig and all. With the double motive of protecting Rosa, and of vindicating the fair fame of her brother, Helena thus establishes an unsuspected watch on Jasper's movements, and, having accumulated her share of the evidence, contrives to lure the criminal to the scene of his evil deed, as suggested by the most significant of the cover illustrations. Mr. Walters conceives that Neville Landless receives his death-blow whilst protecting his sister, and so gives Jasper a double claim to the gallows.

It is no part of our present purpose to enter into details which are readily accessible to all, but a few words of criticism will be in keeping with the methods we have adopted throughout this review.

The most important objection to be offered is, of course, the enormous difficulty of such an assumption as is suggested. It certainly requires the exercise of considerable imagination to picture a young and lovely girl successfully masquerading as an elderly man. But the standard of real life should not be applied too inflexibly. Probably no one ever succeeded in evading detection by the stage device of a false beard hooked round the ears, yet we have Rokesmith, in *Our Mutual Friend*, donning and doffing an oakum wig and whiskers with facility and security.

But if we are to admit Mr. Walters's theory, we ought to know why Datchery, "alone and unobserved," was apparently unable to find Mrs. Tope's, notwithstanding the "fatally precise" directions of the Crozier waiter. Tope was the verger, well-known in the city. Helena had lived for six months in Cloisterham, and must have been as fully aware of the situation of Tope's and Jasper's as of the cathedral itself. We ought also to be able to explain why Datchery rushed into Jasper's presence so impatiently, as though courting detection. One would think that Helena would postpone a meeting with the enemy until she and others were familiarized with her disguised self. Further, it behoves us to inquire whether Miss Landless would not greatly fear a disastrous meeting with Mr. Crisparkle, and, finally, whether Datchery was wise to impress upon Cloisterham his determination to "settle" in the city, knowing that frequent journeys must be taken to the country of the Magic Beanstalk.

To all these queries Mr. Walters may be able to furnish satisfactory answers. Meanwhile we take leave of his little work with the firm conviction that it marks the high-water level of Drood solutions, and is deserving of unstinted praise.

After a preliminary canter in the pages of *Longman's Magazine* for September, Mr. Andrew Lang seated himself more firmly on the Drood hobby-horse by the issue, in October, of a small volume of argument in opposition to that of his immediate predecessor. *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot* claims to be an endorsement of Proctor's theory—with variations. It may seem ironical to congratulate the author upon a variation which goes far to overset the theory. Nevertheless Mr. Lang

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has knocked away the strongest prop of his adopted solutionist by means of a discovery of the first importance. It has hitherto been supposed that the extraordinary attitude of Grewgious towards Jasper at the memorable interview after Drood's disappearance is only explainable on the assumption of Edwin's return to life; but now a new and sufficient reason is apparent. "I have just left Miss Landless," says the old lawyer pointedly, and we wonder how it is that the keen Proctor and others after him failed to note so significant a remark. Rosa, we know, had been reticent with her guardian, but Grewgious could learn from Helena sufficient to make him suspect the possibility of worse behind. The angular man disclosed to Jasper a piece of news, and this now stands out vividly, not as the beginning of Drood's scheme of punishment, but as *an ingenious test of Jasper's guilt.* Taken by surprise, the criminal fell, and the worst suspicions of Grewgious were realized. Mr. Lang vigorously attacks other difficulties, but, like Proctor, he cannot satisfactorily patch the great flaw of Neville's abandonment to the execration of the world. It will not do to say that Edwin could not come forward until his evidence was complete. He had no need to "come forward." A word in Neville's ear would have changed despair into joy; but that word was certainly never spoken.

At the eleventh hour, information reaches the writer concerning a unique solution, properly belonging to the early days when *The Cloven Foot* made its appearance in America. About six months after the death of Dickens, there was produced, at the Surrey Theatre, London, a drama in four acts, by Mr. Walter Stephens, bearing the same title as the work on which it is founded. The author, by means of free transposition, managed to condense into the compass of a few scenes all the important features of the half-told tale. The tragic event of the play is brought about within the gloomy vaults of the cathedral, where Datchery and Durdles witness Jasper's efforts to cast Rosa into the pit containing Drood's remains. The Buffer effects a timely rescue, and when he removes his wig, we are surprised to find that Neville Landless has been working out his own deliverance. Jasper takes a large dose of opium, and, as officers enter to apprehend him, he falls —presumably to slow music.

THE END.

NOTE.—Grateful acknowledgments for valuable assistance rendered in the collection of material for the above review are due to Messrs. W. Miller, B. W. Matz, J. T. Page, George Schneider, and A. Humphreys.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Dec. 1.—"It is incumbent upon all people in an exalted position . . . to make themselves respected."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Dorrit.

Dec. 2.—"That there are classes which, if rightly treated, constitute strength, and if wrongly, weakness, I hold it impossible to deny."—*Speech at Birmingham.*

Dec. 3.—"(Father Time)—to whom it is no matter what living waters run high or low, reflect the heavenly lights and darknesses, produce their little growth of weeds and flowers, turn here, turn there, are noisy or still, are troubled or at rest, for their course has one sure termination, though their own sources and devices are many."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Dec. 5.—"Power (unless it be the power of intellect or virtue) has ever the greatest attractions for the lowest natures."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

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Dec. 6.—"The poor and wretched, at the worst . . . have some deformed and hunchbacked goodness clinging to them."—*Letter to John Forster.*

Dec. 7.—"A man's thoughts is like the winds, and nobody can't answer for 'em for certain, any length of time together."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

Dec. 8.—"Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold."—*Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble.*

Dec. 9.—"It is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lips, and idle in the heart, or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of Swift, have just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another."—*Preface to Pickwick Papers.* (First cheap edition.)

Dec. 10.—"Why should there be cold and worldly secrets between relations?"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Dec. 11.—"Some conjurors say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one."—*Oliver Twist*—Fagin.

Dec. 12.—"It ain't so much that a person goes into Society, as it is that Society goes into a person."—*Going into Society*—Mr. Magsman.

Dec. 13.—"I hold . . . that it is impossible for any fabric of society to go on, day after day, and year after year, from father to son, and from grandfather to grandson, punishing men for not engaging in the pursuit of virtue, and for the practice of crime, without showing them what virtue is and where it can be found—in justice, religion, and truth."—*Speech at Birmingham.*

Dec. 14.—"Women are contradictory creatures in some things, but their hearts are soft and kind."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Omer.

Dec. 15.—"There ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-intereth after all, but thomething very different."—*Hard Times*—Mr. Sleary.

Dec. 16.—"I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised; that it was worthy of living in for many reasons."—*Speech at Edinburgh.*

Dec. 17.—"Show me the man who says anything against women, as women, and I boldly declare he is not a man."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Snodgrass.

Dec. 18.—"There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their own vocation scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs; and hence it is that diseased sympathy and compassion are every day expended on out-of-the-way objects, when only too many demands upon the legitimate exercise of the same virtues in a healthy state are constantly within the sight and hearing of the most unobservant person alive. In short, charity must have its romance, as the novelist or playwright must have his."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Dec. 19.—"It is a sad thing to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Tim Linkinwater.

Dec. 20.—"So cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

Dec. 21.—"In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived, and so finely felt, as injustice."—*Great Expectations.*

Dec. 22.—"I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letters here or there."—*Will.*

Dec. 23.—"That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose heart something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened by the recurrence of Christmas."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Dec. 24.—"Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own friends and his quiet home."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Dec. 25.—"There are people who will tell you that each succeeding Christmas is not to them what it used to be, that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope, or happy prospect of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that

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the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal recollections. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glasses be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter and empty it off-hand and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse. Look on the merry faces of your children (if you have any) as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's heart, and roused the mother's pride to look upon, may not be there. Dwell not upon the past. Think not that one short year ago the fair child now resolving into dust sat before you with the bloom of health upon its cheek and the gaiety of infancy in its joyous eye. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Dec. 27.—"Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought) and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Dec. 28.—"Christmas comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round we shall make this earth a very different place."—*The Seven Poor Travellers.*

Dec. 29.—"When we come suddenly in a crowded street upon the careworn features of a familiar face—crossing us like the ghost of pleasant times long forgotten—let us not recall those features with pain, in sad remembrance of what they once were, but let us go back a pace or two to meet it once again, as that of a friend who has beguiled us of a moment of care, who has taught us to sympathise with virtuous grief, cheating us to tears for sorrows not our own—and we all know how pleasant are such tears."—*Speech in London.*

Dec. 30.—"The society of girls is a very delightful thing."—*David Copperfield*—Tommy Traddles.

Dec. 31.—"Everything has an end. Even young ladies in love can't read their love letters for ever."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XII.

ON HIS "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

HONOUR to Genius! when its lofty speech
Stirs through the soul, and wakes its echoing strings;
But honour tenfold! when its day-words reach
The selfish heart, and there let loose the springs
Of pity, gushing blood-warm from a breach
Rent in its close-bound stony coverings.
Yes! tenfold honour, and the love of men,
The kind, the good, attend on Genius then,
And bless and sanctify those words divine.
Such words, Charles Dickens, truly have been thine;
And thou hast earn'd true glory with all love;
Long may the torch of Christmas gladly shine
Upon thy home, while voices from above
Music thy Carol, and again impart
Mirth and good tidings to the poor man's heart.

The Illuminated Magazine, 1844. W. W. G.

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DICKENS'S KINDNESS OF HEART

By LADY FLORENCE DIXIE

I WAS a very little child when I first saw Dickens, and he died not long after that time. He used to visit my grandfather, General Sir William Robert Clayton, at Harleyford,* and knew my mother well. One day, tired with playing with my twin brother, I left this latter by the Thames side, and wandering about, came upon Dickens sitting reading. Coming to his side, I stood and looked at him, saying, "Tired. Please read to me." He smiled, and took me on his knee. Then he told me the story of Little Nell. When he had finished, I lay quite still and fell asleep, and when I awoke he was sitting also quite still so as not to awake me. This shows his kindness of heart, for I must have seriously interfered with his reading and leisure. This is just a little glimpse from a life—a snapshot.

* Harleyford lies just above Temple House and near Great Marlow, on the Thames.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

A Christmas Carol (*Kristnaska Sonorado*) *Kristnaska Rakonto de la Glora Angla Autoro Charles Dickens.* Esperantizita de Martyn Westcott. *Review of Reviews* Office, London. 1s. net, paper; 1s. 6d. net, cloth.

A Christmas Carol. Embellished with eight plates from drawings by Charles Pears. London: The Library Press, 9 Duke Street, Charing Cross. 2s. net.

A Pickwick Calendar and Greeting Card for 1906. London: O. Anacker. 6d. each.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"An Appreciation of Dickens." By Wilson Crewdson. *Hastings and St. Leonard's Advertiser*, 26 October.

"Charles Dickens: Social Reformer." By W. J. F. *The Co-operative News*, 28 October.

"The Passing of Sikes." *Outlook*, 28 October.

"Edwin Drood Again." By J. Cuming Walters. *Academy*, 28 October.

"Mr. Lang: the Disentangler." By Walter Herries Pollock. *Evening Standard*, 30 October.

"Mr. Lang Detecting Again." By G. K. Chesterton. *Daily News*. 2 November.

"The Mysteries of Edwin Drood." *Times*, 27 October. Letters on the same from Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., 3 November, and Mr. Andrew Lang, 10 November.

"Dickens's London." Four-page illustrated supplement. *Black and White*, 4 November.

"Buttoned-up Men" (Turnover). *The Globe*, 6 November.

"Edwin Drood: Solutions to the Mystery." By Henry Smetham. *Rochester and Chatham Journal*, 18 November.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Oliver Twist. Six cards of Characters in the Play. Rotary Photo Co. 2d. each.

Homes of Literary Men. A set of six cards, including one of Dickens. No. 9098. Raphael Tuck and Co.

Irving as "Jingle." Beagles and Co., 9 Little Britain, E.C. 2d.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE first of the ordinary monthly meetings of the session was held on 1 November at the Memorial Hall. Unfortunately the weather was most unfavourable, but this notwithstanding, there was a good attendance. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore gave a lecture on "Dickens and Walking." The subject is a most comprehensive one, and Mr. Shore dealt with it in the most interesting manner, holding his audience from beginning to end. Mr. Arthur Waugh was in the chair, and before introducing the lecturer made appropriate reference to the late Sir Henry Irving. He also appealed for contributions to the National Dickens Library Fund. During the evening Mr. Howard Rose gave an excellent recitation of David Copperfield's walk to Dover.

THE NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE Sale of Work and Entertainment in aid of the Guild funds will be opened at 3 o'clock on 6 December, at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., by Mr. Arthur W. à Beckett. Canon Benham will take the chair, and several other Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship—including members of the President's family—have signified their intention of being present. As Mr. à Beckett will only be able to remain a short time, we hope all desirous of being present at the opening will be at the hall a little before 3 o'clock. Mr. W. Miles has kindly promised to recite during the afternoon, and there will be a varied and attractive programme throughout. Flowers for the flower-stall may be sent to the Institute on Tuesday or Wednesday morning. The remaining tickets should be applied for at once—1s. each to admit to opening; 6d. each to admit after 7 o'clock.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC CLUB

AS announced in our last issue, the first performance will be given on 19 December at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, E.C., when the "Trial Scene" from *Pickwick* will be given, and "The Gentleman in the Next House," adapted from *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Reserved seats (5s. and 2s. 6d.) can still be booked at headquarters or direct from the Hon. Secretary, Walter Dexter, 40 Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E. Admission to unreserved parts is 1s. As there are only a few seats left, application should be made for them without delay.

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THE first meeting of the present session was held at the new headquarters the Great Western Hotel, on Friday, 3 November, at 8 o'clock. The President of the branch for the forthcoming session (Mr. Edward J. Timings) gave a short address on "The Parent Society," its progress and success, and remarked that the information he had to give was gained by personal intercourse with the parent society as representative of the branch. Attention was called to the suggested scheme for purchasing the "Kitton" Collection of Dickens works, commentaries, etc. This branch has started a subscription to assist this object. Mr. Timings also called attention to the useful work done by the Needlework Guild. The Chairman, Mr. G. Davis, followed with an excellent paper on the original and first editions of the master's works. The meeting closed by a reading of "Dr. Marigold" by Mr. Bosworth, and the usual vote of thanks concluded the gathering.

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BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE annual general meeting was held at the Obelisk Hall, Lewisham, on 23 October, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Whiter. After an opening address by the Chairman, the financial and other interests of the society were discussed. A ballot was taken for officers for the Ladies' Needlework Committee and the General Committee, the result thereof being the election of the undermentioned:—Ladies' Needlework Committee: Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Lewis, and Mrs. Card. General Committee: Mr. Whiter, Mr. Matthews, Mrs. Hubble, Mr. Duggan, and Mr. Hearne. The other officers remain as before. It was announced that meetings of the society would be held this year on Monday, which is more convenient than Friday. Among those present were the Mayor and Mayoress of Lewisham (Mr. and Mrs. T. J. White).

BRIGHTON BRANCH

ENCOURAGED by the unqualified success which attended Mr. Frank Speaight's last visit, the Brighton branch engaged him to give his dramatic recital of *David Copperfield* at the Y.M.C.A. on 29 October, and the recital afforded interest and enjoyment to a large audience. In the chair was Mr. Henry Davey, who has kindly offered prizes for readings and recitations. The conditions provide that each competitor shall do five minutes' reciting and five minutes' reading from selected pieces. The competitions are to take place at the January meeting, and the distribution of awards will be made at the first February meeting.

BRIXTON BRANCH

ON Monday, 23 October, a meeting was held in the Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, with Mr. Sidney Marriott in the chair. Mr. Robert Allbut was elected the representative of the branch for the London Council of the Fellowship. The evening's programme was arranged by Mr. R. J. Block. "The Career of Richard Doubledick" was divided into two parts, and given by Mr. R. J. Block with appropriate force and pathos. At the conclusion of the second part of the reading, some remarks—critical and appreciative—were offered by Messrs. Marriott and Allbut.

EDINBURGH AND LEITH BRANCH

THE annual business meeting of the above branch was held on Thursday evening, 19 October, at 5 St. Andrews Square, when the usual business was transacted, reports being received and approved and the office-bearers for the year elected.

On Thursday, 26 October, the opening lecture of the session was delivered to a crowded audience by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton in the Goold Hall, the subject being "Some Saints and Some Sinners," by Charles Dickens. Mr. Smeaton's admirable address was listened to with much interest. In concluding, he said that at least three-fourths of the power which Dickens has shown in his own sphere in the delineation of character arose from the fact that he had taught a love of virtue and a hatred of vice by contrasting with startling vividness the lives of the virtuous and the vicious.

The meeting held on 9 November was the first of the series of members' nights to be given this session—devoted to our special subjects of study for the year, i.e. *Bleak House* and the Christmas Books. The President, the Rev. James Stevenson, read a paper entitled "The Dead Sea of Chancery," in which he gave a critical and historical analysis of the abuses of the Court of Chancery as they existed in the novelist's time, and which it was his aim to expose in *Bleak House*. Mr. D. W. Gunn read a carefully detailed paper on "Jo," treating the well-known character of the poor waif critically and sympathetically. Both papers were much appreciated and enjoyed.

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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS BRANCH

THE annual general meeting of the branch was held at the Queen's Hotel on Thursday, 19 October. Mr. W. Crewdson presided.

Mr. Hoad read the report, which stated the society was started in October, 1904, with 112 members, and the season concluded in April with 153 on the books. Mr. Tyler presented his balance sheet, which showed a balance in hand of 13s. 6d. The total receipts were £23. 13s. 11d., and in addition to the other expenditure £2 had been sent to the Nursing Association, £2. 2s. to Ore Penny Dinner Fund, and £2. 2s. to the Children's Boot Fund. Mr. Crewdson was elected President; Major Freeman Thomas, M.P., and Mr. Harvey du Cros, were re-elected Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. F. Tyler was re-appointed Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. Hoad Hon. Secretary, reference being made to the excellent work of the latter during the last twelve months. The new President read a short paper on Charles Dickens, which was full of interest. An interesting programme was afterwards carried out, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the members.

HULL BRANCH

THE first public meeting of the newly formed Hull branch was held under the chairmanship of Mr. Mortimer Petty, B.A., in St. Jude's Schoolroom, when upwards of seventy admirers of the great novelist assembled. Mr. Petty gave a very able speech, in which he warned admirers of Dickens against being content to find their enjoyment merely in the inimitable characters of his various works. The chief idea of this branch must be to bring lovers of England's national novelist together in a common bond of friendship, with the avowed object of spreading the love of humanity which permeates all his writings, and to give practical effect to his teachings by following the example he set.

During the evening Mr. Ellison gave a capital rendering of the speech by Serjeant Buzfuz, which was much appreciated. Mr. Holgate Ellison was appointed Hon. Secretary and Mr. F. Bacon Hon. Treasurer.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

ON Thursday, 26 October, the second meeting of the present session was held in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, when Mr. John Lee, B.A., brilliantly lectured on "The Possibilities of the Modern Novel," advising his hearers to study the methods of James and Barrie, both forerunners of the novel of the future. Mr. C. P. Mitchell was elected Hon. Secretary of the branch.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

AT the November meeting, Mr. G. F. Gadd read a paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The keynote of the book, he remarked, was the vice of selfishness, and the note of tragedy was struck with extraordinary power. Jonas Chuzzlewit was a worse miscreant than even Bill Sikes. The comedy of the book was, however, no less admirable than its tragedy, *Pickwick* alone ranking above it in point of humour. With many an apt quotation Mr. Gadd emphasized and enforced the essential features of the work.

Nearly thirty new members have been enrolled this session. A Ladies' Committee, with Mrs. Albert Nicholson as President, has been formed to arrange the details of the Sale of Work in aid of the funds of the Crippled Children's Home at Marple. Miss Annie Chadwick is the Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. John Harwood the Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. A. Humphreys, Hon. Secretary of the branch, gave a lantern lecture at the Queen Street (Salford) Institute, on 6 November, entitled "A Night with Dickens," when he referred at length to the aims and objects of the Fellowship. Mr. Frank Speaight and Mr. Arthur W. Hayes have recently given Dickens recitals in Manchester.

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MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE first annual meeting was held on 4 September, 1905. In the absence of the President, Sir John Madden, the Rev. Professor Rentoul, D.D., occupied the chair, and delivered a stirring and eloquent address on the life and work of the master, which greatly delighted the large audience. Dr. Rentoul is a professor at the Melbourne University, and at the present time is giving a course of public lectures on "English Imaginative Literature —Victorian Era," embracing Dickens, Tennyson, Thackeray, George Eliot, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth B. Browning.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Sir John Madden, K.C.M.G.; Vice-Presidents, Rev. E. Rorke, B.A., Mr. A. P. Du Soir, Mr. Frank Scrivenor, Mr. Fred W. Scrivenor, Mr. H. Gyles Turner, Rev. Professor Rentoul, D.D.; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. H. Crowther; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. N. B. Newland, A.I.A.V.; Hon. Auditors, Mr. W. Milroy Walker and Mr. J. D. Harrison.

After the business had been transacted, the following programme was performed: Scene from *Bleak House*, by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Windas; Lady Dedlock's interview with Tulkinghorne; recital from *Hard Times*, by Rev. E. Rorke, "Release of Stephen Blackpool."

NOTTS BRANCH

THE opening meeting was held on Friday evening, 20 October, in the Mechanics' Institution, the Rev. H. T. Hayman, of Edwinstowe, occupying the chair. In reply to an invitation from the branch to Mr. Bransby Williams, who was giving impersonations of Dickens's characters at the Empire, the following letter was received by the Hon. Secretary:—

> "I regret that I cannot be present to help you to push the Fellowship boat off for the New Year voyage. I should much like to have addressed the members. I sincerely hope that your membership may be doubled, and that each member may be able to induce a friend to read and re-read Dickens, and that each new reader may then become a member. If this were done in each branch we should soon double our band of 'Dickens Lovers.' I am delighted to find my delineations of his characters are being received better than ever all over the country. Convey my heartiest wishes to your Chairman, and also through me accept the love of dear John L. Toole, who is so sad and broken-hearted at the loss of his comrade, our dead chief. I had the privilege of dining with him a few weeks ago. Any resolution you may pass in sympathy with us and dear Mr. Toole I will convey to him to cheer him. Now let me conclude, with love to you all, and, in the words of Tiny Tim, 'God bless us every one.'"

The Rev. H. T. Hayman was re-elected President of the branch and Mr. S. H. Edwards Hon. Secretary. Several new members were enrolled.

The second meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institution on Monday, 6 November. Mr. J. Potter Bricsoe occupied the chair. The Rev. H. Telford Hayman gave a capital lecture on the *Pickwick Papers*, following the sporting movements of the four friends from the beginning to the end of the book. It was much enjoyed by those present. About twenty new members were enrolled, and the following gentlemen were elected: Vice-Presidents, Mr. A. W. Hayes, Rev. F. W. Paul, M.A., Mr. J. C. Snaith, and Mr. J. T. Spalding, J.P.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE annual meeting was held in the Mayor's Banqueting Room at the Town Hall on 24 October, Alderman A. L. Emanuel, J.P., the President, in the chair.

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On the proposition of the Chairman, the Mayor, Sir George Couzens, was elected President for the ensuing year. In returning thanks the Mayor said he was proud to be the President of a society which had done such excellent work in the past. He attended the birthday tea to the 800 poor children on the pier that year, and admired the practical and philanthropic way in which Dickens's memory was perpetuated. The Fellowship could be proud of its three years' work, and he trusted it would go on and prosper.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to Alderman Emanuel for his services during the past three years, and his many acts of kindness to all the poor and afflicted were referred to. The following were elected Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year: Mr. T. A. Bramsdon, J.P., Mr. A. H. Lee, M.P., Alderman Scott Foster, J.P., Mr. R. Lucas, M.P., Alderman Power, Mr. W. J. Groves, Mr. A. W. White, J.P., Colonel Holbrook, J.P., and Major-General Chads, C.B. Mr. Percy Maggs was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Mr. W. R. Davison appointed Hon. Treasurer.

ROCHESTER BRANCH

AT the last meeting, held on 2 November, Mr. H. Smetham read a paper on *Edwin Drood*, in which he traversed the various solutions to the mystery which have recently attracted so much attention. At the end of his paper Mr. Smetham propounded a new idea regarding Datchery, whom he gives good reasons for considering Tartar. This same idea is the subject of an article by Mr. G. F. Gadd, which the editor has had in hand some time and hopes to publish shortly. Mr. Smetham's paper occupies over two columns in the *Rochester and Chatham Journal* of 17 November, and it would be an injustice to him to attempt to summarize it here.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THE members held a meeting at the Cutlers' Hall on 27 October. About 150 members were present. The President (the Rev. V. W. Pearson) presided at the commencement, but as he had to leave shortly afterwards, his place was taken by Mr. R. W. Dodsworth. The following ladies and gentlemen provided a highly enjoyable programme: Mr. C. R. Smith, reading, "Mr. and Mrs. Squeers at Home"; Miss Mawson, recitation, "Tammas's Goose"; Mr. T. W. Padmore, reading, "Death of Nell"; Miss L. H. Rhodes, a reading from *Pickwick Papers;* Miss H. Roberts, recitation, "My Daughter Belle"; and Mr. G. W. Parker, a paper on "Blobbs of Wadham," a sketch which has recently been erroneously attributed to Dickens. At the close of the meeting an appeal was made to the members to support in every possible way the project to provide free dinners for poor children during the winter.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

"A CHAT on Dickens as an Observer" was the title of an extremely interesting lecture delivered by Mr. W. Chevob at the meeting of this branch held on 3 November at Ealing. The lecturer said that Dickens's keen observation detected things which an ordinary observer would not see, and his descriptions for that reason provided new matter for thought quite as much as did the penetrating observation of Herbert Spencer in another field. This was illustrated by two examples from *Dombey and Son*, describing the coming of the railway to the neighbourhood of Staggs's Gardens, Camden Town. Dickens also displayed the same intuitive discrimination in his descriptions of character, even the names expressing in a singular manner the peculiarities of the characters to whom they belonged. Dickens's descriptions never struck one as being laboured, and he used terms and images connected with the occupations of his characters with great skill and effect. Mr. Chevob illustrated his lecture by readings from the works.

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STOCKPORT BRANCH

THE Stockport Sunday-school branch of the Dickens Fellowship opened its winter session on 3 November, when Mr. J. H. Pilkington read a highly appreciative paper on *Pickwick*, throughout which he maintained a fine vein of humour, for which Dickens is so famous. During the last fifty years the sale of these works had never flagged. In the discussion which followed, the Chairman, Mr. W. Marsland, commenting on the paper, said that the greatest study of mankind was "man," and one of the best acquirements for a young man was a study of Dickens, for he was one of the greatest students of human nature. He had found it invaluable. Mr. Catlow said Dickens's books were written at a time when a man was allowed to live, not when hustle, bustle, and hurry were the most important things in life. The Secretary, Mr. W. Hatfield, was elected representative to the General Council.

YORK BRANCH

WITH its October meeting the above branch entered on the fourth year of its existence. Mr. Medd, the Secretary, gave an interesting paper on "The Dickens Fellowship: its Achievements and Possibilities," tracing its history from its inception to the present day. On 8 November Miss Perry gave a very able paper on "Charles Dickens and the Bible." She traced, through the works and characters of the novelist, the great influence the Bible had upon Dickens and all he wrote, and gave instances of the immense value Dickens set upon the New Testament. The paper was interesting and informing. A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Grimes, Mr. Medd, and others took part. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. A. Skerry.

LEEDS BRANCH

ON 14 October Mr. John Hartop dealt with a Shakespearean subject, "The Moral Teachings of Macbeth," and on 28 October Mr. A. P. Snodgrass read a delightfully gossipy paper on "Some old Inns mentioned by Dickens." On 11 November Miss Ethel Kidson took charge of the meeting, and produced what she called a "miscellany night." Its programme was formed by the following items: Character impersonation from Dickens, by Mr. Holgate Ellison, very cleverly managed under disadvantageous conditions (Mr. Ellison, by the way, is the Secretary of the Hull branch); a Scottish sketch, by Mr. Alexander Watt; a paper by Mr. P. Cope on "George Borrow," full of literary and critical ability; "Childermass," a charming and delicate fantasy by Miss Gilchrist, of Southport; and "A Fellowship Dolly," by Miss Ethel Kidson—being the autobiography of an unfortunate doll who squinted, but who, in spite of this physical deformity, found its way into the heart of the little Leeds slum child who was its recipient.

One of the great evenings of the Leeds Fellowship was 8 November, when the members of the branch invited Mr. Harry Furniss (who was giving a lecture on "Boz" in Leeds) to supper. The "swarry" was held at the Liberal Club, and the excellent menu provided exceeded the historic "boiled leg of mutton and trimmings" of *Pickwick*. The toasts of "The King," "Our Guest," "The Memory of Charles Dickens," "The Chairman," "The Dickens Fellowship," and "The Ladies" were given and duly drunk. Mr. Harry Furniss expressed himself as delighted at meeting the members of the branch, and in a most interesting speech showed what a thorough Dickensian he was. He had most kindly allowed the menu card to be adorned with one of his clever sketches, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

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DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS.

Dec. 1. West London Branch: "Dickens and Christmas," by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, at Municipal Buildings, Ealing, at 8.15.
,, 1. Manchester Branch: "Dickens's Lawyers," by Mr. W. H. Vaughan, at Accountants' Hall, at 7.30.
,, 1. Stockport Branch: "Dickens and Christmas," by Mrs. Dawson, and "The Dickens Country," by Mr. W. Hatfield.
,, 6. Needlework Guild: Sale of Work at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C. Opened by Mr. A. W. à'Beckett, at 3.
,, 7. London: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. F. Speaight, at Memorial Hall. Chairman, Mr. Arthur Waugh. Admission free. Collection on behalf of the Fellowship's Charitable Funds, at 7.30.
,, 7. Liverpool Branch: Whist Drive and Dance, at Assembly Rooms, Hardman Street.
,, 9. Leeds Branch: "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens," by Mr. F. G. Jackson, at Church Institute, at 7.30.
,, 11. Winnipeg Branch: Discussion, "American Notes."
,, 11. Leyton Branch: Meeting at Wesleyan Schoolroom, High Street, Leyton, to form branch. Lecture Recital: "Scenes and Characters from Dickens," by Mr. Watson Thornton, at 7.30.
,, 13. Rochester Branch: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. F. Speaight, at Castle Hall, at 8.
,, 13. Forest Gate Branch: Members' Night at Public Hall, at 8.15.
,, 15. Birmingham Branch: Dickens Christmas Social Gathering, at Great Western Hotel, Colmore Road, at 8.
,, 16. Leeds Branch: "Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Mr. F. G. Furniss, at Church Institute, at 7.30.
,, 16. Brighton Branch: "Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Mr. H. Davey. Readings by Mr. F. J. Gauntlett, at Steine House.
,, 18. Chelsea: Lecture on "Dickens and Christmas," by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, at Markham Square Church, at 8.30.
,, 18. Southampton Branch: Readings by Rev. W. T. Martin and others. Address by President, at Kell Memorial Hall, at 8.
,, 18. Shrewsbury Branch: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. F. Speaight.
,, 19. Dramatic Club: Performance of *Pickwick* "Trial Scene" and "The Gentleman in the Next House," Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, E.C., at 8.
,, 19. Bristol Branch: Discussion, "Christmas Books and Christmas Stories." Introduction by Mr. C. Andrews, at C.M.S. Hall, Park Street, at 7.30.
,, 20. Winnipeg Branch: Christmas Entertainment.
,, 29. Sheffield Branch: Monthly Meeting at Cutlers' Hall, at 8.

NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

THE following subscriptions have been received for above since our last issue: J. C. Parkinson, 21s.; O. Sack, 10s.; Miss Georgina Hogarth, Sir C. T. Skelton, and E. P. Thompson, 5s. each; per Rochester Branch, 4s.; E. G. V. Runting, Anon., G. W. Parker, A. Charlesworth, J. H. Wild, Sir Jos. Jones, T. W. Padmore, J. G. Taylor, Miss A. M Westley, Jones and Evans, 2s. 6d. each; W. Leggett, per Manchester Branch, 2s. each; M. P. Guimaraens, 1s. 6d.; Miss N. M. Godwin, J. Mascull, X., E. J. Timings, Miss Reading, Miss E. M. Reading, Miss M. L. Reading, E. Howell, Mrs. M. Janes, Mr. Meatyard, W. T. Whittaker, Miss A. Hughes, and A. J. Chinnery, 1s. each.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. have sent us a copy of their reprint of Story-Lives of Great Authors devoted to Charles Dickens. It is an excellent and lucid account of the life and work of Dickens, and is embellished with a portrait and some delightful little pictures depicting scenes and incidents of his career. A Bibliography is added. The price is 6d. net.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LUKE FILDES, THE "DROOD" MYSTERY, AND MR. LANG

SIR,—The significance of the letter on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" which Mr. Luke Fildes sent to the *Times* on 3 November, can scarcely be overestimated. It has a literary and a personal interest. It proves, finally and conclusively, that no solution of the mystery can henceforth be accepted which does not include the idea that Edwin Drood was killed by his uncle, John Jasper; and it vindicates Dickens's character for truthfulness and sincerity in dealing with the few who were associated with him in this last work. To those who revere Charles Dickens, this personal vindication, which might have been deemed unnecessary until the controversy on *Edwin Drood* arose, will be particularly welcome.

But it is not wholly a question of sentiment. The so-called "hints" were explicit declarations to three separate persons. Forster was told that Drood was to be murdered; Mr. Luke Fildes learnt that Jasper had killed Drood; and the late Charles Dickens *fils* was told that Drood was dead. The last statement was published in Mr. W. R. Hughes's *Week's Tramp in Dickens Land*, but I also had it from Mr. Hughes direct. He ascertained that Mr. Fildes was "convinced that Dickens intended that Drood should be murdered by his uncle"; and to this he added—"Mr. Charles Dickens informs me that Mr. Fildes is right, and that Edwin Drood was dead. His (Mr. Dickens's) father told him so himself." In the face of such definite assertions, all to one and the same effect, ought we ever to have doubted the literal meaning of Dickens's words? Mr. Fildes has now placed the matter beyond controversy, and has incidentally aided materially in solving the problem of the half-told tale. Mr. Lang's contention that by "strangling" Dickens did not intend it to be inferred that Jasper would complete his work or that Drood would die, does not seem to me to be quite worthy of serious consideration, or of refutation in detail.

Yours faithfully,

MANCHESTER, 5 *Nov.*, 1905. J. CUMING WALTERS.

"SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE"

DEAR SIR,—Can a reader of Charles Dickens refer me to the book and chapter in which one character—residing, I think, at Baynes Row, Clerkenwell (the houses opposite the House of Correction, going from Mount Pleasant to Exmouth Street)—uses the words to another, "Something to his advantage"?

Mr. Pancks, in chapter XIII., p. 101, of *Little Dorrit*, in answer to the question by Mr. Clennam of "You are no great reader?" replies, "Never read anything but letters and accounts. Never collect anything but advertisements relative to next of kin. If that's a taste, I have got that." This clearly shows Mr. Pancks to have been a Next of Kin Agent, and he should be so described in *The Dickens Dictionary*, but he is only described there as a Rent Collector.

W. J. GADSDEN.

19 MIDDLE LANE, CROUCH END, N., 18 *Nov.*, 1905.

ETHEL BRET HARTE ASSISTANCE FUND

MR. L. C. ALEXANDER wishes to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following further subscriptions to the above fund from our readers: "Mrs. Nickleby," 5s.; and sums of 1s. each from "Literary Man with a Wooden Leg," "Sir Dingley Dabber," "Sir Barnett Skettles," "Sir Tumley Snuffim," Mr. and Mrs. Cheesning, Mrs. Raddy, "Sairey Gamp," "Mrs. Harris," "My old friend Pergityes," and "Revd. W. Stiggins."

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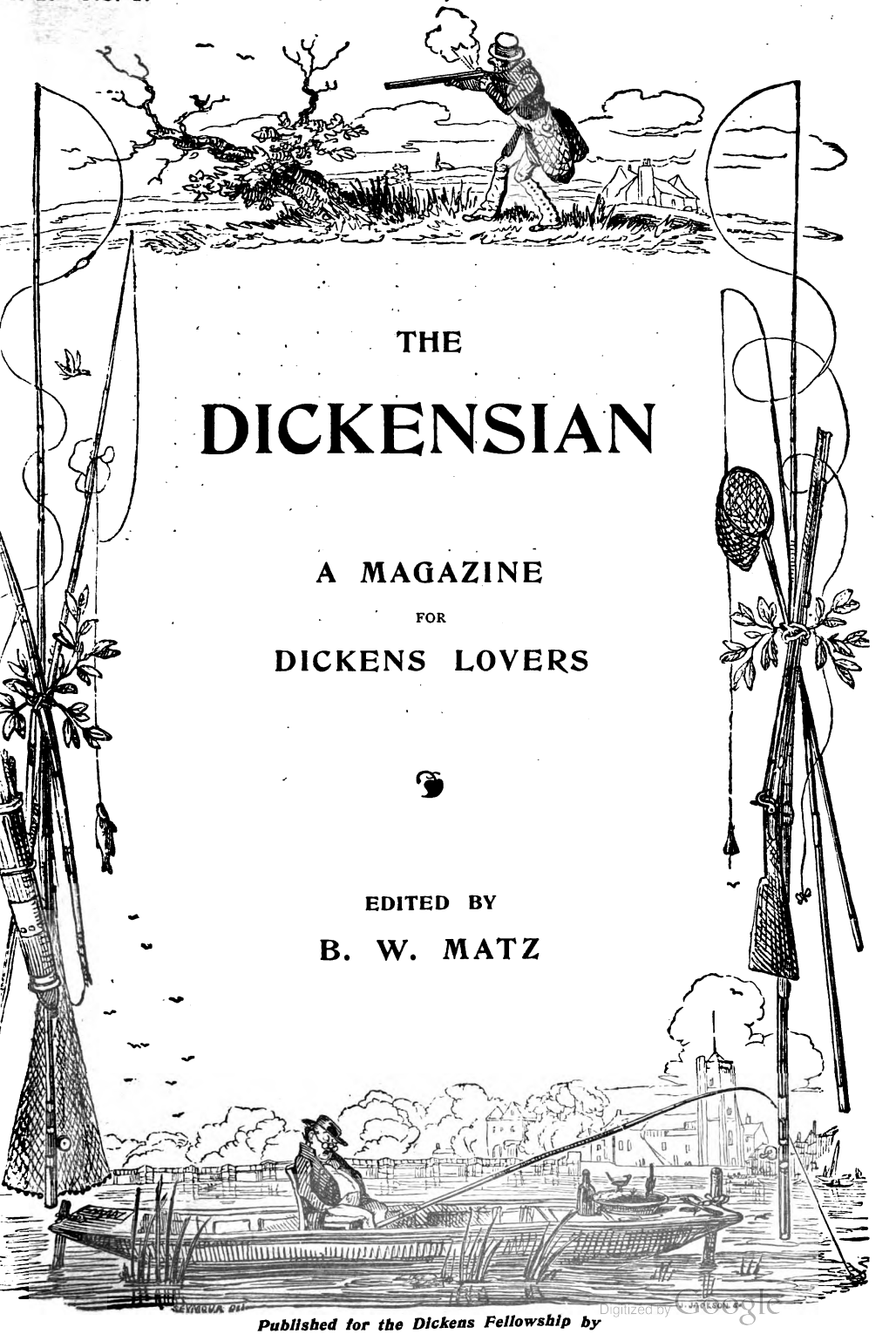

THE DICKENSIAN

A MAGAZINE

FOR

DICKENS LOVERS

EDITED BY

B. W. MATZ

Published for the Dickens Fellowship by

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THE DICKENSIAN

JANUARY, 1905

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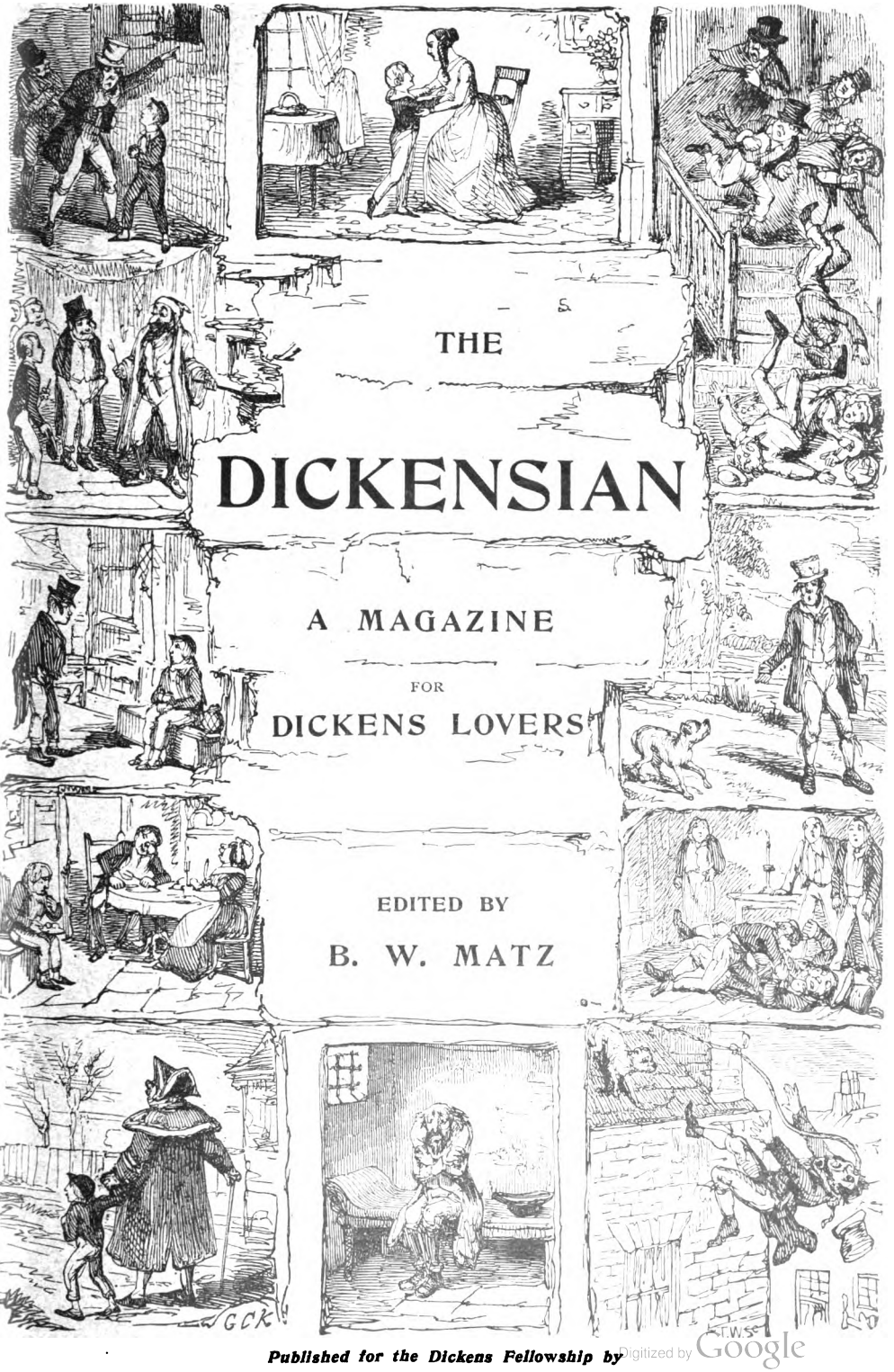

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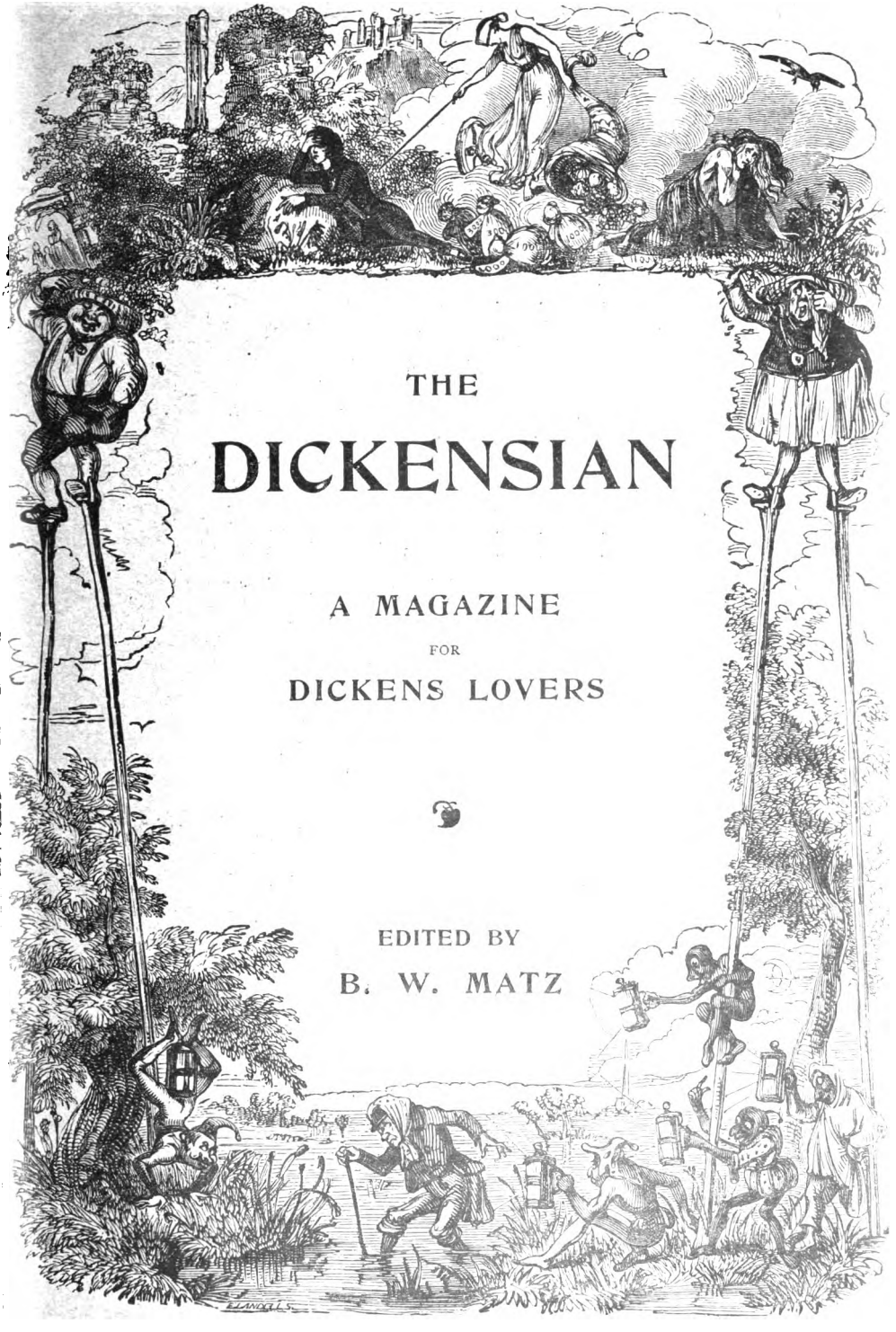

THE DICKENSIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

EDITED BY

B. W. MATZ

Published for the Dickens Fellowship by
CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd., 11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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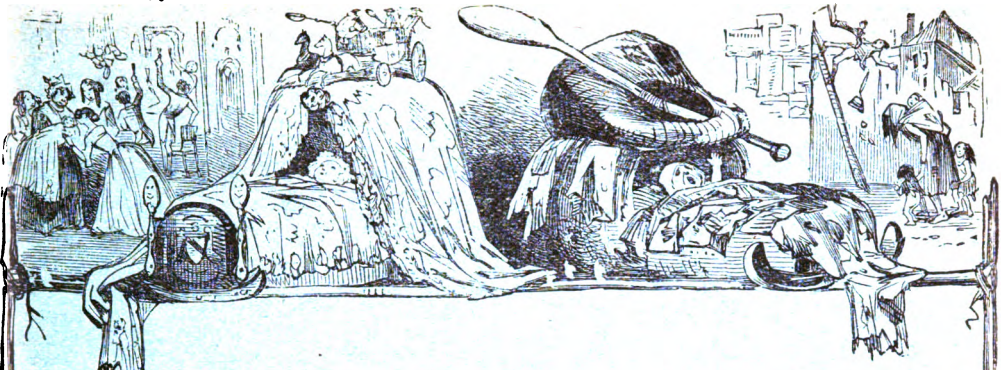

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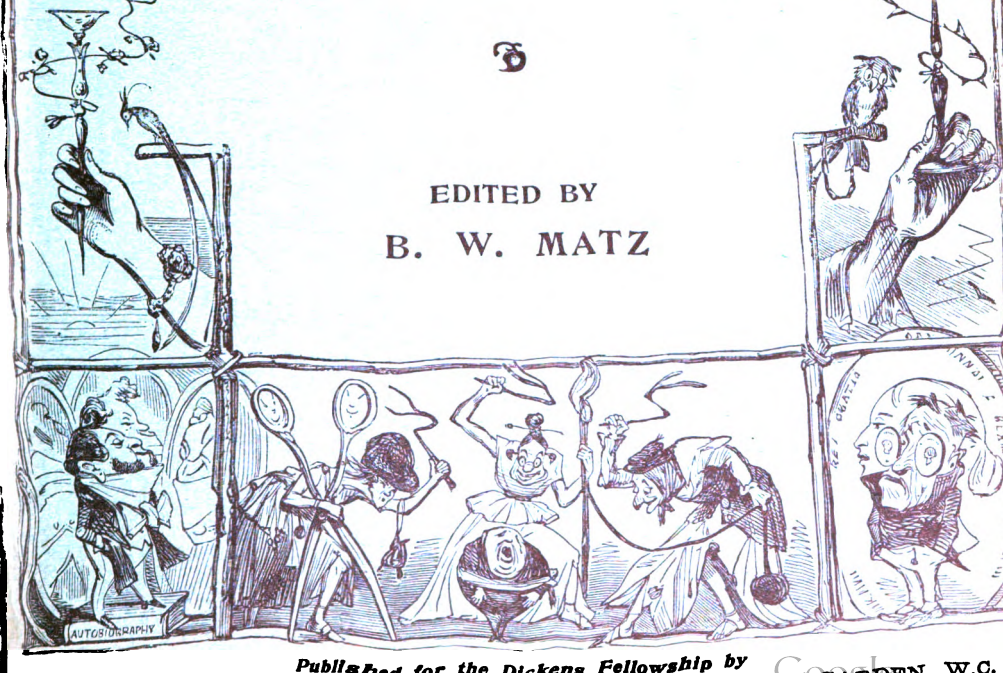

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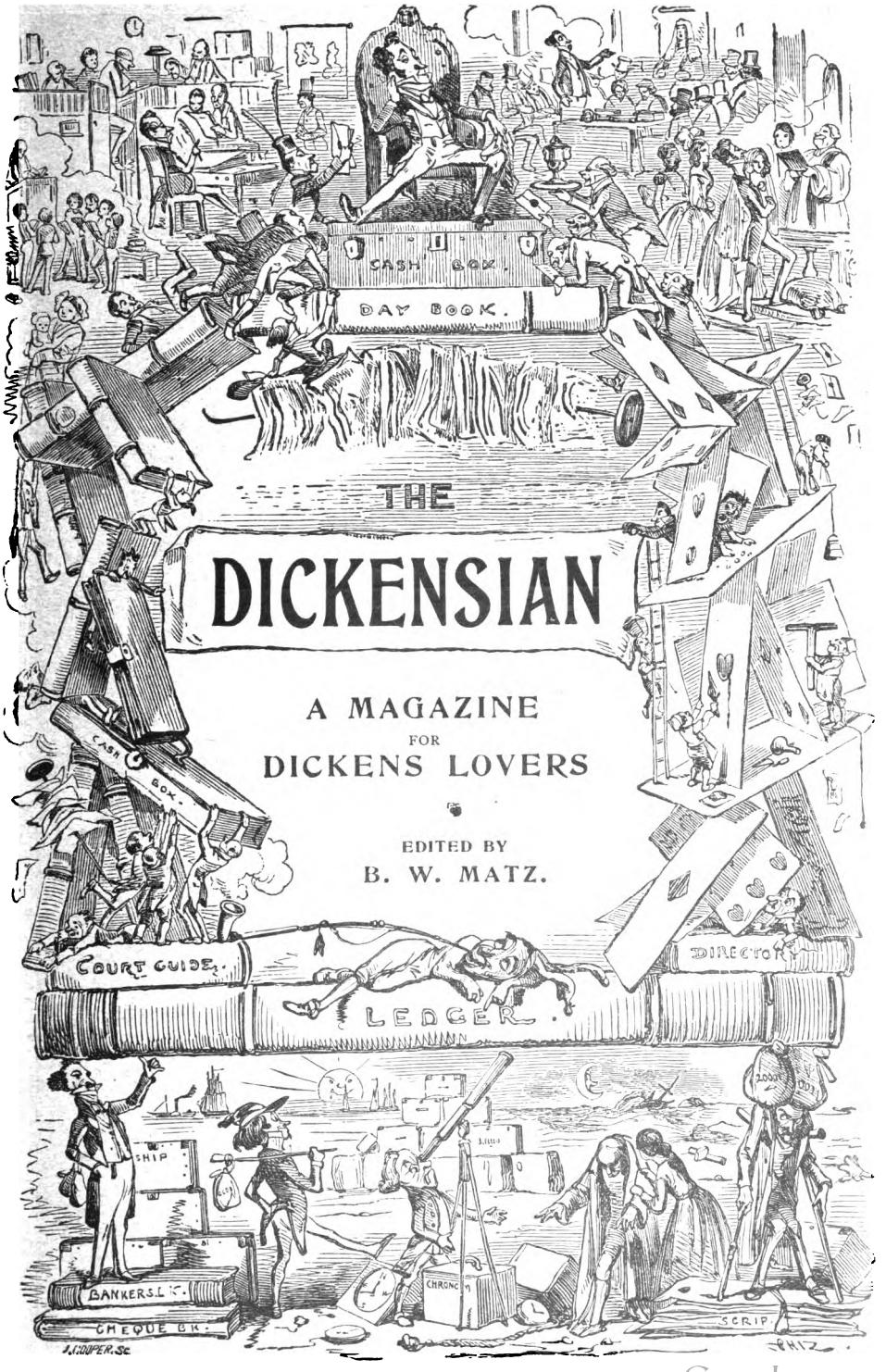

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